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# The Abbot Courant

January, 1945

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY



# THE ABBOT COURANT

ABBOT ACADEMY • ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

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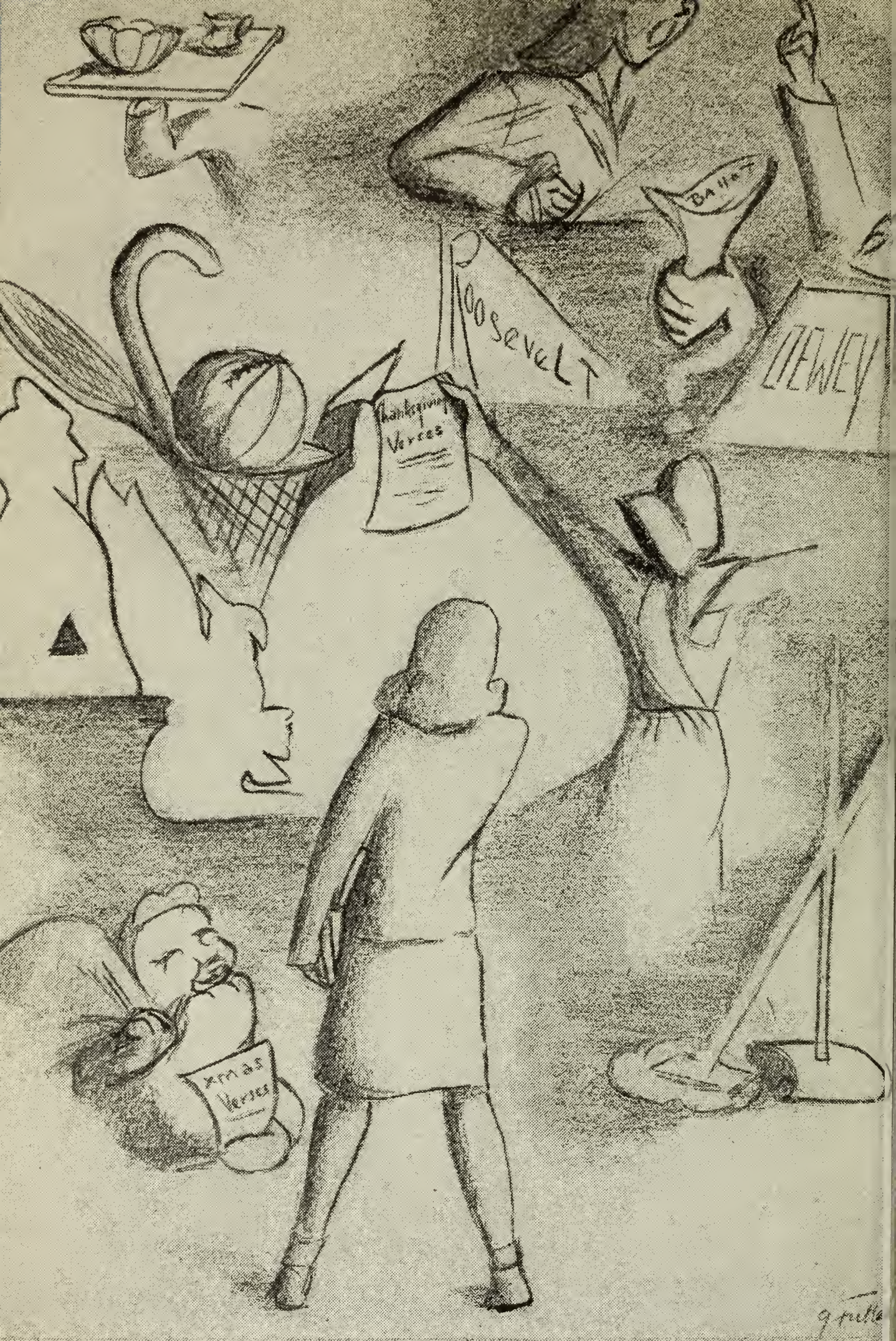
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## *Editorials*

### Stop! Were You Going to Read This?

The chances are you weren't. We realize that. Now really, all editorials aren't that bad. Sometimes they do have a bit of something interesting in them, if you look hard enough. Just stick through this one, and get our side of the story before you go on. That's all we ask.

We have asked many people (and have been told by many without asking) what they like or don't like to read in magazines—*COURANT* in particular. Immediately a long opinion is offered on the various poems, stories, articles, and essays in the magazine. But the editorials? No one even mentions them. If you raise a timid question, the reply is vague, but always the same—editorials just aren't read. No one *bothers* to. We must admit, *we* never did, until recently.

This really is too bad, we think. Just why are editorials considered invariably dull harangues, written by people who don't want to write them in the first place? They don't have any pictures, true; and the little initials signed at the bottom are rather frustrating to the reader. They do have bigger paragraphs and no conversational pauses to skip over, but all this is unimportant, or it should be to all those over ten years of age. Is the subject matter boring? If it seems to be, this is our fault. We don't write interestingly enough; for any subject, without reservation, can be presented interestingly, if it's done right. The subject matter, then, can't be the trouble, being universal as it is. It must be the writers. And that brings us to another point.

Why do we write these editorials anyway? We know how inadequate our opinions are, and how little we really know about the question, and soon after we have sweated and slaved to express our bit of idea, we realize we don't think that at all. So by the time

COURANT comes to press, we have gone on, so to speak, while our editorial remarks stand as a monument to our dead ideas!

Perhaps right there is the solution. Editorials can be regarded as milestones on our road of thinking—where we stopped for a minute, wrote down our thoughts, and then went on. Other people can, and we hope, will read them; and perhaps be momentarily inspired, so to speak. Editorials air our opinions; and if they make you think at all, even if to disagree violently, we shall be completely satisfied.

So please try to read our editorials in the future! Even if you are bored, keep reading them. You may be very much interested in something someday, though we can't guarantee it. It's a good habit to get into—learn to read them in newspapers and magazines. People much more inspiring and interesting than we ever hope to be will reward your efforts. Thank you so much—now you may read the more interesting parts of COURANT. But remember what we said!

S.D.L.

\* \* \*

Despite the traditional "disparagement" here at Abbot of Phillips Andover, it must be admitted there is one asset it possesses that Abbot regrettably does not. Phillips has a much larger, better-equipped art department, and the art course is accepted by colleges as a major. Perhaps this is a contribution to the fact that the Addison Gallery is comparatively well-known, and has better and more exhibits and speakers than the John-Esther.

But fortunately during the past two years there have been successful attempts to allow Abbot girls to make use of the proximity of the artistic features at Phillips. Of a Sunday afternoon you might have caught a glimpse of a group of Abbot girls wending their way up "the hill" to take in an exhibit in the Addison Gallery. Last year Mr. Morgan gave a series of Sunday afternoon talks on a collection there. Mrs. Morgan undertook to herd us up to hear them, and those of us who went found we had underestimated Phillips Academy!

But the lectures, the gallery itself were not by any means all. In the middle of each of the past two years, an art contest has been held between Phillips and Abbot. Both schools were given the same still-life subject, and the same amount of time in which to do it.



The results were exhibited first in one and then the other gallery. When we who participated saw that first exhibit, our pessimism grew. The fact that their art course was a major, and ours a minor certainly showed! We were happily surprised as Abbot made a good showing when the prizes were announced. The next year the "dust-pan" still-life proved just as successful. The competition idea was proved and confirmed an excellent one.

So we who dabble and daub, or who just appreciate art, are raising questioning eyebrows as to this year. These gallery and studio co-operative events must not be discontinued along with Mrs. Morgan's week-day classes. Perhaps the decision to let one Abbot student major in art here was influenced by this better knowledge of Phillips' art course. Maybe someday our course will be broadened into a recognized major. We suggest that since Mrs. Morgan has for two years shown us the way, we, the Abbot daubers, might conceivably be permitted to find our own way up "the hill" on this year's coming Sundays!

G.G.F.

\* \* \*

Weak, helpless, flighty creatures that we are, can we honestly say that we have received no benefits from the student domestic service resulting from the shortage of maid service during the war?

It has been argued by some that the dining room service was slower when performed by maids. No person on earth can make it to the kitchen and back with food faster than a hungry Abbot student. Certainly there is no reason for a mad rush through meals but those few extra minutes can count for a great deal. Ask anyone who studies for an exam in the three and a half minutes before Chapel. Aside from the factor of speed at present, this training will prove valuable to us later on, as will the experience we have always had of cleaning and straightening our own rooms.

School should be a place for study and simple life. If there are enough maids to take care of the essentials and the duties that would interfere with the accomplishment of our studying, that should suffice. We students can help keep life at Abbot pleasurablely simple by supplementing the work of the domestic staff by taking care of our rooms and waiting on tables. Let's face it. Some day it's bound to happen: anyone of us may be obliged to wield a mop, make a bed,

and set a table in a home of her own. Why don't we prepare ourselves now for the parts that will be ours to play later on in life?

\* \* \*

G.E.L.

The ever present question in our minds today is: "When will the war be over?" Many different people have attempted to answer it in many different ways. News analysts differ with generals, reporters with politicians, and according to some statements made in 1941, the war should already be ended. Of course these men speak in terms of major battles, sea warfare and armistices. However, they seem to forget the people involved, who will continue their petty wars long after the last peace treaty has been signed.

In this country, even after eighty years, there is still bitterness about the consequences of the Civil War. How much stronger and more active will be the bitterness of the Nazi youths who have been taught since birth to hate democracy and all the things we are fighting for! The Japanese who so willingly commit hara-kiri for their Emperor, will think nothing of suicidal sabotage in an essay to regain their lost government. They are not going to greet us as saviors and rush to kiss our victorious troops as they march into Berlin and Tokyo. They will act as we would in their position, refusing to admit defeat and revolting against subjugation.

"Ah," you say, "but our occupational forces will be lenient and kind, and the Germans and Japs will soon learn that we have only good intentions." This is a very optimistic point of view. After being bombed out of their homes and killed by Allied guns our enemies will have no love for us. Also the process of occupation and restoration will not be an easy one. Insurgents will have to be suppressed, saboteurs executed, and this will breed revenge and distrust.

Already Hitler has announced a state of war for all the people of Germany and is supplying them with arms and ammunition. These lone guerrilla fighters are a greater obstacle than any mechanized army, as Yugoslavia and other countries have proved. Let us face the facts, unpleasant as they may be, for only then can we discover this war is more serious than ever before realized. Let the armchair generals set their armistice dates, but remember that actual peace is farther off than it may seem.

H.P.



## Lin Chang

The Valley was beautiful that morning as I rode down the dusty road with Old John as my guide. The land stretched its open, green hand before us, and the warm summer sun made even the barren mountain crags enclosing the land seem friendly. Off to the right an abandoned ranch sprawled across the level valley floor in dilapidated disarray. Old John said that this was the Sanford ranch, formerly the largest and most prosperous in the Valley. I begged to see it. As we approached the crumbling building some quality in the old place, some sense of its charm that had not been obliterated through poverty and neglect, reached me. We rode around the ranch house to the barns and corrals, and the conviction that this place had many fascinating stories to tell grew in me. When I came to the bunkhouse, I was sure of it, for one end of that tumbling building was completely covered with carved initials and names. Among the "Tex's" and "Smokey's" and "Hank's" I found the name Lin Chang. My curiosity was instantly aroused. Who was Lin Chang? What had brought a Chinaman to this obscure valley in the Colorado Rockies? What did he do here at this ranch? This is the story Old John told.

Lin Chang had simply appeared out of nowhere one morning at the back door of the main house. Flashing a broad, jolly grin, his short, round body bulging with good humor, he had asked if he could work there—blandly insisting that he was the best cook in the West. His friendly manner and complete self-confidence overcame Mrs. Sanford's natural apprehensions at having a foreigner, and a wanderer at that, in her house, and she told him he might stay a few days. Lin Chang promptly bustled into the kitchen, exchanged his patched coat for an apron, and shooed the women out with a smile.

In no time at all Lin Chang assumed control of the household. The little, old-fashioned kitchen with the huge wood stove was his particular domain, but he also was everywhere else. You might find him moving on padded feet through the richly paneled living room, letting no speck of dust escape him, upstairs, half-hidden by the stacks of gleaming white cloth he carried to the mammoth linen closet, or on hands and knees out in the vegetable garden humming an aimless tune as he weeded.

Effortlessly Lin Chang became firmly rooted in the affection of everyone at the ranch. Mr. Sanford, however busy he might be, never failed to stop for a few words with him on his way through the kitchen, and Mrs. Sanford now looked upon him as her most valuable helper. At first it had infuriated her when Lin smiled obediently as she gave instructions and then calmly ignored them. Yet she could not deny that Lin was the superlative cook he claimed to be, the most efficient servant she had known, or that his methods, although strange, produced good results. More remarkable was the fact that the men liked Lin Chang heartily. They welcomed him into their ranks immediately. Lin returned all this regard for him in many small, unobtrusive ways. He liked everyone, but it was Tim, the youngest and favorite son of the family, who completely captured his heart. Nothing was too good for Tim in Lin's estimation. Tim, in turn, idolized Lin, and followed him everywhere. They were inseparable; wherever you saw Lin Chang's plump little body bustling about its work, there would be the sprightly seven-year-old shadow.

In the evenings Tim sat himself at the foot of Lin's creaky rocking chair and clamored for a story or a song. Then Lin would pull out his reed pipe and play haunting Chinese airs. He could relate the ancient legends his father had brought from the old country; or he would laugh and burst forth with a rowdy miners' ditty, sung in a shrill, sing-song voice. From the stories which Tim heard, the household learned how Lin had wandered from gold fields in California through the mountains to try his luck in the Colorado silver mines, and how after a few years of frontier life there, Canada had beckoned. It was when he was travelling north that he had entered the Valley. Sometimes, in his own inarticulate way he tried to express to Tim why the broad, level valley framed by looming peaks had appealed to him. Along with the clear sparkling air, he breathed in a sense of peace and security. Here he wanted to stay.

Little Tim delighted in the endless supply of tales, and peals of laughter over some secret joke often echoed through the house. The mere suggestion that there would be no story if Tim didn't behave properly was enough to make him forget his latest mischievous impulse. He disregarded the hold of Lin Chang in only one respect. However much Lin Chang remonstrated, scolded, argued, or plead-



ed, Tim would not refrain from riding his Gallant Lad. Tim had raised Gallant Lad from his birth, and the spirited colt had become his dearest friend. Not even Lin Chang could come between the boy and the colt. Lin Chang was deathly afraid of Tim's pride, for to his mind the horse was possessed by devils, was an outlaw, and dangerous for anyone—especially his beloved Tim—to ride. This belief was the only point of disagreement between the two companions. Tim was stubborn—he *would* ride Gallant Lad; Gallant Lad was perfectly safe. Finally Lin withdrew and pleaded no more. He still feared the horse intensely, but he said nothing.

Life went on as it had before. The man and boy grew closer and closer; the whole household seemed to swell with happiness and well-being.

Then one night disaster struck. Tim awoke hearing panicky snorts and seeing the sky aglow with a fiery light. The barns were burning! He dashed through the house and spread the alarm. The hired hands were already scrambling from their bunks to form a bucket brigade as he ran outdoors. The crackling sound of the flames almost swallowed the animals' shrill screams of terror. Hoofs pounded against bare pine walls as the horses struggled to escape from the holocaust. At last the door splintered and the men rushed to soothe the frightened beasts. Tim ran with outstretched arms before all of them ready to fling himself on Gallant Lad and assure him that everything was all right. Not until he was directly in front of it did he notice the frenzied gleam of the horse's eyes. Suddenly the animal reared. Tim was frozen with horror as he saw sharp hoofs pawing the air above his head and descending with the speed of comets. A glimpse of color—a shove—Tim rolled over and over. Lin Chang lay on the ground, his chest crushed beneath the frantic hoofs. In a split second—an eternity of time—he had thrown himself between the boy he loved so dearly and the horse he feared so much. He had sacrificed all he possessed and not in vain. Lin Chang died, as he had lived, a companion ready to give his all for Tim.

All was silent for many moments after Old John had finished. At last, mumbling that we should be moving on, he swung up into the saddle again. Reluctantly my thoughts came back to the present. With one last look at the name carved on the wall, I too mounted and rode slowly away down the valley.

SHIRLEY SOMMER, 1945

## A Room of One's Own Making

As a man's house is his castle, so an Abbot girl's room is her domain, where, to a certain prescribed extent, she can cast aside little inhibitions and bring out her true character. Rooms are very interesting subjects for an inquiring psychologist. Interior decoration has greater significance than meets the casual eye. Students in human behavior would do well to take an hour off from their text-books and stroll through Abbot, observing, noting, pondering. . . .

A prep's room is usually a joy to the eye, and a happy shock to those who expect chaos. The little beige-colored rooms, side by side, speak well for the anxious mothers who toiled for hours matching material and choosing furniture for their young. There are lovely pastel bedspreads, with equally frothy matching curtains (often dragging their lower portions on the floor), pert little chairs, appliquéd lamp shades, luxurious fluffy rugs, pillows and stuffed animals profusely spread, and even blotters in harmonizing colors! The effect as a whole is that of the Back-To-School show window in Paine's. One or two lone books, including Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, lie in the bookcase. Already the bulletin board has appeared, but the room's pictures at this point tend toward Dad and Mom and Cocker Spaniel. In fact all sorts of horses, dogs, and puppies abound. Of course there are girl friends, camp pictures, and a few brothers here and there. In all, they are very attractive rooms, but wait!

The juniors' rooms, alas, are much larger, much messier, and much more utilitarian. Usually the curtains have somehow become limp, plain drapes, and the frilly bedspreads have acquired a more tailored cut. The snugly little rugs are replaced by a large dull carpet that doesn't slide out from under when you step on it. Gooseneck lamps rear their ugly heads, and the chairs show the first of the long series of scars they are to undergo. The books have doubled or trebled in number, but they are still mostly school books. It is now obvious that the novelty of cleaning your own little room yourself has worn off. But the sudden and startling profusion of pictures and signs more than makes up for the less tasteful furnishing. Still the pictures are predominantly feminine, but here and there a Man appears. (One



wonders what the relationship.) For some reason there appear a great number of last year's senior class. There is more bric-a-brac, in fact more of everything, and a general atmosphere of efficiency pervades the place.

As one enters the senior-mid's room the first impression is of a wave of perfume that hits one in the face; the second is of unmatching furniture and lots of it. Blues, greens, stripes, and polka dots all vie for attention. Closet doors are wide open, bureaus covered with powder and face meal, and blotters are patterned in ink. But this is more than made up for by the eye-catching wall decor. Van Johnson, and the famous "Back Home For Keeps" series predominate amid the hundreds of girl friends, clippings of football victories, calling-hour slips, Army insignia, and dance invitations. There are even strange documents with this cryptic warning: "A minute in the mouth—an hour in the stomach—a lifetime on the hips—Don't Eat!" The occupants really ought to charge admission; with all these fascinating exhibits hours could be whiled away inexpensively.

But now you approach the door of a senior's room, that final resting-place after many years of toil. A torn mat lies limply on the scuffed floor, two or three resigned and bottomless chairs sag in the corners. The bookcases are stuffed even to overflowing onto the floor with years of accumulated knowledge, and the senior couches sit stiffly like mortuary slabs. But the most inexplicable atmosphere has suddenly arisen. Where are the rows of photographs, the overflowing bulletin boards? Most of the homey clutter has gone. The posters and signs have vanished from the walls, and a few Good (spectacular) Pictures have taken their place. Carved mugs and Chinese boxes are set in artistic positions, and even one or two old wine bottles are to be seen, no doubt cherished for the lovely translucence of their glass. *Time* and *The Atlantic Monthly* have usurped *The Cosmopolitan's* former place of honor on the table. Typewriters and notebooks are everywhere, for the seniors have at last Put Away Childish Things. The deep and subtle books of poetry and philosophy, thrust open on a prominent table, are mute testimony of this. Sadder and wiser, the seniors have taken down their clinches from the wall. Subtle cartoons, delicately amusing double-meanings from the *New Yorker*, and blasé photographs taken in "The Cosy Cavern" have replaced them. A year ago match covers and dance



programs were displayed proudly; now the week-end souvenirs of the seniors' mysterious departures may be things like chop sticks and new resolutions. The dozens of brothers, cousins, and friends have suddenly boiled down into One or Two, whose portraits are reverently displayed next to the carved elephant. If they are terribly piercing-eyed, sullen, and intellectual looking, they may be tolerated even without the customary uniform. The whole scheme of decoration is very, very worldly and super-subtle.

It must be admitted that many a prep and junior possesses a senior-mid room, and vice-versa. Few are absolutely true to form. The large part of the senior class lives in a combination of the worst features of all four, as a matter of fact, but the foregoing are merely typical. So you see how the casual psychologist, wandering through the Abbot corridors, would find a wealth of material. Through four long years a great many changes take place both in the rooms and in their occupants. And if there is any connection between the two—you find it!

SALLY LEAVITT, 1945

## New England November

Wild month, straining at the chains of the wind,  
With leopard eyes in the storm,  
Stalking the fog-strewn marsh,  
Cracking the skim ice,  
Shaking the oak—  
Mouth the silence of high noon  
With an inconstant wind.

Month of incredible stars and ghost moon,  
Slash night with a sea-wind,  
Eastward, and spliced with rain.  
—Bleak-hilled, storm-angered,  
Flood-tide November.

JUNE LIVERMORE, 1946



### “Lean Your Head Over”

The solitude of the mountains was complete, as Aileen followed the winding wilderness track, dim in the obscure twilight. All was as hushed and motionless as the chilly evening sky above, except for the sound of the child's slow footsteps as she wandered along, seemingly unaware of the growing darkness.

“Hit's Christmas Eve!” she kept repeating to herself, and glancing up she noticed a lonely star in the vastness of the pale green sky, looking as though it had been hung there. The discovery seemed to be the climax of the expectant, magic feeling that had been rising within her as she climbed, and she suddenly felt a lump in her throat, a lump of mysterious happiness. She held her breath, feeling that something exciting was about to happen, as if... but she could not have expressed that indefinable something. Ahead she saw only the place where the path seemed to vanish over the edge of the mountain. Actually, the summit once gained, she would find, she knew, the roof of the small cabin hugging the mountain side.

Along the path she hastened. Suddenly the silence was rent by the warning bark of a dog.

“Down suh! Theah, Dusty!” She went through the routine of patting the hound-dog that now put his paws on her chest and demanded attention, but she was scarcely noticing what she was doing. Not tonight!

Then the cabin door opened, and in the shaft of glaring yellow light and in the smell of burned cornbread and kerosene that assailed her, the expectant feeling sank and vanished into recognition of drab reality.

"Thet you, Aileen?"

"Yes'm."

"Come in, child. The night air'll shorely give you yore death of cold. Supper's settin' waitin'." The figure of a woman with the once pretty but quickly aged face that is common to mountain women showed itself in the crack of light.

Aileen's aunt, though a kindly woman, had long ago been made bitter and taciturn by overwork in an effort to support herself and her feeble husband. Then that past spring, by the death of her sister, another burden had been put upon her; there was another mouth to feed. Aileen, her sister's child, who had come to live with them, was a small, wild-looking creature with her flame-coloured hair and pale colorless eyes, eyes full of dreams as her mother's had been. Her aunt used to say she was "a peart, least spindlingest little thing, but a good child."

"Aunt Sue, they had the purtiest tree at the Church. Hit was all shiny with trimmin's and apples, and underneath was the little Lord Jesus and his ma in wax figgers." Aileen tried to recapture the feeling she had had but it was gone now and she could not remember what she had expected to find here. They went in, and the night closed round the cabin.

Within the low-ceilinged room she saw the table covered with left-over supper dishes. There by the smouldering fire in the fireplace sat her Uncle Glen, "in his pond'rin'-mood" as she called it, a vacant-eyed man gazing at nothing. A feeling of revulsion, somehow akin to fear, swept over her at the sight of him. Why was he so often like this? The smoke, the intense warmth of the room took all her appetite away.

"Ah ate at the party," she said, by way of excuse for ignoring the grits that she saw on her plate as she began to stack the dishes. Aunt Sue set the bucket of cold water on the range. Nothing was said. Nothing ever was.

No one would have known it was Christmas Eve there. The kerosene lamp sputtered as it always did, the dishes clattered in the sink. Only her aunt's kiss, slightly more affectionate than usual, before they went to bed, as if to apologize for the lack of a Christmas tree, made this evening vary from the ordinary for Aileen. But inside Aileen's head, as she lay in bed that night, were visions of delight.



The tree at the Church with its twinkling lights, the sound of the piano as it played "Silent Night," the merry laughter; she could see and hear it all again. She wanted to sing, but she did not know the words. And then she remembered, quite suddenly, what she could not forget: "My ma's dead". How often had this thought overwhelmed her and filled her with this futile pain? Memories of last Christmas rushed over her, how she had helped cut the little pine tree down and had made popcorn chains to deck it. The years that came and went in her sleepless eyes made her head throb. She felt as if she had lain there for centuries. She would get up and go out and see if it made her feel better. It must be morning soon.

Outside, the dew on the ground was cold on her bare feet, but the night air seemed warm as black velvet around her. Up above, myriads of stars studded the sky—like the lights on the Christmas tree, she thought. All at once the words of a song her mother used to sing came to her!

"Down in the Valley,  
The valley below,  
Lean your head over,  
Hear the wind blow."

Looking down she saw the few scattered lights of Gatlinburg far below. And then she heard it, a low, almost musical sigh as the wind breathed through the still valley. Slowly she reentered the cabin, strangely comforted.

BARBARA BEECHER, 1945

## The Everlasting Arm

Arm in arm walk the sweet old couple. You can't fail to recognize them even from a distance. The tiny, bent, old lady with the wrinkled face leans at a thirty-degree angle, clinging feverishly to the crooked arm of the tall, dignified old pillar of a man. She wears a dark coat and a funny little hat; he wears a dark coat and a not-so-funny gray hat. They walk slowly, but endlessly. On the rainiest, coldest kind of a day that would keep the heartiest soul indoors, this inseparable twosome venture bravely forth. They are always together; you would never dream of seeing one without the other. The two don't limit their travel to their immediate neighborhood, as one might expect, considering their age. They have been seen miles from home, walking with sturdy, unwavering steps.

When you meet them they may be walking in silence, but more frequently the elderly gentleman, endeavoring to calm his somewhat excitable companion, talks to her, quietly, soothingly. Quite often you will find him being scolded vehemently, but he is always patient, ever so patient. It is hard to imagine what such a gentle, kindly creature could have done to merit such rebuke. In passing he gives you a small smile as he tips his hat with his free hand.

When a car passes, her faithful escort turns her gently away from the highway, that she needn't face the car. Then he speaks to her loudly above the roaring motor, and reassures her. You see, she is very timid about traffic. It is said she was once injured in an automobile accident.

There are various tales told about her eccentricity. Once she was overcome by a childish impulse to roll in the crisp, dry leaves at the road's edge, so, breaking away from the protecting arm, she lay down and frolicked like a small child until she could be persuaded to get up.

The world passes them by; however, this picture of utter devotion cannot but twist the heart-strings of many ever so slightly, as they ask themselves the question—"Could I ever be so?"

GRACE LURTON, 1945



## The Light Touch

Weird, fascinating, mysterious, unpredictable, eerie and bewitching—such is the mystifying oracle of yesterday and today—the Ouija board. If used according to directions, which state that the persons using it should be serious and concentrate fully upon the matter in question (and not ask ridiculous questions), exercise reasonable patience and judgment (and perhaps a slight pushing in the correct directions), it will satisfy your greatest expectations.

A Ouija board is a plain piece of board on which appear only the numerals one to ten, the alphabet, the words "yes" and "no" and "good-bye." When used, it is placed upon the knees of two people sitting opposite each other, "preferably gentleman and lady." The heart shaped table is then placed in the center of the board, and the questioners rest their fingers lightly upon it. "Ouija, Ouija tell me . . . ." Soon the little table begins to move, first slowly and then faster, sometimes moving swiftly back and forth, pausing only for a moment to spell out a message.

What has made the Ouija board continually popular for generations? Do we believe it may really have some oracular power, or do we merely find it a source of relaxation and enjoyment? In my opinion, the Ouija board has won its fame because America's young and old love to pretend. We like the Ouija board the way we like fairy stories and other make-believe.

"Seeing is believing," so the saying goes, but is it really? Some amazing coincidental answers have been spelled out by the Ouija board, such as the time "Waikiki" was spelled out in answer to the question of the unknown location of a friend. A few weeks later a letter was received post-marked "Honolulu." The "mysterious oracle" was questioned about the color of a marble hidden in a third person's hand. "Green" was the reply. The hand was then opened to reveal a green marble in its palm. However, not always is the Ouija board so obliging. It has its temperamental streaks too. Some days it simply refuses to budge. Perhaps it needs some "deep concentration" and a bit of indiscreet pressure, because we all know that fairies have their "days off" too.

MARY BURTON, 1946

## A Miniature in Pink



"I saw two trains, Jeana. I saw two trains." What seemed a walking doll ecstatically greeted me with the news of this great event when I came home.

Susan, aged twenty-two months, is unpredictable and individual in her behavior. The other day she pronounced her apple "delisus." Today she ran around with a delightful twinkle in her eye, saying, "I haven't got some slippers on me." She bent over, and a southern exposure revealed that the slippers were not all she lacked.

As for her sayings—Susan has an unusual synonym for "give." It is "throw." At different times I have been asked to "throw my a glass of milk" or "gingaled" or just a plain glass.

This animated doll has enlightened me on subjects from "Cocky," a dog whom she solemnly asserts is green, to "Babar's handsome-derbyhat." This latter refers to a purchase made by Babar, the elephant hero of Jean de Brunoff's book.

Susan is the most important person in her world. Therefore she assumes, and rightly so, that she is the center of every one else's interest. There is no hypocritical attempt to convince Susan that she is a nonentity and that her influence amounts to naught. In fact her awareness of her power increases daily. And with it a pleasantly dictatorial tone is creeping into her voice. She repeats with relish any commands Mother gives. "Get my some rubbers, Jeana." Her way of giving orders is so endearing no one could resent it.

If some detail of life has been irritating to her, Susan simply states, "I want to lie on a floor and cry." She then gets a pillow and does exactly that.

Brushing her teeth is a ritual she would like to enjoy more often. The amount of toothpaste she swallows is like a meal in itself.

Susan's idea of the greatest pleasure life can give is a ride on the hobby horses. Although she rode around the squeaky music box on

a badly painted colt only twice in her short life, and that many months ago, it remains vividly in her mind as the epitome of complete enjoyment.

Some extremely unforeseeing person once began telling Susan stories in order to distract her attention from the prunes which were being forced into her mouth. A story and a meal are now inseparable. The current serial is about Hunkey Dory, the eleventh child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dory. The unfortunate side of there being so many brothers and sisters is that Susan is the only one who remembers all the names, and many times the narrator is stopped and corrected. You might think the solution would be to have Susan tell the story. I tried that. It was a harrowing experience. Each of my questions came back like a boomerang and I found myself in possession of very little knowledge of these amazing Dorys. I said they lived in Andover only to find they were inhabitants of Minnesota. I recklessly changed the names of the children, and became completely baffled. In my lap sat a dish of prunes, bottom up.

I peeked at the baby with the brown curls, underneath which "visions of sugarplums" were unquestionably dancing. I must have been wrong to think that an infant with such an angelic look could have pushed the prunes. I guess they just slipped.

JEAN MULVEY, 1945

## Ma-Ni-Ni

Her face was brown and unwrinkled save for the few horizontal lines on her forehead; her cheeks were round and firm and had only a few reminders of the smallpox she had suffered as an infant; her nose was squat but pleasant; and her small Chinese eyes were very very black, matching her sleek long hair which she pulled straight back into a large bun on her neck. Her figure was typical of a forty-year-old Chinese woman, plump, yes, but comfortable, and was always clothed in black trousers and a long white jacket buttoning down the side. On the street you wouldn't have noticed her, but in our home, Ma-Ni-Ni was an institution.

Her duties as an amah seem quite strenuous as I look back on them now, but, at that time, neither she nor anyone else did any-



thing but take them for granted. She made all the beds every morning and saw that everything upstairs was very neat; she did every single bit of the family laundry and mending, and besides that had almost complete charge of my two sisters and myself, who were extremely lively children to say the least. For these services of hers she was given a bed, consisting of two or three boards on a wooden frame in our damp cellar, and twenty-five Chinese dollars a month, equalling about eight dollars American money. Out of this sum came her food and any other necessities for living.

Ma-Ni-Ni was a very lovable person and completely trustworthy. Her good nature was exceptional among the amahs of the neighborhood, and our house became a very popular playground. Our favorite game was "Lion", and day after day we would play it, quite wearing out poor Ma-Ni-Ni. Our house was built on a small hill which could be better termed "a large mound." All the way around the house the mound extended about five or six feet and then sloped sharply downward for another six feet until it reached level ground. Ma-Ni-Ni would stand on the top of the incline (the lion) and we would all stand at the bottom and try to run up and jump on her back before she could grab us. Although she couldn't have enjoyed it very much, she never let us know, and time after time she played the game with us.

However, good-natured as she was, we three never got the feeling that we could walk over Ma-Ni-Ni! Oh no! She was boss and it was an accepted fact. Whenever she felt we were getting a bit too rambunctious, she would throw us a warning glance, and if that wasn't successful, she would simply walk out of the room and no amount of begging or pleading on our part would bring her back. She simply would have nothing more to do with us. We would try to continue our activities without her, but somehow it would all seem pointless, and it was not until Ma-Ni-Ni had come back of her own free will that everything would seem all right again. That miserable feeling that Ma-Ni-Ni was mad at us was enough to spoil the whole day.

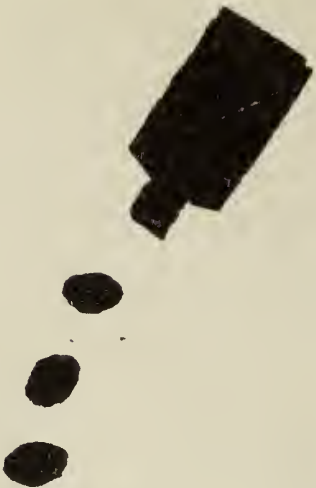
I never knew how much I loved Ma-Ni-Ni until that awful day when she disappeared and we couldn't find out where she had gone. It was just as though one of my immediate family had gone, not "just a servant," and not until she was found and brought back

three days later was I my normal self. Nobody knew why she went, and the only clue to her disappearance we had was the fact that, the night before, her husband, with whom she did not get along and with whom she had not lived for some years, had come to see her. It wasn't until later that we discovered that he had demanded money from her, and upon her refusal, had drawn a knife and threatened to kill her. Almost out of her mind from fear, she spent the next three days wandering around the city, and finally climbed to the roof garden of a nearby apartment house with the intention of jumping off. It was here that she was discovered by another amah, whom she knew, and after sobbing out the whole horrible story, she consented to be taken back home to us. Filled with relief, we notified the police, who had been working on the case, and who saw to it that her husband was taken into custody, and we welcomed Ma-Ni-Ni back with open arms.

After we had lived in Shanghai five years, and Ma-Ni-Ni had been with us almost all that time, Daddy was given his furlough year, and we prepared to leave for America. We were all very excited at the thought of America, and the only sad part of it was that we wouldn't see Ma-Ni-Ni for a whole year. Mother, to comfort us, said that even if we didn't come back to China (and we were pretty sure we were going to), we would send for Ma-Ni-Ni to come to America. When we told her this she was so happy that she almost cried. That was in June, 1937, and in July the Japanese started to bomb Shanghai.

I never saw Ma-Ni-Ni again after that, and somehow I don't believe I ever shall. When we made the decision that we would not return to China, Mother and Dad told us that we could not send for her. Not until long afterward did we learn the real reason why—the fact that Ma-Ni-Ni was in jail. She had been forced by her husband to run an opium den, and when the police caught up with the business he ran away, leaving her to take all the blame. But somehow these facts mean little to me, and I can't really bring myself to accept them. No matter what happened to her later, my last memory of Ma-Ni-Ni will always be the picture of her standing at the front gate of our house, waving to us as we drove away.

HOLLY WELLES, 1945



## The Abbot Infirmary Blues

Infirmary Blues  
That I muse  
Upon,  
Pale and wan,  
Frail and weak . . . .

At first 'twas a whiff of a sniff—  
A puff of a snuff—  
So to speak.

But now it's a cold overbold,  
Much woise!  
And my voice is a squeak.

I'm propped up in bed, and my head  
Won't clear—  
I'll be here the whole week!

Frail and weak,  
Pale and wan,  
I muse  
Upon  
Infirmary Blues . . . .

GRETCHEN FULLER, 1945



## Thoughts on the Eve of November 7, 1944

Last night I lay awake 'til eleven thirty listening to last-minute campaigning, and I confess that when I turned off the radio, I was glad I was too young to vote.

I take very seriously talk about our sacred privilege of voting. If I were twenty-one, I would most surely be at the polls today. But I wonder if my confusion would be any less? By that time I would probably be more set in party ways; I would be a staunch Republican or Democrat. For that reason I would, as so many around me do, listen to my side's campaigning with interest and appreciation, and scoff at the other's. I know this to be true because my family, all Republicans, do it. That is, all except two old Philadelphia people who are for Mr. Roosevelt because of his foreign policy, which they understand, but fail to make me understand.

Never have I heard a clear description of the years 1929-1932. Last night I heard descriptions, yes, but such descriptions! I heard of bread lines, relief, "Hooverilles," hard times, and many assorted other evils attributed to both sides. Well, whose fault were they? And, more pertinent still, what do they matter? The Republicans are not offering another Hoover, nor are they offering another Lincoln. Who can tell what Mr. Dewey could do?

On another occasion I heard John Gunther, Quentin Reynolds, Mark Van Doren, and Orson Welles in a solidly Democratic round table discussion. These, whom I consider educated, responsible people, were in childish agreement over such statements:

"There is no Republican Party."

"The Republicans in office will serve only to lengthen the war and shorten the peace."

On and on until I was determined I should vote for anyone rather than the leader of such men.

Then I heard, once, Mr. Dewey accusing the Democrats freely of every "charge in the book," disregarding entirely the good works that have been done.

Last night I heard a program of the Democrats in which well-known Hollywood stars took part. The program was distributed well over the country, with bankers, railroad workers, housewives,

and school girls all testifying to their love for F.D.R. There were Republicans on the program who told of their conversion and their loss of respect for their party. I felt convinced only once, when Paulette Goddard said, "I'm for a fourth term" . . . in the whole campaign, the only Democratic mention of it. One person accused the Republicans of the thirteen millions acquired from a multi-millionaire for their campaign. At the end of the broadcast I learned that it had been sponsored by the "Thousand Club." What could I think?

That is my criticism. There is no constructive, thoughtful explanation of policies, platforms, aspirations. There is only "Communist!", "Nazi!", "Little Attorney!", "Bureaucrat!", etc. etc.

If I were an independent, and of age, I wouldn't know what to think! Each party forgets its shortcomings and remembers and lauds its good. I am stunned by the shocking lack of dignity, and sense! There is no continuity to their speeches: they change and waver.

I am disturbed because of the *New York Times*.

I am disturbed when a chance acquaintance tells me he would have anyone rather than Roosevelt.

I am disturbed when intelligent and respected people tell me that . . . . . is the only, the real one.

I am disturbed!

Right now, when only time can tell which campaign has been more successful, I am less sure than ever. This election is important, and doubly so to me, because I can do nothing about the outcome. My confidence will be shaken, whoever gets into office, because of the things I have heard. "That is always the way in elections," you say? But does it have to be? I know, that were I voting, I would come from the polls sure I had made a mistake. Who can say who is right?

I can only listen, and read, and discuss.

Perhaps these campaigns are important for another reason. They help form a discerning judgment and a deaf ear to untrue slander. When I am twenty-one, may I be wiser than today!

HELEN HODGES, 1945

## All in a Day's Work

The letters on the door read "Clerk of Courts"; yet, Nora Hanly thought, as she sat at her desk making notations on the morning mail, the place looked like any ordinary office. There was no statue of Justice in one corner, or any imposing quotation on the wall loudly declaring the duty and morality of Justice. Only a long counter traversed the length of the room, with a few files and two desks behind it. In the files were records of recent court cases, some of them small tragedies in the lives of small people, but many of them just routine reports involving irksome details. Nora sighed. If only today won't be like yesterday. There were six people in about naturalization yesterday, and not one of them could speak more than a few words of English. Nora was getting a little tired of using sign language.

Timidly, almost fearfully, a little woman walked into the office. She was not much over five feet tall. Her black hat was old and battered, and it had the appearance of having weathered many a storm. The black coat which she wore was frayed at the edges and did not even look as if it had been a nice looking coat when first bought. Her gnarled hands nervously fingered a cheap, imitation-leather pocketbook. Her black hair, streaked with grey, was pulled tightly back from her face and rolled into a pug. She looked about fifty years old, but if one would subtract ten years or more, attributed to hard work, he would probably arrive at her correct age.

As Nora looked up and saw the woman one thought flashed through her mind: "Oh, I hope she can speak English. Angie's out to lunch." Angie was the girl at the next desk who was blessed with at least two things, knowledge of the Italian language and a willingness to help out at the opportune time.

The old woman, looking at the young girl, felt her heart sink—the young are so scornful of others' failures—but she walked calmly up to the counter and held out a slip of paper which read "I have come to retrieve the bail I put up for Giovanni Pizzoli. (signed) Concetta Pizzoli."

To Nora the name was familiar. She had read the case of the fifteen-year-old boy, and as she looked at the old woman she felt a twinge of



pity. There was no self-pity in the eyes of the woman. There was embarrassment, however; and looking at her Nora felt her own face grow hot. How many times she had tried to leave her personal feelings out of such things!

She went to the cash drawer and took out a bank book and other papers with it. She gave one paper to the woman, put her finger on a certain line, and said, "Sign." She then filled out the paper that must go to the bank, and that done, she looked at the woman. The latter was gripping her pen very hard, and Nora felt another twinge of pity as she watched her struggle so hard to write her name, a thing which almost every child can do. Finally the great task was completed. Nora compared the signature with another already on one of the papers, and then handed the woman her bankbook.

"She must have worked her fingers to the bone for that money," Nora said to herself, "and to have to use it for bail for her son!" The girl felt heartsick, but she knew that she must acquire some hard-heartedness or her work at the office would never make her happy. After all there are times when the court does bring joy into some mother's heart. She went back to her typewriter.

The older woman was leaving the office with the feeling of having skirted a crisis. She had seen the expression on the girl's face, and she wanted none of that. Her boy had done what he did, but it was not his fault. It was hers. Afterwards, with a fresh start, after he came out from the reformatory, she would make it all up to him. But now, there was the bus to catch. She quickened her pace and hurried on, and soon became an insignificant figure lost in a crowd of people.

MADGE TWOMEY, 1945

## The Literary Hack

Only "a few well-chosen words"  
I wish to say about trite phrases,  
The stock of which is used too much,  
By the writer "in all its phases".

Do common hackneyed expressions,  
Like "sea of life" and "reigned supreme",  
And other well-known synonyms,  
Like "black as ink" appear in your theme?

Perhaps your dearest favorites are  
"Sadder but wiser", or "all too soon",  
"Wee small hours", or "downy couch",  
"The sands of time", or "the mellow moon".

And do your characters hurry on  
"To reach their destination" at last,  
Then with a big "sigh of relief",  
Relax "to enjoy a delicious repast"?

Then there's the famous "maiden fair",  
With "shining locks of golden hue",  
Whose "lily white hand" and "limpid eyes"  
Are other common stand-bys too.

Don't pen these rubber-stampish phrases;  
My moral to you—"last but not least"—  
Omit them from your daily use,  
And be in your form a true "artiste".

MARY BURTON, 1946



## Hopeward Bound

Far up the valley, breaking through the stillness of early morning, the faint cry of the train whistle could be heard. It was repeated at short intervals, each blow louder than the last, until finally even the banging of the wheels echoed against the surrounding mountains.

The engine roared as it sped by untouched stretches of forest and rich green hills. Sparkling rivers wound sinuously through the land and the very freshness of the air denied the existence of human beings.

Meticulously cultivated fields stretching on either side announced the approach to a village, but as the train puffed and wheezed to a stop, the village was scarcely visible. An unpainted and filthy structure was what obviously served as a station but the sprawling dump behind it was the only other sign of habitation. Four or five miserable children boarded the platform and stood clutching school books in their brown and calloused hands. There was no school in this wilderness, so those who wanted education beyond the fourth grade were compelled to travel to the next settlement, ten miles away.

Again the white clouds of steam splotched the clear blue of the sky and formed grotesque shadows along the embankments. Cattle grazed here and there, and a few low roofs could be discerned in the midst of newly plowed ground, but more often the timber was so thick that it seemed impossible that any sort of farming could be carried on.

At the next stop a young boy said goodbye to his tearful family and received a rather feeble cheer from a group of friends as he



stepped into the car. He wore a frayed sweater and patched pants, and under his arm he held a paper package tied with cord, which looked as if it contained his few meagre belongings. He was big and awkward, and he stared silently at his dirty fingernails as the train moved on. He would have looked out of place anywhere but behind a plow or pitching hay, and now he was being sent out into the world; not to seek his fortune or to find adventure in the city, but to learn to fight for his country.

The river which had been winding through the valley, often in sight of the train, now widened and in places formed rapids. There were a number of scrubby houses along the banks and two large brick buildings which proclaimed a mill town. The station was not much larger than the previous ones but many more people got on. The train was bound for the city, and in each tired expression there was a look of expectation and hope for something better. A girl in a green coat and green shoes, that didn't quite match, chattered to her companion in a broad New England accent about the audition which she was going to have with a famous producer. A newly married couple held hands and talked in soft, intimate voices about the wonderful week they would spend in the city. There were disillusioned men looking for a chance to start over again; children seeking diversion from farm work by visiting relatives or friends, and even a bent, little old lady smiling happily as she fingered the hard earned check that would free her from long illness.

At each stop the train was filled a little more with people seeking to broaden their narrow and tedious lives by going to the city. Some were unconcerned with the passing scenery and read or slept. Others stared with unseeing eyes out of the window or tried to interest themselves in the billboards or other unattractive sights that crowd the outskirts of a town. Finally, as the engine slowed and stopped the passengers rose to stand in the aisles. Each person stepped off onto the platform and taking a deep breath of the sooty air entered into a new phase of life.

Four hours later the cars began to fill up again. Suitcases were hoisted up onto the racks, seats turned around, and candymen walked through the train selling last minute snacks. There were many soldiers going home on leave, tired but happy. A group of them were sitting together, laughing and singing, to the amusement and

often the annoyance of the other passengers. They were headed home, back to the small towns and villages where they had been brought up. Some wore ribbons and had already been to foreign countries; others were still training. All had seen more of life than they ever would have in peace time. Nothing mattered now, though, but the fact they were on a furlough and were going to make the best of their period of freedom whether it was spent in a shack in the hills or not.

A mother and her daughter sat silently side by side. The girl was thin, with weak, tearful eyes; the woman stern and stubborn. They were together for the first time after having been separated for a year. The girl had run away to get married without her family's consent and had finally ended up a war wife without a job. Her mother had come to collect her and was taking her back to the sewing circles, gossipers, and dullness of the small town.

Dapper salesmen in pin stripe suits looked over the lists in their brief cases and planned the best sales talks for the gullible small store-owners. An ambitious young writer stared hungrily at the thriving land, and choice bits of description raced through his mind. At last he would be free from the noise of traffic and could write without disturbance.

A few families, with smiles of contentment just beginning to erase the lines of worry from their foreheads, were going out to the country for their vacation. The sun to them meant tanned skin and good weather for swimming, not parched land or dry crops. The soil and rolling hills were a symbol of health for their children, not a means of subsistence or starvation. They left the train joyfully and in great confusion, with assorted pieces of baggage, tennis rackets and golf clubs.

The sky darkened and after each station there were fewer people in the train. The last of the school children had returned. The train continued, the light from the windows shining on the surrounding fields. Breaking through the stillness, the high wail of the whistle was heard. It was repeated at short intervals, each blow fainter than the last, until finally nothing but the rustle of the leaves stirred the night.

HILARY PATERSON, 1945

## The Small Philosopher

In the dusty study where the spiders spin,  
And the little mice nibble on the violin,  
The small philosopher once spent his days  
With his calf-bound volumes of the best essays.

His thoughts were scintillating, deep, and wise,  
His reviewers praised him to the very skies;  
He relished firelight, and wine, and flowers,  
And composed a little in his leisure hours.

"A charming person, with so much to give. . . .  
The small philosopher knows how to live!"  
The Elite were shattered when they found him gone,  
And his Great Danes moping on the empty lawn.

On a far-off mountain, in a hazy breeze,  
When a still slow fire simmers through the trees,  
The small philosopher now snores away,  
While the red leaves settle on his shack all day.

And he's fat and dirty, and he swears with glee,  
And they can't explain it, and they just can't see. . . .  
No books, no sherry, and no country place,  
But a great big grin upon his whiskered face.

SALLY LEAVITT, 1945



## The Ebb Tide

There where the Bay curved back to show a dirty stretch of beach at low tide in which myriads of fiddler crabs made their home, there where the pungent stench of dead fish and Bay-washed sand permeated the sunny air, stood the supporting posts of a dilapidated pier. A dismal grey structure, it stood awkwardly on its spindly, barnacled legs, and on top was an unsightly one-room shack. To the left of this a stream of greenish water moved sluggishly toward the Bay, cutting a shallow path through the sand, a typical Florida creek whose meandering course passed over imbedded broken bottles and rusty tin cans. It moved as slowly and as imperceptibly as the years of old Mr. Dan's life.

Hermit, fisherman, and king of all he surveyed, from the slimy sea wall across the drab stretch of sand, to the lush bamboo grove that stuck out into the Bay on his right, Mr. Dan had lived there for over fifty years. His long tenancy was his only claim to the land, although no one could claim it legally, for the town of Clearwater extends its borders no farther than the sea wall. Technically therefore, he lived in Clearwater Bay, or so any map would have shown his location. But the ceaseless though gentle tides had built a wide sand shoal that sloped gently down to the Bay itself. And there Old Man Dan had built his pier, and his ugly shack with its dirty yellow curtains. His life satisfied him. Had he not discovered the spring of pure, sweet water at the end of the bamboo grove, and laid the planks in a path crossing the bamboo swamp to get there, despite his paralyzed leg? He had watched the painted backs of the fiddler crabs at play, and seen the tides rise and fall for fifty years, ever since he had had as a boy the attack of paralysis which had deprived him of the use of his left leg. Sunny afternoons he often used to sit weaving nets of the yellow hemp he'd bought in town. He was an inconspicuous figure, with his tanned face like wrinkled leather, and his bent back, a figure that blended with the dull browns and greys of his surroundings like a chameleon. I used to see him of a morning, a speck on the languid green of the Bay in his small boat, fishing, and again in the evening returning with his dory nearly full of his silvery catch. He never made much money out of fishing. One cheap

market in town used to buy most of his fish and sell it for twice the price they gave him for it to a fertilizer company near Tampa, but Mr. Dan never knew this, and if he had, he wouldn't have cared. He had all he wanted, his shack and bit of land.

I went back there last year. It was the week after that large storm hit the Gulf from Cuba to Florida. I just happened to be walking down Bay Street, and my feet seemed to go of themselves down that familiar path in the meadow through which that ugly little creek works its way to the Bay. There were wild violets at my foot and the air had the soft feel of Spring, of a tropical warmth. I rounded the last curve and there. . . but where was the stretch of sand where the fiddler crabs had darted endlessly, and the grove of vivid green bamboo, the rickety pier? At my feet only the idle waves replied, lapping the sea wall with small ripples, making a sucking sound. That was all.

BARBARA BEECHER, 1945

## 52nd Street and 2nd Avenue

Music tore down the night  
And made golden my soul.  
It splashed on pavement,  
Like white rain  
On the two o'clock streets.

Casual fingers drumming the heart—  
Mist walking with memory,  
Pausing under street lights,  
And wandering on again.

Smoky music sang  
Unfaltering dirge  
In swing time.

I was wrung with the melody,  
And stood shrouded in the song,  
While the notes fell carelessly,  
Striking upon my heart.

JUNE LIVERMORE, 1946

## Turn Back the Night

She sat there alone in the twilight, a solitary figure of a little old woman. Back and forth, back and forth creaked the old porch rocker as she watched the last rays of the sun sink behind the long row of elm trees. The porch was long and wide, running full length along the side of the large white house. It was decorated with tall white columns covered with gnarled wisteria, and where they met the sloping roof, sparrows and wrens made their nests. Now in the twilight the old grill work of the balustrade could be seen silhouetted against the sky, and the empty windows reflected back the last rays of the sun. The wide door with its brass knocker was battered and had rusty hinges. It seemed to have known a better day—a time of large families, of joy and merriment, with many friends entering over the welcome threshold. Silently the sun set on this empty house with its dark shadows and deep memories. All was still save the little sounds of nature and the continuous creaking of the rocking chair on the porch.

Alone she sat, surrounded by familiar sights and memories. Her dress was worn and frayed at the bottom; brown calico it was, and the style was quite old-fashioned for that time. Her slightly wavy hair, drawn back from her face, was light grey, almost white, and a brown bonnet framed her small face which looked as though it might once have been pretty, but was now wrinkled with age. Still, her eyes had a bright look when one spoke to her, but as soon as they turned away, the brightness faded and lapsed back into a far-away expression with a hurt look around the corners. No one in the village held any special thing against her, but they just nodded to her as they went by and left her alone with a big house and many memories. Some of the farmers who lived on surrounding farms said they felt sorry for her and would often bring her groceries on their way home from marketing; their wives every once in a while in a burst of good will would send her some homemade preserves by way of their children, who always stood in fear and awe of this little old woman;





but all the neighbors who had moved to those parts within the last ten years would have nothing whatsoever to do with her. They said she was queer, a relic from another generation, and that it was not good to associate with such people who were so old and solitary. Herman Peterson, one of the first men to live in the town, once remarked that he had "known her in his courtin' days, when she was one of the prettiest belles in the county," but he hadn't seen her much since she had married Jeff Parker, and after he died, well, nobody had seen much of her. He knew there had been some trouble between her and Parker. She had been in love with someone else, but her father had liked Jeff better because of his money. The man she had loved went away one night after a ball at her house and never came back. Herman said that he wasn't sure of the whole story, but she finally married Parker and had never been the same since.

This particular evening she was just sitting on the porch rocking back and forth as usual, except that there was more spirit in her motion and the creaking noises came with a faster beat. Suddenly she heard the sound of horses' hoofs not far down the road, and a carriage came into sight around the bend. It was Uncle Tom with the twins, Henrietta and Harriet; she could tell by the horses. Shivering with excitement and happiness she stood up, smoothed out her full skirt, and pushing her dark curls into place, she ran down the path to meet them. Uncle Tom helped the girls down from the carriage and remarked how lucky it was to have such a beautiful night for the ball. They talked a bit, and then they went in through the wide door. Soon other carriages arrived—the Fosters, the Smiths, John Abbot with Sally Carpenter, Aunt Ellie and Cousin Charles, other relations, and many friends.

In the midst of all Jeff Parker and Rodney Barnes arrived on horseback together. They were not as jovial as the others, and Jeff, after putting his horse in charge of the colored boy, just squeezed her hand and without a word strode into the house. After Jeff had gone in, the troubled look left Rodney's face, and he stayed outside to receive the guests with her. The night was clear, and she heard the gay music and tinkling laughter as it floated out the big door and was whisked away by the little evening breezes. After everyone had arrived, she took Rodney's arm and they walked up the path together. When they reached the threshold, her father came over to

have the first dance with her. Smilingly she accepted, and they waltzed out into the room and were lost among the many couples. The lights were bright, and the gay colored dresses made a pretty picture as they whirled by. She thought of all the long hours of work that had been put into the preparation and decorating of the hall. The finished product was beautiful—the tall vases of flowers, the gaily decked chandeliers, and the silver platters of food on the damask table cloth. After a few minutes Jeff came over to claim her, and with a smile her father turned her over to him. Jeff was always so sure of himself when he was with her father! It made her puzzled and angry, and she danced in silence.

So the evening continued. People were talking and laughing everywhere; gay voices mingled with the lively music. Happy couples drank punch, walked on the porch, and sat in the large parlor. On they danced into the night. Near the end she was dancing with Rodney, and she was aware that Jeff had gone outside and was no longer watching her with that hidden smile. It made her feel good. The tempo of the dance got faster. Around and around they whirled, until all the faces were just a blur of color, and she and Rodney seemed to be in a world of their own. Throwing back her head she laughed aloud with joy. Suddenly the music stopped. The lights faded and went out. The people vanished. All was in complete silence and darkness on the porch. Only the sound of a shrill cackle echoed across the meadow and was swallowed up by the trees. Seeing that it was so late, the old woman rose from the rocking chair, and sighing deeply to herself, she turned and went in.

NANCY THOMAS, 1946

## Only a Dent



The telephone rang. Almost always the telephone calls were for Quebec. To be sure, there were three others in the family, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and Ralph, but they seldom used the phone. They likely would have if Quebec and her friends had given them a chance, but as it was, fourteen-year-old Quebec spent most of her time languidly sprawled on the first four or five steps of the stairs, phone in hand. As the kitchen was Mother's, the little bar in the playroom Dad's, and the work-shed Ralph's, so the telephone was Quebec's special entity.

The telephone jangled insistently. Mrs. Stanley laid aside her knitting on the davenport, and crossed the green carpet to the hall where she lifted the worn receiver. A high voice asked hopefully and very loudly to speak to Quebec. Mrs. Stanley flinched, and held the instrument at a distance, as the young voice continued to re-sound over the wires. She covered the mouth of the receiver as she called wearily upstairs to Quebec. The latter was seated at her flowered-chintz dressing table staring into the mirror. She was brushing her black hair, as she often did. Her green eyes clouded with annoyance and her red lips pursed as her mother informed her "Shorty" Scallops was on the phone. She shuffled out of the room in her slippers and blue bathrobe, and carelessly descended the stairs to a point halfway, where her mother, anticipating her intentions of reclining, handed her the battered phone, gazing at her sympathetically, but smiling inwardly. Almost before she resumed her knitting Quebec had made it plain to fat, freckle-faced "Shorty" that she could not go to the movies with him two weeks from then. When she had finished her mother called her into the living-room.

"Que, darling, you mustn't be quite so harsh with 'Shorty.' After all, you know it's quite a compliment—a boy asking a girl out." She was always gentle.

"But, Mums, he's such a drip!" Quebec exclaimed painfully. All she could think of were the many times she had been out with boys so much diviner. Quebec did not recognize an invitation as such a compliment, since she had always had someone to take her some-



where ever since she had "come of age," that is, since her crowd had looked twice at "men."

"What are you wearing to the dance tonight, dear?" Mrs. Stanley considered it best not to create an argument.

"My green and white stripe, I guess," sighed Quebec. "It's ghastly, but I've worn the others so much."

"I'd hardly call it ghastly, Que," her mother laughed, her own green eyes crinkling. "If I remember, you 'swooned' over it in the store a few days ago. Now run along and take your bath. Dad said he'd be here about seven, so we'll eat dinner promptly."

\* \* \*

Ralph came to the table late, as he always had as a youngster. Now he was a soldier, home on leave, and in spite of all his rigid training in the Army he was late to dinner. No one scolded him now though. Instead they were thankful to have him at the table at all. He pulled his sister's hair as he used to, while he manoeuvred his six feet to the other side of the small dining-room.

"Going to the club dance tonight, Que?" His blue eyes looked across at his sister. There was a strong bond between the two, and a mutual respect.

"Yes, are you? I'm going with Ted." Her cheeks dimpled as she grinned back at him. Now as they smiled knowingly at each other they recalled Quebec's first club dance, when she had gone with Ralph.

"I may drop in after awhile, that is, if you'll promise me a dance." He had also taught her to dance, and they danced very well together.

"Que, it's getting late. You'd better go up and get into your dress." Her mother's eyes usually watched the clock for her.

Quebec bounded up the stairs, she was excited, but she scorned to admit it. Her mother came in as she was putting on the finishing touches.

"You look sweet, dear." Mothers always make some such reassuring remark. "Ted is downstairs."

"But, Mother, I can't go flying right down. It just isn't done." Even as she spoke, Quebec turned out the light and led the way down-stairs.

\* \* \*

The dance was just getting under way when the young couple arrived. Quebec knew they looked well together, and was sure that many gazed at them enviously. She danced away most of the evening, assured of being captivating and popular.

Then she saw Him while she was sipping a coke with her partner. He came in with her brother—a soldier, very tall, blond, and oh so handsome! Ralph brought the newcomer over to the table where she was sitting, and introduced them. His name was Rick Saunders. They talked together for a while, and then “Shorty” came to claim his dance with Quebec. But He cut in later. The moment she felt his arms around her she fell—hard.

“Don’t mind the music,” she ventured, making a face. “I know it’s just too terrible.”

“I think it’s pretty good. It’s a long time since I’ve been to a club dance.” His deep voice made her spine tingle.

“I used to like them when I was fifteen or so,” she explained, “but now they bore me to tears.”

“Were you forced to come?” he grinned broadly over her head.

“Well,” . . . She flushed and looked around the dance floor. “Sort of. After all there wasn’t much I could say when Ted insisted on coming here.”

Rick laughed outright, and covered it up by calling her attention to two jitterbugs vigorously throwing themselves around in one corner.

“I know,” she sighed. “Isn’t it just ridiculous—making a show of themselves that way! But then, they’re only fourteen!” She looked up at him, expecting approval.

“They’re certainly good,” he asserted.

“But so juvenile!”

“How old are you? No, let me guess.” His eyes kindled with mischief as he paused significantly. “Fourteen?”

“Who ever told you that?” She blushed violently. She had given everything away! “I think I . . .” Ted cut in to find her storming. She insisted that he take her home immediately.

She flew upstairs and flung herself on her bed. Her sobbing could be heard down the hall. Her mother guessed from incoherent statements what had happened, and tiptoed quietly out of the room, realizing it was a problem for Quebec to work out alone.

Quebec lay on her bed long after she had stopped crying. Slowly she stood up and unzipped her dress. It rustled slightly as she drew it over her head. Then she threw it carelessly onto a chair. She tossed back her head as she sat down at her dressing-table, and picked up her hairbrush again.

GRACE LURTON, 1945

## Fall Canvas

In everything Fall's fleeting form I seem to spy;  
In spirals of the soft blue smoke of autumn fires that fade  
To ashes by the way, I glimpse the laughing eye  
Of some ethereal maid.

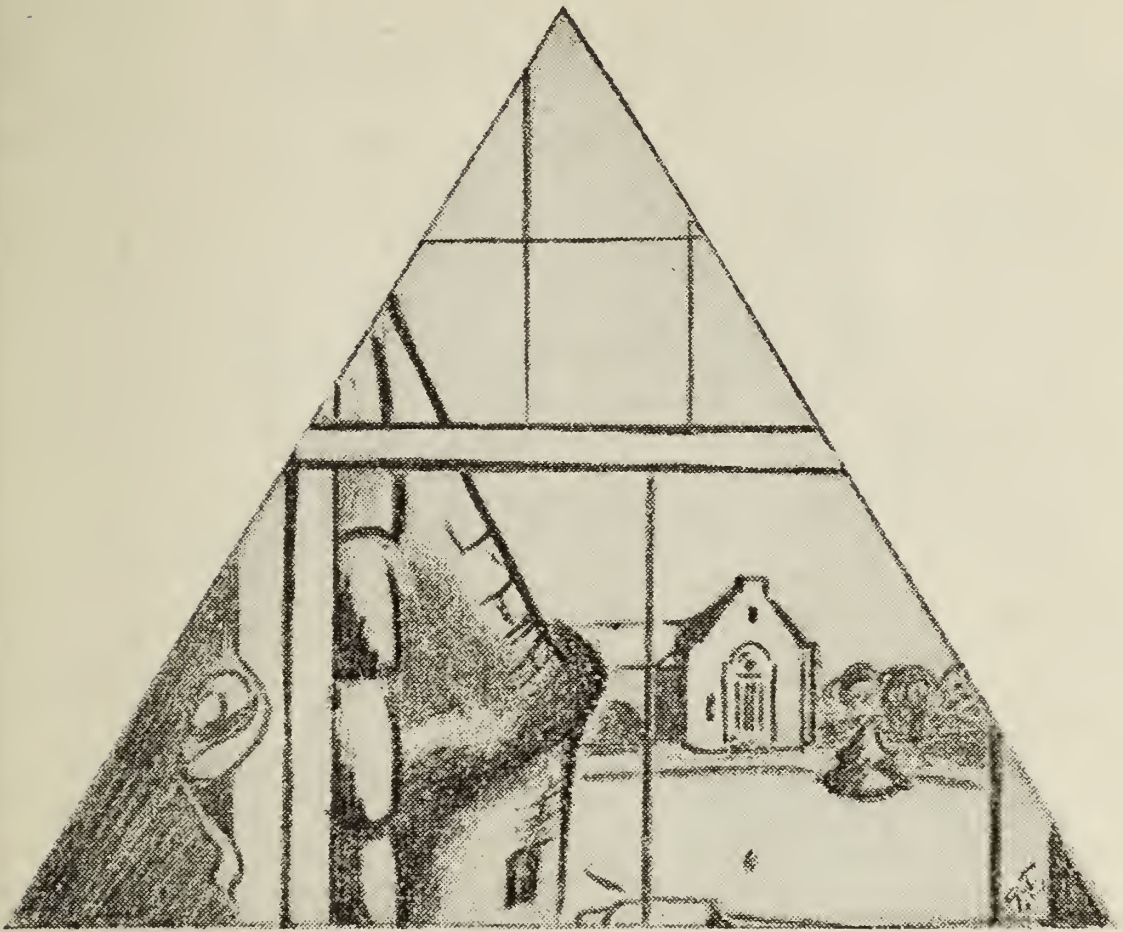
At Autumn's touch the ivy flames on crumbling pasture walls,  
And goldenrod gilds every path and woodland dell.  
My heart thrills when above a flock of wild geese calls  
To Summer their farewell.

Once again the gay mazurka of Fall's dance I hear;  
The flying leaves like skirts of whirling gypsies flare,  
And blow from neat raked piles high in the atmosphere  
To settle rustling everywhere.

Once again Fall's pungent perfume wafts with every breeze;  
The warm, sweet scent of pumpkins sleeping in the sun,  
Of bayberries and ripening apples on the trees,  
All mingle into one.

BARBARA BEECHER, 1945





A new COURANT tradition began as we of this year's COURANT board chose a new sanctum sanctorum. We now climb a weary four flights and pick our way through the Art Studio's easels. Our echoes then accompany us down the main corridor to our own private alley-way. The door of No. 96 swings noiselessly inward, and reveals our headquarters under the eaves. Pipes and extension wires interlace over our heads, the latter swinging down to the large lamp in the middle of our circular table. A smaller table off to one side supports the gooseneck lamp, craning to peer at the papers, magazines, letters and sketches. Should we wander in our worried paces to the bleak, curtainless windows, we would see what you see above. From our secluded pinnacle we look for inspiration on this view. Below, our fellow students pursue their way, unmindful of our anxious preoccupation far above.

From this scene, then, comes the COURANT we have presented to you now.

## School Calendar, 1944-1945

## SEPTEMBER

*Saturday 16*—School Picnic

*Saturday 16*—Old Girl-New Girl Party

*Sunday 17*—Vespers—Miss Hearsey

*Friday 22*—Senior Picnic

*Saturday 23*—Alice Berezowski—lecture—"Living as a Fine Art"

*Sunday 24*—Vespers—The Rev. James T. Cleland, D.D., Chaplain,  
Amherst College

*Friday 29*—First Calling Night

*Saturday 30*—Corridor Stunts—Abbey, Homestead and Sherman

## OCTOBER

*Sunday 1*—Vespers—The Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D., Pastor  
Emeritus, First Church, Cambridge

*Tuesday 3*—Cecil Brown at P.A.—"This War and the Peace—  
How Can We Win Both"

*Saturday 7*—Tea Dance at Phillips

*Saturday 7*—The Red Gate Players—Chinese Shadow Plays

*Sunday 8*—Vespers—The Rev. A. Graham Baldwin, School Min-  
ister, P.A.

*Saturday 14*—"Harriet" (Helen Hayes) Boston—Senior Trip

*Saturday 14*—Corridor Stunts—Draper, except Seniors

*Sunday 15*—Vespers—A.C.A.

*Saturday 21*—"Harriet" (Helen Hayes) Boston—Senior-Mids and  
Junior-Mids

*Saturday 21*—Corridor Stunts—Seniors and Faculty

*Sunday 22*—Vespers—The Rev. Winthrop H. Richardson, Winslow  
Congregational Church, Taunton

*Saturday 28*—William G. Avirett, Education Editor, *New York  
Tribune*, "A Survey Graphic"

*Sunday 29*—Vespers—The Rev. James Gordon Gilkey, D.D.,  
South Congregational Church, Springfield

## NOVEMBER

*Saturday 4*—Field Day

*Saturday 4*—Awards in Evening

*Sunday 5*—Vespers—The Rev. Vivian T. Pomeroy, D.D., The First Parish, Milton

*Saturday 11*—Andover-Exeter Football Game at Andover

*Saturday 11*—Tea Dance at Phillips

*Saturday 11*—Teresita and Emilio Osta—South American Dances

*Sunday 12*—Vespers—The Rev. Cornelius P. Trowbridge, Church of the Redeemer, Chestnut Hill

*Friday 17*—Doris Doree, Metropolitan Soprano—Phillips Academy

*Saturday 18*—Plays by Preparatory and Junior Classes

*Sunday 19*—Congregational Tea for those attending the South Church this year

*Sunday 19*—Vespers—Margaret Walker (Negro Poet) Reading from her Poetry

*Wednesday 22*—Thanksgiving Service—8:15 p.m.

*Thursday 23*—Thanksgiving Day (Holiday from 9:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.)

*Saturday 25*—Tea Dance for the Juniors

*Saturday 25*—Mary Hutchinson—Dramatic Readings

*Sunday 26*—Vespers—The Rev. M. Russell Boynton, D.D., First Church in Newton

## DECEMBER

*Saturday 2*—Recital by Miss Friskin

*Sunday 3*—Vespers—The Rev. Arnold Kenseth, Congregational Church, Ballardvale

*Saturday 9*—A.D.S. Play

*Sunday 10*—Vespers—A.C.A.

*Saturday 16*—Party for Andover Children—A.C.A.

*Saturday 16*—Christmas Reading—Mrs. Gray

*Sunday 17*—Christmas Vespers—Miss Hearsey

*Monday 18*—Christmas Dinner and Carol Service

*Tuesday 19*—Vacation begins at 9:00 a.m.

## JANUARY

*Tuesday 9*—Vacation ends at 8:00 p.m.







# The Abbot Courant

May, 1945

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY





# THE ABBOT COURANT

ABBOT ACADEMY • ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME LXXI

MAY, 1945

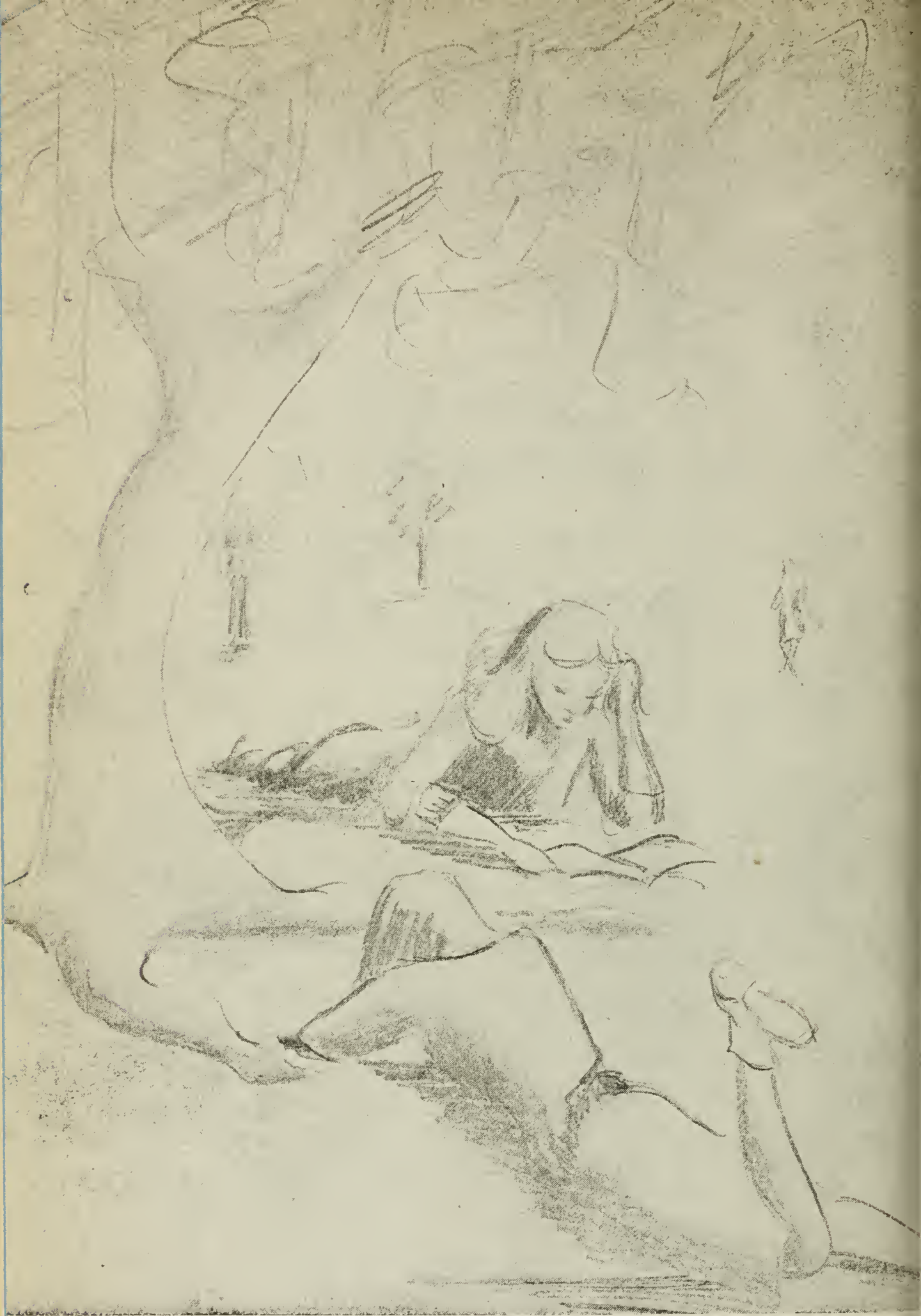
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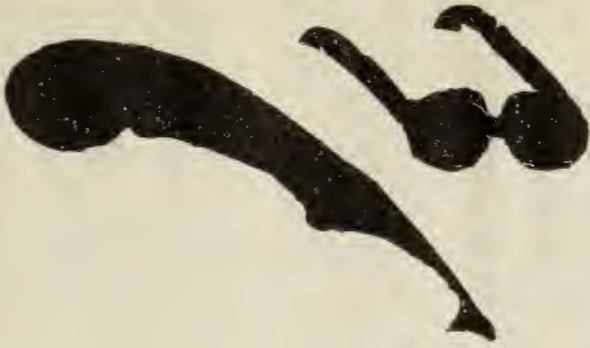
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GRETCHEN FULLER, '45 . . . . . *Art Editor*

MARY BURTON, '46  
JUNE LIVERMORE, '46  
GRACE LURTON, '45  
HILARY PATERSON, '45  
CYNTHIA SMITH, '45  
NANCY THOMAS, '46





We are looking forward with interest and enthusiasm to the inter-school forum to be held in Boston in April, of which Abbot will be one of the participants. Groups of approximately ten students representing each of about fifteen preparatory schools near Boston will attend the conference. It is the plan for one representative from each school to present a short address on the topic to be discussed: "World Trade After the War." Another delegate will be prepared to participate in a rebuttal if necessary. Still other delegates may supplement the material presented with questions. Such a debate should prove lively as well as informative.

It would seem an excellent idea to continue to have such forums at intervals during the school year. Certainly we of the present "younger generation" as future players in the game of world affairs must know the rules and tricks of the game if we are to emerge victorious. The more we know about the problems confronting nations today, the more, it is likely, we shall discover about ways of eliminating those problems tomorrow.

What better time is there than the present for beginning to probe into these complex problems? If we wait until we are older to study such situations it may be too late to prevent catastrophes from recurring. Some may skeptically say, "But what can a bunch of school kids settle or gain by such conferences?" It is doubtful that they will settle anything, but it stands to reason that they should gain much. It is not our responsibility to settle anything now. Our opportunity lies in the future, but if we make no effort to open our minds and expose them to some airing of present-day problems, there can be little hope that the future will show much improvement over the past.



The value of having such forums established as extracurricular activities would be incalculable. Not only would quite a broad knowledge of world affairs be afforded, but the exchange of ideas and opinions would be stimulating, as would the practise of speaking before a good-sized group of people.

If, then, this coming conference is as successful as it promises to be, it is to be hoped that similar ones will be conducted in the years to come.

G.E.L.

\* \* \*

In the post-war world a good-neighbor and world friendship policy will be a prime requisite for maintaining peace. To develop and maintain this policy, however, we must have an understanding and feeling of familiarity with the customs and peoples of the earth and their governments. There are many methods of obtaining these requirements, and one which has great possibilities is the motion picture. It is through the movies that we might see foreign people, visit their countries and hear them speak, thus developing an appreciation which would help maintain peace.

The cry of humanity is today "There must not be a third World War." Unfortunately, however, when the generations which have known this war and have suffered in it are gone, there will be no one to remember the horror and chaos into which the world had been pitched. The cry of humanity will have no meaning.

Since the future will not have experienced this present conflict they must be made to *see* its effects. It is for this purpose that the motion picture will have great value. All the photographic records of this war period will reveal to our posterity, better than words, the destruction and terror of World War II. Unless these pictures of tortured men, of shattered bodies, of abandoned equipment, and of entire cities, towns, and lands in mutilation appeal to human sensitiveness and make manifest the utter necessity of peace, there can be little hope for the survival of man after the *next war*.

The moving picture will be a powerful factor in promoting national and international understanding and brotherhood, and acting as a reminder of the cry of humanity for everlasting peace.

C.H.S.

## The Story-teller

Billy's mother smiled graciously down at his small, grimy up-turned face. His happy eyes shone with almost feverish excitement, and his six-year-old frame quivered all over as he let forth a torrent of unintelligible words.

"Now, dear, how can I *ever* understand you when you talk so fast? Sit down and tell Mummy all about it. That's the boy." Her smile would have seemed extremely wooden to anyone less young and full of the wonder of life.

"Well, I saw a great big policeman on a big black fierce horse that ran and ran in the street, and then some people got knocked down by his hoofs, but the horse didn't care 'cause he was mean and liked to kill and eat people, and then some soldiers brought a big tank and shot him, but he wasn't hurt, and..."

"Now, Billy, darling, you *know* you didn't see any tanks or guns, and I'm sure I would have heard of any horse that ran wild. You mustn't tell those stories anymore, dear, only bad boys tell lies, and that was a big one. Now, tell Mummy what you really saw."

The little boy's face fell, and he scuffed the carpet with his foot.

"Well, I *did* see a big wild horse, and the policeman said..."

"That's better, dear. Just the nice horsie and policeman down the street. Now run along, Mummy's got some work to do."

Billy wandered down the hall and into the study with its big, dark curtains. He hid behind one and pretended he was a sniper. This was fun! A heavy voice boomed behind him.

"Well, son, what are you looking at out the window there, eh?"

"Daddy, be quiet, there's a great big old Nazi hiding behind the garage, and he's got knives and machine-guns and everything, and he's Hitler's brother, and he'll kill us all if I don't shoot him..."

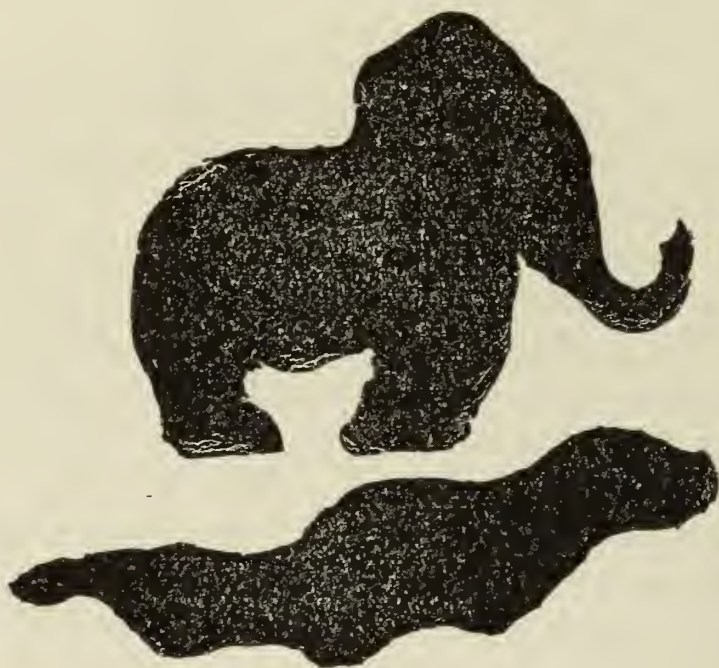
"Bill! I'm getting sick and tired of that kidding of yours! I think you're old enough to tell the truth. I want you to repeat after me 'I told a lie, there was no one behind the garage.' Be a man, Billy!"

"But, Daddy..."

"Billy..."

"I told a lie, there wasn't anybody outdoors. Can I go now, Daddy?"

He disappeared up the stairs. The big sobs came faster and faster, and he shook with disappointment as he lay on his little bed. Suddenly a breath of far-off music drifted in on the breeze. He leaped to his feet and gazed out the high window. Wonder of wonders! Way down the next street a great yellow elephant with jolly red eyes billowed pompously along twenty feet in the air! Only ropes connected him with the earth. On his side was written "Give To The Sixth War Bond Drive." The band followed his majestic swaying down the street, and his trunk waved benevolently at Billy.



"Oh my goodness!" yelled the little boy. He jumped up and down in delirious excitement, then rushed down the stairs. At the bottom he suddenly paused. There his mother stood, with her usual wary smile.

"What's the matter, darling? What's the excitement?"

Billy rolled his eyes to the ceiling, and smiled mysteriously as he rushed for the door.

"Where are you going, dear? What is it?"

"Nothing... I dunno... Just nothing."

The door slammed and the little figure darted across the grass, yelling some strange, mysterious and secret chant to the sky.

SALLY LEAVITT, 1945



## Back to That Past

The rope, with its hemp unraveling and its color a dirty black, would have seemed to any casual bystander an object of total disgust, but to myself and many neighboring children the rope was an object of utter fascination which contained infinite personality! We had found it one sweltering afternoon in July in a filthy corner of our garage in Cooperstown, and from the moment of its discovery until its final devastation, it was a source of never-failing entertainment.

Our small farm near Cooperstown had always been a favorite haunt of the town's younger generation. We have two barns, each nearly collapsing with decay, but marvelous for secret hiding places. They are situated facing each other; and the "Junkets," as my sister's friends called themselves, occupied the larger barn, and we, the "Squabs," the smaller. There it was that we proudly bore the rope.

Upon the arrival of the rope the inevitable argument as to which club was to own it became a fiery matter. Finally it was decided that whichever side could manage to hide it for a week might be the rightful owner. Of course both the "Junkets" and the "Squabs" were determined to own it, and there were hardly two consecutive nights that it remained in the same barn. Our slogan was "All is fair in love and war," and many were the long afternoons during which we held our campaigns.

I really do not see now what the amazing power which the rope held over us could have been, unless it was the power of infinite possibility. Every fiber of its huge size portrayed strength, but whatever it was, the rope remained enchanting to us.

The "Junkets" usually were more daring in their attacks, carrying the tantalizing rope from our camp at any moment of the day, but the "Squabs" were not without persistence, and I distinctly remember blisteringly hot days when the older children gave up the war to loll in the cool, oozing mud of our so-called pond, while we, panting with heat and with hair sticking flat to our damp faces, would search endlessly in the musty barn, until at last with loud whoops and yells we would bear the discovered treasure out of the enemy's dark barn into the magical haven of our own retreat.

The final destruction of the rope was inevitable, but nevertheless

tragic. As the "Squabs" had had the last victor's march when winter finally came, it was decided that we should be allowed to harbor the rope in our barn for the duration of the harsh winter. During the long, cold months small, dark rats in the guise of villains discovered our pride and joy, the rope. Alas, they found the same satisfaction in it that we had, only they expressed it by a completely different method, that of gnawing for endless hours into the rich fibers.

The first day of spring found the "Junkets" and "Squabs" ready at the barn to dash for their treasure as soon as my father opened the door. At last it was flung open, but we remained rooted to the spot, for there, lying on the floor, were the few sad remains of our glory, looking completely miserable!

It seems odd that we attached so much attention to an inanimate, ugly object such as the rope, but when I think of the many exciting, happy days when both barns rang at one moment or another with a victor's shout, it seems only fitting that I should pay it a just tribute.

MARION McIVER, 1945

## Change

Have you ever stood on a lonely hill  
And seen a valley, mute and dumb,  
With your head thrown back and your body still,  
Wondering about the things to come  
From the darkening depths of distant night?  
Have you ever felt alone up there  
Beneath the sky and the sun's warm light?  
Have you suddenly seen the lightning flare,  
And the storm clouds roll and the rain pour down?  
Have you ever seen trembling heavens part,  
And felt the wrath of the black storm's frown,  
Or heard its thunder in your heart?  
I did that day; yet there was no sound  
But the falling rain on the muddy ground.

HARRIET BENTLEY, 1946

## What Is a Promise?

It was a lucky thing, old Dr. Anderson reflected, that he'd had no calls tonight. Usually it seemed that on nights such as these, when rain poured down in merciless torrents, drenching the little town, there would be innumerable cases, usually emergencies. However, tonight, here he was comfortably seated in his easy-chair by a crackling fire with that same book he'd been trying to finish for months. He sighed contentedly, looked over the arm of the chair and patted the sleeping dog that lay beside it. Then leaning back, he was soon engrossed in his book. The dog never stirred, except to open one drowsy eye for a minute and then resume his sleeping. Nothing ever disturbed him anymore, he'd become so deaf in his old age. The grandfather's clock in the corner ticked on monotonously. The room was comfortably silent.

Suddenly the dog moved. His pointed ears shot up and he lifted his head inquiringly; then getting up, he sniffed the air. The doctor raised his eyes from the book. "What's wrong, boy?" he asked.

The dog turned. His eyes looked strange. He looked at the doctor for a moment and then slowly, stalkingly moved towards the front door. The doctor stood up, listening intently. He could hear no sound; only the steady beat of the rain. The dog did a strange thing. He moaned. He looked at his master again and moaned. His eyes, amazingly expressive, were frightened. Dr. Anderson walked over to him and laid his hand on the dog's head. Why, he was actually trembling.

"What's wrong, boy?" he repeated. But the dog only moaned again, a strange, whimpering sound and unmistakably one of fear. The fur on the back of his neck bristled. The doctor listened again. He could hear nothing. Then he took a quick step and opened the door.

He jumped back, startled, for there on the doorstep was a girl. She just stood there in the pouring rain, staring at him. Then, with a sigh of relief, he recognized her. The dog, however, crept back to the fire and crawled behind a chair, that strange fear still in his eyes.

Dr. Anderson spoke. "Why, Ann Davis, what are you doing out



in a rain like this? You're certain to catch pneumonia, as soaked as you are. Come in, my dear, don't just stand there!"

"Dr. Anderson." Her voice was strangely hoarse. She didn't move from the step. "It's Grace—she's terribly ill—she can't be moved." (The doctor remembered; Grace Brown was Ann's best friend; the two girls were inseparable.) "I promised her I'd get you to come as soon as possible. The phone's out of order, so I couldn't just call. Oh, doctor, I had to leave her alone out at the house. Please hurry!"

He turned back into the hall. "Of course I'll come. Just a minute while I get my bag! But for heaven's sake! Will you come in out of that rain?" He hurried up the stairs, grabbed his coat and bag, and was down again in a minute. The front door was still open. Rain blew into the hall. Ann was gone. Puzzled, the old doctor looked for a brief moment around the living room. Where could she have gone? He decided, perhaps to the house next door, for she knew the people there. However he had better hurry, for Grace's home was quite far out in the country. He slammed the door and ran out to the garage.

The road out to the Brown house was slippery and the car skidded every few minutes. Suddenly, as he turned a sharp curve, he had to slam on his brakes so as not to crash into a car that lay on its side in the road. Getting out of his car he made his way over the half-flooded road to the wrecked car. It must have skidded and hit a tree as it came towards town, he decided, for one side was badly crushed in.

Taking a flashlight from his pocket, he shone it into the car. He stared and suddenly realized what was there. Beneath the steering wheel in the front seat lay the crumpled body of a girl. He reached out, taking the girl's cold wrist and read the name on the identification bracelet she wore.

And yet, he would have known without doing this. He shivered and pulled up the collar of his coat. As he turned away, the beam of the flashlight fell for a second on the name engraved on the silver bracelet. . . ANN DAVIS. . .

"She promised," he murmured to himself. "She promised to get me." With bent shoulders the old man slowly returned to his car.

HOPE WHITCOMB, 1946



## Incidentally

For several years I have been acquainted with Myrtle and with her worthy ancestors who have served me steadfastly, but it is to the present Myrtle that I want to introduce you. She has always been very close to me and has done much toward enhancing the beauty of my buccal cavity. Now it is time she should receive the credit due her.

Myrtle, as you may not have guessed, is a turtle—oh, not the ordinary kind, though she does have a hard shell and lives in a small box when not in her favorite cavernous haunt. No, Myrtle is a special turtle; she is my removable dental appliance.

At quite an early age I had affixed to my teeth some most unattractive dental hardware intended to straighten my smile. Finally I discarded this appliance for Myrtle. She consists of a red piece of plastic-like material molded to fit the roof of the mouth and a wire band which fences in the flashing ivories. She slides easily into place. Though she is not pretty to look at, her smooth underneath surface is not unpleasant to the touch of the tongue.

As far as the mechanics in the field of orthodontia are concerned, Myrtle has been a brace like any other brace, but in my mind and mouth she is something special. Myrtle has been a staunch friend, though at times I have been somewhat embarrassed to appear in her company in public. Inasmuch as her silver gleam tends to detract from my smile I have often muttered my words indistinguishably in an effort to conceal her brilliance. She has performed quickly and quietly the duties required of any brace. Inasmuch as it is possible to abandon her in a box at will, she has seldom been a hindrance.

The casual observer might not believe it, but Myrtle has a personality quite apart from that of the run-of-the-mill retainer. When laid

aside in her small white abode she waits *so* patiently for the moment when I retrieve and click her into place. There is something comforting about knowing that Myrtle, awake while I sleep, protects and strengthens my molar fortifications. Perhaps the one thing more than all else that makes Myrtle special is the fact that she is all mine, utterly and completely.

Though Myrtle has not actually had an active part in the alligning of my teeth it has been her job to maintain the progress already attained by more intricate wiring. Hers has been the more tedious, thankless task. Yet it is for her I feel a peculiar "attachment."

Now perhaps you appreciate my feeling for Myrtle. It will be with a twinge of sadness that I shall lay aside forever—Myrtle, by all odds my favorite turtle!

GRACE LURTON, 1945

## Panacea

There is found in one small pill  
A remedy for every ill.  
Have you an aching ear or eye,  
A gravel throat or ugly stye,  
A dull-pained brow with cloudy head  
And yet no time to stay in bed?  
Then fetch your bottle or your tin  
And swallow down an aspirin!

This compact little panacea  
Relieves acute neu-ral-gi-a;  
The plaguing "muscular ache or pain,"  
Or sufferings from a nightmare's strain  
Are deadened by this sleeping potion,  
Reviver from life's dizzy motion.  
'Most every ill is put in trim  
By compact, potent aspirin!

CYNTHIA SMITH, 1945



## The Wartime Nisei

It has been exactly two and one half years since the evacuation of the people of Japanese ancestry from the west coast. A very insignificant incident in history—a very unimportant happening to the majority of people in America. To the farmers of the west coast it meant the losing of a much envied competitor. The rich farm lands in California were theirs at a profit. To the cities in Washington, Oregon, and California it meant boarded up chop suey houses, groceries, market places, whose owners hopefully prayed the war would soon be over so that they could return to resume business and resume a normal life. The homes where little Nisei children frolicked were quietly emptied, only to be taken over by other segregated groups.

There were reasons for evacuation. The war hysteria could easily result into race riots. The government was thinking of our protection. But at that time I could not see any reason for such a thing. I could only bitterly linger over the thought that I was brought up as an American and to believe in democratic principles. I had certain constitutional rights which meant that at least I could have a hearing to prove whether I was dangerous to the country or not, before being thrust into one of these assembly centers. Evacuation seemed to be only a direct proof that all those like me were rejected outcasts only because of the color of our skins. The fact that not one case of sabotage or espionage had occurred in Hawaii or on the west coast by anyone of Japanese ancestry was not enough to prove our loyalty.

After the executive order No. 9066 was given, the cities of the west coast were divided into areas, and a curfew was set up which forbade us to leave our homes after eight in the evening. In Portland, Oregon, Min Yasui, a Japanese-American lawyer, decided to become a test case, to prove that the curfew was unconstitutional. He roamed half the night in hope of being arrested and finally he went to the police begging them to take him in. His case was brought to the Supreme Court and two years later he was convicted.

When "E" day approached we were hastily escorted to assembly centers and after living in cramped quarters for three months we were shipped to relocation centers further inland. My family and I,

along with the evacuees of Alaska and Washington state, were sent to the Minidoka relocation center in Idaho. Many people have wondered why we didn't try to resist leaving our homes. I think we would have if only we had had something to back us up. With the excitement of the war most people considered the movement a natural thing, so to demand our rights was rather fruitless. No one went because he wanted to go.

The case of Gordon Hirabayashi, a student of the University of Washington, raised a question concerning evacuation on the grounds that martial law was not declared on the west coast and that evacuation was not a military necessity. He refused to leave with the rest of us and so he faced trial and was finally convicted in June 1943. The case is historic because even the Supreme Court had its doubts. As one Justice put it, "It is one thing to convict a person for breaking a law and another thing for his color."

The ten relocation centers hold about 80,000 people. The camp I came from had a population of 10,000, but since many have relocated it is now about 8,000. It is right in the middle of an Idaho desert. The first year we were there we had dust storms in the summer and mud in the winter. The barracks are partitioned off, one room to a family. The twelve barracks in one block have a mess hall which serves meals typically army style. The barbed wire that surrounds the camp, and the gate where M.P.'s stand ready to check up on anyone that leaves or enters are constant reminders of the complete isolation from the outside world. The relocation centers are not ordinary communities. But every attempt is made to create a more comfortable atmosphere. A few trees have been planted, and gardens have been cultivated. The rooms are brightened by curtains. It is in this environment that people from all walks of life are placed together, trying to get along in abnormal conditions. There are many who cannot speak Japanese and know nothing of Japan. Some are farmers and others sophisticated artists.

There are grade schools and high schools at all the camps. In barrack classrooms Caucasian teachers get along with scant facilities.

Rumors spread around like wildfire, especially unpleasant ones. Stories of racial discrimination create a feeling of fear among the people, making them unanxious to leave. When a bill was presented in Congress which meant we would have our citizenship taken away,

many became skeptical whether anyone in America cared or not. This bill was defeated by a very close margin.

Gradually relocation began to take place, which meant that anyone who was okayed by the F.B.I. and had a place to go to would be released. This permit was at first obtained with much red tape. We were banned from the west coast, and there were other states which refused to let anyone of Japanese ancestry in them. This was all rather discouraging. My sister was one of the first to relocate as a student. After trying several colleges throughout the country she was finally accepted into St. Mary's School of Nursing in Rochester, Minnesota. Since then many colleges have opened for us.

It's wonderful how human beings can adapt themselves to a new life. After a while we became used to standing in lines for our meals. Everything became a routine. The bitterness of our past experiences passed away and we began to think of starting anew somewhere in America. Most of us do not want to return to the west coast, but prefer to go where we will be given an equal opportunity. Many more began to relocate, spreading thinly throughout the Mid West. The W.R.A. or the War Relocation Authority has an active program which encourages and helps relocatees to get adjusted into new communities. The selective service and relocation are draining the camps of young people. As soon as a boy or girl graduates he usually leaves camp by himself. Those left in the camps are either anticipating relocation or are handicapped in some way.

Recently the west coast has let a few Japanese-Americans return to their former homes. This is a gradual movement: first, by letting families of servicemen return, then slowly letting in others. But it will never be the same. The little Tokios of the west coast are a thing of the past.

AMY MITAMURA, 1946





## Shell Soiree

August evenings at seven-thirty are alive in Boston. Coming nearer from far down the Esplanade, and oozing down Beacon Hill, crowds of men, women, and children, Army, Navy and Marines, (and even some New Yorkers among them!) are drawn down to the "Shell." There on the embankment the milling crowds increase to the tune of the rattling, clattering folding chairs (twenty-five cents each, please!) echoing back from the listening Charles. Up in the "Shell," a musical cornucopia, Fiedler's outdoor concert hall, rows of lights edge each successively receding, descending tier of the roof.

Then as the sky closes in, the glowing cigarettes appear here and there, the trees become shadows, and the river merely nearby watery realization, the rattling of the chairs becomes quieter, and is lost in the experimental sounds from the instruments of the musicians, who singly or in pairs, have drifted into the shell. The last wandering couples sink to join the carpet of chair-scorning grass-sitters covering the embankment. There is a hush, then applause, as a briskly-moving figure emerges from the wings. Haloed in the semi-circle, brilliant against the darkened sky, Fiedler raises his baton.

Over the Esplanade flows a musical liquid, out over the river to draw the sailboats silently swerving in to hear, out between the city buildings to envelope the passers-by. Time, caught and enchanted, forgets itself. The occasional applause, coughs, and position-shifting all seem to be toned down to within the range of the unbroken spell, unbroken until the last encore.

The musicians have left the shell; the last sailboat is moving off; and charmed humanity there on the grass again becomes a living crowd of people, dispersing, and dribbling away to disappear throughout the city once more.

GRETCHEN FULLER, 1945

## The Wondrous Deed

As Sally sat at her mother's dressing-table before the bright mirror brushing the long, dark curls that fell loosely upon her small shoulders, suddenly she had an inspiration, and she jumped up excitedly. Running out of the door and almost tripping on the soft, blue rug, she quickly regained her balance, turned, and ran down the hall. Flinging open her own door, Sally dashed breathlessly over to the cluttered, small, brown desk and yanked open the bottom drawer with a jerk. Pictures, paper dolls, crayon books, papers—everything was thrown out in wild disorder. Finally, papers flying in the air like flapping, newly-killed chickens, she found the sought-after object.

Sedately seating herself again before her mother's glass, the gleaming object clutched tightly in her trembling hand, Sally took gingerly between thumb and forefinger a brown lock and slowly closed the bright scissors over it, her heart seemingly thumping as loud as the old grandfather clock on the stairway landing. After placing the lock carefully in her lap, she peered into the mirror, first from one angle and then from another, and with great satisfaction decided that the effects were excellent. Soon numerous curls lay heaped in her lap making a large pile. Carefully Sally combed the short, stubby ends which were sticking out in all directions, looking wonderfully like a porcupine. Selecting a large fashionable diamond clip found in her mother's prized jewelry box, she inserted it at a stylish angle in her "crowning glory." A mirror in each hand, Sally admired herself at great length. It was beautiful! Mother would be so pleased! Giving a last deep sigh of pleasure, she started downstairs, head held proudly high, to show her mother and the minister, who was being entertained in the living room, her wondrous deed.

MARY BURTON, 1946

## The Pool in the Sun

Ann was home from boarding school with a young man in tow. Katie watched them playing tennis, swimming, and drinking lemonade on the porch, and felt older than she ever had before. Jim was away on one of his monthly business trips, and she missed his quiet humor and steadying influence and his love that made her feel young in spite of her years. Jimmy junior was appearing in his class play and his acting tired her, too. She was in demand at all hours of the day to prompt him, and to "thoughtfully criticize my work, Mother." Ann had reached the stage of her adolescence where mothers were simply a fixture in the home to be handy when needed, and absent when not. Therefore, by the time Sunday arrived, Katie was ready to drop through mental and physical exhaustion. The children were all on a picnic somewhere, and she was her own mistress for the first time in a week. She put a bottle of beer in her raincoat pocket and went on her favorite walk in the woods to think.

The pool looked rounder and bluer and more alluring than she could stand, and she took off her shoes and went wading. The sand was warm between her toes and the sun hot on her head, but for some reason the feeling of well-being that should accompany these conditions was lacking. Under a big maple tree Katie sat and stared pensively at her red hands, and wondered why. She felt herself sinking into depression, and recognized with sorrow that her old fears were with her in full force. The fear of growing old and useless, and unnecessary, the fear of death, cold and pitiless, and black. She closed her eyes and tried to think of Jim, but he seemed very far away. She remembered when she'd been Ann's age and had had her first beau, John Cochran. She could remember his name, and by concentrating she could almost remember how he looked. He had been tall, lanky and serious, with brown eyes perpetually half-closed. She smiled, and in the middle of the smile, fear choked her again. Those carefree days were over, and though she hated herself for being maudlin she was desperately unhappy that they were. She thought of her mother, in a home for old ladies, genteel and high class, but oh, so depressing. She'd been to visit recently, and had found herself literally repulsed by the infirmities of old age. "And someday, Katie, my girl, you'll be



like that." Horrors! Horrors upon horrors! She remembered hearing of the death of Bill, her nephew, and panic swept over her again because of that. He had been so young and vital, and now he was gone—into what? Katie was terrified. "I mustn't let myself get so tired," she thought.

Through her sun glasses, the leaves on the maple tree looked almost black. Suddenly, out of the middle of the pond, a frog jumped. She sat up quickly, startled. The smooth surface of the pond was ruffled, and ripples spread out, wider and wider, to the edge of the pond. Katie looked at them. Above her head, a branch snapped. And in that split second, an eternity passed. Serenity and calm, starting at her toes, crept through her like thick molasses, tenacious and sure. There is life, something inside of her said, there, in those ripples. You are born where the frog jumps, in the middle of the pond. The older you get, the wider and more all-encompassing you become. And when you reach the shore you break up on the smooth pebbles, and the sun-warmed sand. People like Bill have just had their ripples broken on an unexpected rock. Then they disappear into the clear water. A tremendous relief and a sadness at the years she'd wasted in futile fears filled her. Old people were not to be pitied; they were just completing a cycle. Everything that goes up must come down, so to speak. Life is a unit, a cycle, a—oh Katie had no real words, just a flooding of peace and understanding. Ann and Jimmy were only in a small ripple. Her mother was in a large one. . .

Somewhere, far away, she heard chirping young voices calling. The children were returning from their picnic. Katie Madrid smiled contentedly, and taking off her sun glasses, looked straight into the sun.

HELEN HODGES, 1945



## Swayed by the Tides

Collin Davidson plunged the long crab net into the barnacle-covered fish car floating at the end of the dock. There was only one crab left, a lonesome creature, scurrying around the slatted floor of his cell and searching for a crack through which he might manage his large blue-shelled body. Only the occasional splash of a turtle, meandering from its sunny perch into the oozing mud, or the slight scrape of a boat washed by the current back and forth against the pier broke the peace. It was a day which had dawned clear and fragrant with new salt breezes and old sounds of the swaying, swishing sea grass; a day with the infinitely wide, blue velvet banner of sky meeting the sea at a point where the velvet seemed hemmed to a rough foreground of knobby wool; a day with the calm salt pond stretching for three miles beyond the Davidson estate; a day which made the shrub-covered islands, the dunes which mark the difference between the sea and the pond, the breach through which boats are pushed from one body of water to the other assume an importance as the wallpaper in a room one is attached to and must gaze upon for a final moment. This day was the last before Collin's return to "The Institution."

The young man was seventeen, yet today as he stood on the boat, making ready the oars, nets and weeds for his crabbing trip, Collin wondered if he would ever be content away from there. In the winter spent at school the previous year, preparing for his medical career, he had yearned for a walk by the sea. Some nights in spring, he had gone to a hill near the school and listened for a breeze, closed his eyes, and pretended that he was on a dune near the beach. Seventeen years old and still homesick! While away from home, Collin felt that ever-present force in his heart, pulling him magnetically toward the sea. He realized that his very life would inevitably be a fusion of his career and this force.

Collin leaped onto the platform near his dinghy and sat down to watch the jumpy young crabs. They looked like mere shadows, whirling about on the muddy bottom. The water was shallow there and Collin could observe their game of hide-and-seek from his position. The bay where he was to crab today could be seen between

the two scrawny trees on the largest pond-island. There were many waterways along the shore of the pond. Collin loved to paddle beside the banks and have the powerful feeling in his chest of being alone, free and young, with a whole life before him. Somehow, today, this bright youth felt as if he were conquered by tradition, ruled by one small letter from Headmaster Luden, stating the returning date for "old boys."

Collin saw his sister, Toni, coming down through the meadow from their house. Gay as usual, she hopped onto the stern of the boat while Collin took the oars. They rowed out into the middle of the pond, through the thickest weeds and into clear water. The yellowness of the moss and stones reflected the sun and became radiant. Small pink starfish and whitish snails crawled along the bottom of the marsh. Large bubbly jellyfish washed along in the tide trailed their lengthy stingers. Neither Collin or Toni spoke. A perfect setting for meditation! Only the precise dip of the oars broke the silence; perhaps the regular sound even assisted the sensation of security that made for concentration.

They were approaching the first rocky island in the mouth of the bay when Toni cautiously stood up in the boat, drew a net under the seat, and the excitement commenced. With experienced eyes they searched the water for the grey shadows of the apprehensive creatures. A swift manipulation of a net, a scoop, and perchance a short struggle when a crab, glistening with sun on its wet back, alive in its strife for freedom, glowing in its beauty of color and shape, flipped onto the floor.

As the sun drew to its full height and commanded the revelling crab-catchers to return for lunch, once more Collin realized that the end of a summer had come. He thought of the futility of his competition with time, and decided again, for he usually came to the same conclusion, that he would practise medicine in the large hospital nearby, near enough so that he might reside on this stretch of seaside beauty. Tomorrow he would leave for school. Each following day there would mean one more step gained toward the doctor's life by the sea.

ELIZABETH BROWN, 1945





## Rain Girl

There was a big storm fighting its way across the mountain toward us, and the sunset was blocked by ominous dark clouds, and off in the west thunder rolled like heavy artillery fire coming from a battle beyond the horizon.

The rain came down, first in a few large drops, then faster and faster, and beat sharply against the window panes.

A young girl stood outdoors in the wind and rain. She appeared to be waiting for the storm as one would wait for the humble return of an old friend, as if she were proud that she had the power to make her friend return of his own volition. She looked as though the wind were going to snatch her away from the earth and take her to some storm kingdom where she would preside as queen. But something stopped me from bringing her in. It was almost as if someone had touched my arm and talked to me, making me realize that she was all right and belonged out there. It seemed as though she were a child of the storm, bending her mind and will to the storm's and yet coming out the victor; when the trees, who bent even their bodies to the wind, seemed almost beaten, crushed, as a defeated army after an assault from a now victorious one.

Out there on the hill, that girl gained strength and courage from

the storm. Her eyes flashed and even her body seemed to have more support, leaning on the storm to help defeat it. She was depending on the storm to help defeat itself. . .

As if suddenly aware that the earth and its people wanted her, she turned and went onto the porch. While the others were inside the house, she remained there, on the porch, acting all the while like a chained beast. When the lightning flashed, her body stiffened as she saw that playmate of hers allowed to go about so freely, when she herself was kept prisoner by people who didn't understand. . .

She kept looking at the sky, the swiftly-moving clouds, and talking, explaining why she wasn't up there with them, helping to make the noise, the wind and the rain. She seemed not to pity the trees which were bent almost to the ground in the lashing fury of the storm, but kept shouting to them not to give in, not to give in. . .

When the storm was over, she was very tired, exhausted as if by shock, and her usually ordinary eyes shone with a new luster. In their deep pools, formed by the rain, one could see the storm reflected. She went immediately to bed, and when we found her the next morning she had joined the departed storm with its clouds and lightning and rain.

SUZANNE ROBBINS, 1947

## Sign Before Six

I went down early and signed with glee  
For a Sunday sleepover for roommate and me.  
My Sunday clothes I found last night,  
And all were out when I turned off the light.  
I drifted slowly into slumber deep,  
As I contemplated how long I would sleep.

But something unforeseen occurred:  
I woke before a soul had stirred;  
And here I am, though it's only eight. . .  
And I am the gal who was gonna sleep late!

GRETCHEN FULLER, 1945

## Winter in the Wood

The stillness in the wood was complete except for the hushed sound of snow kissing snow as the white particles sifted through the branches. I was all alone in our back woods. I could have seen the garage roof just beyond the row of spruces if I had looked, but I didn't. I did not want to destroy the illusion that I was far away from civilization in some new world of white down and mysterious trees. The branches above my head were an intricate lace design, and the grey sky pressed close and enveloped me. I can remember the touch of each wet snowflake on my upturned face, and how they clung and wrapped themselves around branch and twig. The spruces bowed under their heavy loads like praying nuns. No wind stirred; no light illuminated the weary clouds. There seemed scarcely any air, only an everywhere of snow—falling, falling, falling. The wood seemed a vacuum of white silence, a place devoid of time, or space, or color or even life. I dared not move for fear of breaking the spell.

Suddenly there was a beating of wings behind me. I turned to see a spot of red fly to the top of the nearest spruce. Like a king upon his ermine throne sat the cardinal singing good morning to the world.

BARBARA BEECHER, 1945

## All's Fair—

"Can't you see I'm busy?" Peggy exclaimed, shoving the newspaper that she held under the frill of her dressing table and returning her gaze to the copy of *Bacon's Essays* that lay open before her.

Her older sister, Sue, to whom she had spoken, laughed, "So sorry, Peg, I just wondered if you had my pen, but I promise I won't disturb you again! Don't concentrate on that Bacon too hard, now." Peggy threw in her direction what she considered a withering glance. Sue pretended to be crushed, but as she left the room she said over her shoulder, "When you're finished with that paper, I'd like to see it!"



The door slamming after her punctuated this remark with a large exclamation point.

"Oh honestly!" Peggy threw "Bacon" on the floor and let "him" stay there. Fishing out the paper from beneath the dressing table, she hurriedly turned the pages until she came to the section "Classified Ads." Running her eyes down the columns she finally found *it*. A small ad stated the fact that: "Young man of good means wishes to correspond with attractive, intelligent, young woman, preferably blond, with blue eyes, . . . etc." It gave a certain box number and some other details. The minute Peggy saw it she practically said to herself, "That's for me!" She and Sue had been talking about that very thing just the other day, and Sue had said she knew a girl at college who had answered a similar ad and had met the *most* attractive man, with whom she had had a simply *wonderful* time! Peggy was absolutely thrilled by the idea and had been hunting for such ads for days but hadn't found a single thing. And today, here was one that suited her perfectly.

She fitted the description of the desired "young woman" with the slight exception that she was only fifteen, for her hair was a lovely pale blond and her eyes very blue. She remembered the day with slight chagrin however, when she and Sue had talked about such advertisements, for that was the day when she had masqueraded as Sue on the telephone. Her sister's favorite Marine, Johnny Thomas, had phoned asking her to dinner and the theatre. Peggy, pretending to be Sue, had informed him that she just had too many dates and couldn't possibly make it. Sue had been so furious that she swore she could almost kill her sister, but things were soon smoothed over, and Sue seemed to have forgotten it.

So now Peggy was busy with pen and paper, her "Bacon" assignment happily forgotten, answering the ad of the "young man of good means."

\* \* \*

It was a Monday morning, a month later. Peggy rushed into the house and bounded up the stairs like a young colt. Clutching a white envelope in her hand, she pounded once on her sister's door and then burst into the room and jumped on Sue's bed. Sue, sleepy from last night's party, tried in vain to shove the exuberant Peg off the bed.

"Oh, Sue, Sue," she cried, "Look, it's the third one I've gotten this week! Oh, gosh, isn't this wonderful?"

Sue muttered an "uh-huh" and turned her face into the pillow. But Peggy undaunted, just laughed and ran out of the room, not forgetting to *slam* the door behind her.

Once in her own room, she ripped open the letter and started to read it. Her eyes grew wide, her smile broader, and her cheeks definitely redder as she gazed at such complimentary phrases as she would have denounced as "pure mush" a month ago. Her answering of that ad was in her opinion the most important thing she had ever done. Going to her desk, she pulled out a pile of fifteen letters. They were not tied with a pale pink or blue ribbon, but the way Peggy sighed over them, they might as well have been. Holding them tenderly, she went over to the window, and dramatically flinging it open, took deep breaths of the warm, spring air, heavily scented by the lilac bushes that bordered the house. Slowly she started to reread for the twentieth or thirtieth time the letters that were almost falling apart from so much use.

In her own room, Sue sat up in bed. Then she laughed. She rocked back and forth giggling like a little child. Jumping up, she went across the room to her bureau and from the back of the bottom drawer took out a pack of fifteen letters.

"Maybe I've carried this thing too far," she sighed. "But I *did* have to pay her back somehow."

She laid aside the notes, each one written in a familiar fifteen-year-old hand and signed—"With love, Peggy."

HOPE WHITCOMB, 1946

## Three Gold Stars

A young captain stood on the deck of his destroyer somewhere in the middle of the Pacific—or maybe it was the Atlantic, I don't know. There was a tense expression on his face and an old look around his eyes as he stared out over the water to where the sea met the sky. He felt only the eternal waiting and saw only the endless

waves that rose and fell with incessant movement as they extended their deep blue-grey, every now and then capped with white, until they reached the lighter grey of the sky in a straight unbroken line. Soon his eyes relaxed a bit. There was something out there in that greyness—not very plain at first, but it was there. A face—that was it—a woman's face, young and pretty. She turned and smiled at him, and he smiled back. The sound of the waves was no longer in his ears, but some other noise, a little cry. He wasn't sure what it was at first, but then he saw. She held it in her arms for him to look at. He couldn't be sure which one of them it looked like, as he had never seen it before, but he knew it was his, and he reached out his hand to it. He reached out his hand across the many miles and touched its hair. The crying ceased, and the baby smiled and said, "Dada." His heart skipped a beat and he looked up at his wife—but where had she gone? She wasn't there at all; just a straight line of grey horizon met his eye, and a cry from the bridge echoed in his ear. The tenseness came back into his face again, and setting his jaw he looked through the glasses to be sure. Yes, it was there. The waiting was over. Walking a few steps aft he mechanically snapped out some orders, and just as mechanically the destroyer leapt into action ready for the attack.

\* \* \*

A short, dark soldier chewing on the end of his pencil crouched down in a foxhole somewhere in Italy,—or was it in Germany, I can't remember. The small piece of paper in his hand was crumpled and a little dirty, but it would serve, if he only could think of something to say. The day was cold and damp and not at all like the kind of thing he wanted to write home. Words just didn't seem to come. He stared up at the branches over his head and through them saw only a small patch of cold sky; he shivered and shut his eyes. Suddenly it didn't seem cold anymore, in fact it was quite warm—well, in fact he wasn't even in a foxhole. The branches above him had disappeared, and he saw an open, cloudless sunny sky and around him huge grandstands. He looked up into the faces of many people and smiled at them, so eager and so friendly. Laughing women, serious men, talkative excited children, all seemed to smile back at him. He stretched, and it felt good. This was the day he was going to make a home run; this was the day he would do something to really help the



team. Picking up some bats he swung them around vigorously, and then choosing a special one, he stepped up to the plate. The ball was low and hard, and it connected directly with the bat. He began to run for all he was worth. It was a glorious feeling racing by first base, around second and third and—the crowd seemed to be yelling something, not encouragement, but as if something were wrong. What could be the matter? The noise grew louder and he looked up and suddenly opened his eyes. His running feet stopped still with a jolt. There before him was only the dark foxhole and the cold sky. A noise was very loud in his ears. He peered out and saw that men all around him were running forward. Quickly dropping the crumpled piece of paper and the chewed pencil, he grabbed his machine gun and lurched forward after them.

\* \* \*

Slowly and silently a loaded landing barge moved through the enemy-infested waters off Normandy—or it may have been Africa, I don't quite recall. On it were many Marines who were going to be landed, and one of them, a short, slightly built boy, stood a little apart from the rest. His eyes had a very young and far-away expression in them as he stared out at the rippling waves in the twilight. Turning away from the others, he took a well-worn letter from his pocket and started to read it over again. His eyes ran over the words almost known by heart and so indistinguishable in the dusk. "... I'm going to bed early tonight even though it is Saturday, as I've had a hard day. I remember the wonderful times that you and I have had together on Saturday nights, and I'm looking forward to those times yet to come when you get back.

All my love,  
MAI''

He stood lost in thought, also looking forward to the times yet to come. He saw her standing there laughing and gay, and as he watched her shining black hair, he could almost smell the perfume that she always wore. He smiled down at her and she put her hand in his. It was soothing and cool. All the air seemed to breathe music around them. But suddenly she was gone; she had disappeared, and he was back in the deepening twilight. Someone was tugging at his arm. An order was given for them to take their places and be on the alert. He quickly folded the letter, jammed it down into his pocket, and

looking out once more into the night toward the dark land outlined against the sky before them, he walked silently forward and joined the others waiting.

\* \* \*

A short while later these three names appeared on the United States casualty lists:

Capt. Rudolph VonGruber, USNR, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Cpl. Vincent Lappitalo, AUS, New York City, New York

Pvt. Raymond Mitsudo, USMC, San Francisco, California

NANCY THOMAS, 1946



## Perspective

Low-hanging branches interlaced the path,  
And under foot the bright, rank grass bent low,  
Before me vaguely loomed the mountains' mass,  
Deep, swollen rivers swirled with melting snow—  
A strange, new country where I walked each day,  
Ran on the rocks, and fell in shifting sand;  
Nebulous shadows in the endless wood  
Were wonderful, and faint songs filled the land.

Now, on the mountainside in bright, white day  
The air is clean, and makes the lands below  
Shimmer their outlines as if etched on glass.  
I stand and hold the map, and now I know...  
Those were the small, neat hills, and that the ridge  
Where all the others crossed and wandered too,  
We swam the river where the woods begin—  
Yes, strange clever map-man, so did you.

SALLY LEAVITT, 1945

## The Busie Humm of Men

"Tow'red Cities please us then, And the busie humm of men," describes perfectly the life of a New Yorker. A typical such New Yorker could be John Doe, or perhaps Bill Smith, or any one of the thousands of scurrying, indefatigable people that mill about the vast city every day.

You'll hear him gripe, curse the crowds, wish he were in the country, or wish he were dead; but take him from the splendorous shining buildings, the swerving curves of modern architecture, the bursting streets enclosing the glittering taxis, the exhausted shoppers, the men sandwiched between advertisements, the tumultuous crowd rushing nowhere in particular, but just rushing—

Take him from the numerous lavishly displayed windows, the mobs of hungry, exasperated, overworked people crammed in drug-stores like sardines, the deafening roar of the shrieking "El," rocking the whole city, loosening its deeply planted roots, the swarming pigeons clamoring for morsels of food, the two-story Fifth Avenue buses, tilting, careening, defying the laws of equilibrium, like the leaning tower—

Try to take him from all these prevailing, never-ending noises and activities, and try to place him on a spacious, quiet ranch drenched with fragrant sagebrush, or a dull, peaceful farm isolated from motion by green nature. The transformation would be as contrary to the nature of reality as taking a fish out of water and trying to make him walk.

John Doe or Bill Smith, after imbibing the chaotic commotion of city life would be like that helpless fish trying to do something impossible, in a different environment, with different acquaintances, and an absolutely altered life. He would not be able to conceive of the idea of waking up in the morning in a sunny, flowery-scented room, or leisurely eating a full course breakfast, instead of awakening on a habitual, exact time schedule in a dark, plain room with odors of an Armenian stew brewing next door at Mrs. Isjyan's rooming house, or the catching smells of the imitation rubber factory across the street, or of the unwashed, aging walls of the looming



city. This is all familiar to him; he has never smelt or had the opportunity to smell much else. He would then probably have just enough time to drain a cup of lukewarm coffee and gobble a piece of toast so that he couldn't fall behind in the rushed time schedule of the zooming clock, which governs the great city from early dawn when the factory workers start their day, until the early hours of the next morning, the hours of the daily newspaper workers. He would never be able to get used to presiding at a large family feast, would never consume sausages, eggs, cereal, fruit and the like at a lengthy breakfast.

He will always have that sensation of bustling about and living in mortal fear of losing a few minutes here or there. He could never plough endless fields in the warm sun or ride through pastures of grazing cattle, and feel that he was earning his living. No—the penny arcades, the movie houses, walks in the park, the newer and funnier characters crossing the streets, arguing with policemen, demanding more money for this or for that, the glowing Broadway lights and neon signs which are his stars... these will provide his source of amusement and his diversion in life. He would never be content relaxing alone, meditating on life in general, driving through the country, sitting in front of a fire... No, his life is the crowd that surrounds him, the "eager beavers" stepping on his heels, walking off with his hat by mistake, revolving him from one door to another.

Although his brain is sometimes enclosed in a mental labyrinth, not knowing how to escape the constant surging forth of the crowds, "the tow'red cities" please him then, for they are his life, his environment, his home. And were "the busie humm of men" stopped, it would choke the life and happiness out of John Doe, or Bill Smith or you who live in New York.

SOPHIE WEGRZYNEK, 1946

## Beachhead

Dead—  
Lying passively  
On unfamiliar earth.  
Crumpled awkwardly  
Where you fell.  
More quiet than any  
Quiet things,  
As quiet only as the dead are  
After living.

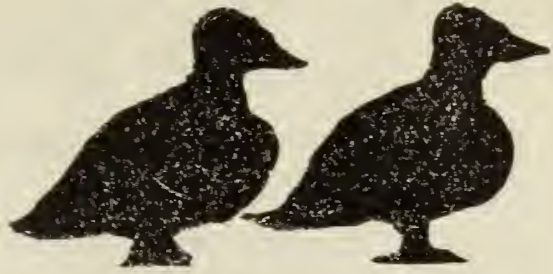
The alien sand bears  
Stains of your blood—  
The thick, unwilling blood  
Of the young dead,  
Given in grief, and love  
Of the last wild sunlight.

Dead—  
Lying unaware  
Of earth pressing upon  
Your mouth,  
Unaware of rain.  
Unaware of arms somewhere  
That have held you  
And believe still  
To hold you again.

Change has come to the stars  
Faint beyond the shattered trees;  
And the earth will forever be  
Dark with half-lived lives  
Bled out by the young dead  
Lying unaware of earth, or stars or life.

JUNE LIVERMORE, 1946

## City Oasis



The tall black spears of an iron fence that has not gone to war guard an oval essence of rurality placed on the slanting side of Boston's Beacon Hill. Seen from the air it must resemble one splotch of green paint on a palette full of dusty browns and rusty reds. No doubt it was some country gentleman watching his surroundings grow into a bustling city, his very cow pasture urbanized with cement walks—yes, no doubt 'twas he, making an endeavour to preserve a little country zone amid the smoke-enfiltrated air, who placed around the oval the spears that have since remained untouched. Perhaps his name was Louis;—hence its name Louisberg.

Waves of cobblestones roll up to it, but are stopped by those adamant guards. A brick sidewalk still searching for an entrance goes round and round. Its fellows across the way support the old lamps (converted now from gas to electricity) and buildings, stretching up to get at least a glimpse into the oval from above. Pinckney and Mt. Vernon streets gave up trying to get in long ago, and run past, down the hill, on either side. The irrepressible statue fiend, who has plastered Boston everywhere, somehow crept in and left two of his white, lifeless celebrities on the green, one at each end. The winds and rains came to console Louisberg Square, and softened and greyed the statues until now they look almost rustic, and the oasis remains as rural as ever.

Where there is a barrier, there I want to find a way past. But I, like the city, could not get in. What irked me more was that someone else evidently could, because on occasions, there he was—a gardener of sorts—and not an entrance anywhere! I have since discovered the secret of the Square, but it is Louisberg's and the gardener's secret, and I shall not tell it.

GRETCHEN FULLER, 1945



## The Wishing Well

She walked out into the sunshine, blinking a little at the sudden change from dark to light. The door slammed behind her, and she became a part of the moving mass of people on the street. Absent-mindedly she walked along with the crowd, and the words kept running through her head: "And your wish will come true. Yes, here's the nine of hearts, and it says your wish is going to come true." Every time she thought of it, her stomach turned over, and she felt like a little girl of fourteen going to her first dance. This was the third time she had gone to the dirty old fortune teller, and the first two times her fortune had spelled disaster and bad luck. Her only son had gone to war, and within four months he had been missing. She knew she had been a fool to keep going there, but she had had so little in life, and everything was drab and sordid now. The cards had given her something to hope for and look forward to, for, of course, there was always the chance that this time the fortune teller would give her good news and say her wish was going to come true.

This business of reading the cards had almost become a mania with her. It was her religion and whole being. She had been brought up to be a God-fearing woman, but lately her attentions had been changed to less godly things. She kept excusing herself by saying, "But I have nothing else to live for"; to which her friends would reply, "But, Mona, you must raise yourself above your sorrows." This advice did no good, and Mona Zabowski grew more and more into herself.

But today was different. She had gone to Mme. LaRubena, and as soon as she had entered the tiny little stairway she had begun to hope. Every time she had cut the cards she had wished a little harder. The cards had spelled strange things: a trip on a boat, a new life and fresh hope. Then, as a final touch, the nine of hearts had appeared.

"So, why shouldn't I be happy?" Mona asked herself. Maybe—, and here she stopped. She almost didn't dare to hope, yet she found herself running to the car that would take her home. She could almost see the yellow telegram lying on the little table in the hall:

"Your son is reported safe." She wondered what she would do then. Would she cry? Or would she burst out into laughter, as had Mrs. Hofsan who lived next door?

The car stopped suddenly, and she rushed home. The key stuck in the front door. She shook it, and banged it frantically. Suddenly, it gave, and she reached out to pick up the yellow telegram which she knew would be there. The purple letters were blurred and illegible. She could hardly read the words because of her tears.

Mona did none of the things that she had thought she would do. She didn't seek relaxation by running across the street and telling Mrs. Hofsan. She didn't call up the telegraph office to learn when the telegram was sent. Instead she went to the kitchen and got out the cook book that had her own recipes in it. There was one called "Jim's cake," and she copied the ingredients down on her market list. Then she whistled for Jim's little dog. The cocker came obediently up to her. His coat was dull and mangy, and the feathers on his tail were dirty and matted with mud. She got out the laundry tub and plopped him into it. He looked so surprised at all the attention. This task done, she went up the creaky stairs to a little room at the top of the house. As she walked in, an orange ribbon with the words, "I'm not married!" boldly splashed across it, brushed against her head. She laughed, because she remembered when Jim got that at the circus. She opened the windows and shook the dust out of the bedspread. Then she brought up a fresh vase of flowers, and the room looked habitable once more. The downstairs went through the same transformation. It was only a matter of hours before the house and Mona Zabowski turned from something dull and dead to living objects. In fact, it was such an obvious change that Mrs. Hofsan was heard to say to her husband, "I wonder what has happened to Mona. The whole place seems different. I must run over and see her after supper."

Mona did all this because she realized that the fortune teller was never going to be able to help her again. She saw that she was better off when she was living the kind of life that she used to live when her son was a little boy. Mme. LaRubena had failed miserably this time. You see, the telegram had said, "We regret to tell you that your son is definitely reported as killed in action."

ANN BUSHNELL, 1945



## “She Also Serves Who Only Sits and Waits”

Someone lazily began to pass the plates just as the server set the muffins on the table. The once-delicious smell of pop-overs was sickening to Joan as she sat, her body stiff, her eyes bright and intent, looking across at the teacher who slowly helped herself to butter and with a more languid movement passed the dish. From the corner of her eye Joan watched the clock and waited. Her napkin, long ago folded and ready to shove into its ring, was heavy in her moist hands. Had time stopped completely? No. “It has to be 7:40 within the next century,” she argued with herself, but she scarcely listened to her own reasoning as she pretended to chew the cold, mawkish toast, inwardly counting the seconds. At last, at last, the minute hand moved. With a quiet “excuse me” Joan arose from the table, trying hard not to run, smiling woodenly and mechanically at a face nearby. As she reached the doorway her unnatural stride became a run, then a mad, furious dash up the stairs. She had come to the rec room, and of course there was a crowd in front of her, leisurely talking, blocking the way. . . until finally she saw the numbered panes of glass, fumbled with the handle and threw open the door. It was there! With an excited scream of pure bliss she flew to the window-seat, oblivious of the scornful glances, the muttered remarks. Curled up in one corner, gripping the familiar paper, she knew only the sweet, hot joy of reading the words before her.

MARION TROUB, 1946

## The Portrait

In our dining room, between the two east windows, hangs a portrait. Most of the time I eat my meals completely unconscious of it, but once in a month or so I look up there and find Elizabeth Williams Bowen and her daughter watching me with a quiet intensity.

It is an oil painting, in an oval gold frame, not too dreadfully antique, painted about the time of the Civil War. Elizabeth has a calm, serene beauty—the baby is hideous. Except for their deep, dark



eyes, they would not seem to be of the same family. The artist was not a particularly illustrious one, and my appreciation of the portrait lies more in what is behind it than in what one can see within the frame.

Charles Bowen, the first of a long line of Charles Bowens descending to Charles Bowen Hodges, my father, went to Ohio in 1841 with his young wife. He built up a prosperous business in Cleveland, and like all well-to-do people of his day, had his and his wife's portraits painted. In 1852 he took his family with him down the Mississippi on a business trip. He had most of his money locked in a trunk under his bunk. On the sixth day out, just before dawn, the boat met with a mysterious accident and sank. All the passengers were saved except Elizabeth and her daughter, and all the passengers' property except Charles' trunk. No one ever knew exactly what happened. Thus my great-great-grandmother and her youngest met their end. Perhaps it was this that the baby foresaw, clutching her mother in fear, while their portrait was painted.

For many years the pictures were together in Aunt Mabel's house. I remember seeing them there, when I was very young and more engrossed by far in my superlative Sunday dinner than in any ordinary furnishings. Somehow, ten years ago, the portraits were separated, and now, in our house, Elizabeth looks across the room at an oak tray instead of at her husband's richly handsome features.

When we first got the portrait of Elizabeth, my sister and I laughed at it and pretended to wince at the child's ugly face. For a year it hung quietly in the living room, in a corner, over a gold chair that it "matched." People came and went, and nobody ever noticed it except to say, "My dear, but look at that child!" One day sitting in the gold chair, I looked at it carefully for the first time, and felt friendly with Elizabeth. This was my family, my background, the relation who had died in a questionable way. This was mystery, glamour, and solid dependence all rolled into one rather poor painting. Where would I be except for Elizabeth? I looked at the child. I didn't see a pathetic little face, but a sodden wet bundle at the bottom of the Mississippi, caught in the reeds, perhaps, swaying with the current, while men searched for her and her mother.

With my new attitude, the portrait moved into a conspicuous place in the living-room. I took guests, who were tempted to laugh

at the baby, and said quite proudly, "She was my great-great-grandmother."

I'm sorry for people who don't have a portrait. How unsubstantial they must feel! With Elizabeth, I have a past. She is my assurance that I was not born in a buttercup, but have really sprung from a lineage. She is a family tree. On the days, seldom to be sure, when I am feeling crushed, I look at Elizabeth and smile. She almost smiles back, but the baby on her lap squirms, and she must keep her mind on sitting for The Portrait.

HELEN HODGES, 1945

## Pipe Dream

Down by a dark, smelly canal covered with froth, there stand row upon row of blank grey houses. In one of these completely characterless structures, that has each its battered toy wagon and its line of frayed underwear hanging on the porch, lived Ruby Gaby. She was seventeen, and you could see a thousand like her every day on a busy street. She was short, plump, and heavily made up; she wore her mocassins and bandanna like a uniform. A year ago she had left school, for she considered herself a grown woman and plenty old enough to be earning some money for the family. She liked her job at the lunch counter, it was noisy and busy with a great deal of loud kidding between the girls and the little cook. At night Ruby came home to more lively and jolly bickering with her parents and kid sisters. There in the living room they would sit, with the radio blasting forth anything at all, and in the hot crowded atmosphere, full of restless human bodies, Ruby felt quite content. Pop would puff his odorous old pipe, then lovingly take the bowl between thumb and finger, and thoughtfully rub it across his nose to give the old briar a shine. "I'll always get some grease from *that* old pan," said Pop, and the family would roar with laughter, always. That was one joke at the Gabys' that never grew old.

Ruby belonged to a group of girls living near the mill who went out with the workers there as a matter of habit. Several of her friends had already married these rather fat and unprepossessing Gus's and



Bills and Tonys, who always gave them such a hilarious time when the gang went bowling or to the movies. Ruby liked them, she had grown up knowing them, but once in a while they seemed rather dull. Deep down inside her perhaps stereotyped little self she felt she wanted something more than funny men with fat pay envelopes. Vaguely they seemed more like her father than potential husbands. As time went by her desire for adventure mounted, and perhaps she was looking for trouble the soft spring evening she walked home instead of taking the usual bus.

The street lights twinkled on the surface of the canal, just as stars would have on a country stream. It was no wonder Ruby walked so slowly she found a tall sailor falling into step with her. Of course she mustered her coldest stare, but she just couldn't help noticing him out of the corner of her eye. His hair was dark and wavy, he was very slim and walked with steps like a cat. He smiled so engagingly that her eyes were smiling back before she knew it. It was inevitable that the conversation should get under way. His name was Mike. He had been in the Pacific for two years, and he didn't mean to be fresh, but she was the prettiest girl he'd seen in all that time. Had he been in Hawaii or anywhere like that? Oh yes, and he had swum at Waikiki Beach! He had graduated from high school near here, and would you believe it, before the war he worked in a vaudeville act with trained seals! Were they fierce? Sometimes.

The fascinating conversation had scarcely begun when Ruby realized they were in front of her house, the one with the broken board in the steps. Reluctantly she left Mike at the door with a smile. He said he'd be around again. And he was. For almost two weeks they met every evening. Sometimes they went to a show, but usually they just walked and talked. He had done so many strange things! She was entranced by everything he said or did, and the feeling evidently was mutual. One evening she brought him in to meet her family. How tall and handsome he looked in the little brown living room! Her parents greeted him friendlily, and her sisters looked on in awe. They all sat and chatted, and Ruby couldn't help being a little embarrassed when Pop again took his pipe up saying "You get a good shine off the old nose, eh, Mike?" But the sailor only grinned with his white teeth, and Ruby loved him all the more for being so nice to Pop.



Mike's leave was almost up by then, and he begged her to marry him. Certainly she wasn't hard to persuade. Her girl friends were so envious, and her family so proud every time she appeared with him that she just had to do it up brown then. They were married the next week, and they'd only known each other for three weeks. How romantic! Very soon after that Mike left for the Pacific again, leaving a very lonely little Ruby to go back to her old job at the lunch counter. Life went on as before, except for the ring on her finger and the fat air-mail letters with the intriguing bits cut out by the censor. She was faithful to Mike, certainly. The mill workers seemed doubly distasteful after her brief contact with adventure.

Time passed, as it always does somehow, and one day she heard that Mike would be coming home again soon—for good. He had had a bad case of—was it malaria?—anyway she knew it was some mysterious tropical disease, and he was leaving the Navy behind him at last. Ruby was beside herself with joy. She immediately went out and spent all her money on a snappy new outfit with bright green shoes and hat. She dieted, she tried a new hair-do. Mike was coming home! When she went to meet him at the station she was almost sick with rapture.

The first thing she noticed was how pale he had gotten. The sickness had made him thinner than ever, and there were dark shadows under his blue eyes. His brown suit hung on him, and she realized with a shock that this was the first time she had ever seen him in a coat and tie! A horrible thought—of course he couldn't be getting bald at his age, but... What did this all matter, though, when her wonderful Mike was back again?

Slowly Ruby got used to seeing him go off to the mill to work with the friends and husbands of her girl friends. It certainly was a good paying job! After a while she got so she liked him in civvies almost as well as in his sleek gob's uniform. She saw him gaining weight, growing well again, and beginning to joke and kid around more and more. Bit by bit he became less the wonderful stranger, and more the jolly familiar husband. But she was not prepared for one thing. Mike sat by the fire one night, sleepy and contented, puffing on his pipe. Reflectively he took the bowl of the pipe between thumb and finger and tentatively polished it on his coat sleeve. Ruby's heart pounded and she clenched her fists, but she said nothing. He

grinned, and rubbed it across his nose. "Maybe the grease'll shine it up a bit," he chuckled. "Grease from the old pan."

Well, she might have known. But after all, it was kind of funny, wasn't it? She smiled back at him, and turned back to her magazine, curled up in the battered old armchair. Outside the warm stars flickered on the dark canal, and the mill loomed above the line of plain houses, dull, drab, and filled with the stereotyped masses that make a city.

SALLY LEAVITT, 1945



## School Calendar

Spring, 1945

## MARCH

*Wednesday 21*—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

*Saturday 24*—Tea Dance at Phillips Academy

*Saturday 24*—"The Milky Way"—lecture by Dr. Bart Bok, Professor of Astronomy, Harvard University

*Sunday 25*—Students' Recital

## APRIL

*Sunday 1*—Easter

*Sunday 1*—Vesper Service—The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, Phillips Academy

*Saturday 7*—Metropolitan Opera—"Lucia Di Lammermoor"

*Saturday 7*—College Entrance Examinations

*Sunday 8*—Vespers—The Reverend Howard Lane Rubendall, Headmaster of Mount Hermon Seminary; formerly of the First Presbyterian Church, Albany

*Saturday 14*—Metropolitan Opera—"Mignon"

*Saturday 14*—Recital by Mrs. Gray's Speech Pupils

*Sunday 15*—Vespers—The Reverend George Cadigan, Grace Church in Salem

*Saturday 21*—Fidelio and Phillips Exeter Academy Glee Club concert and dance at Abbot

*Sunday 22*—Vespers—A.C.A.

*Saturday 28*—Tea Dance for the Preparatory Class

*Saturday 28*—Dinner, and lecture by Robert Frost in honor of the new members of the *Cum Laude* Society

*Sunday 29*—Vespers—The Reverend Arthur Howe Bradford, Central Congregational Church, Providence, Rhode Island

## MAY

*Friday 4*—"The March of Science"—lecture by Gerald Wendt at Phillips Academy



*Saturday 5*—Abbot's Birthday Celebration

*Sunday 6*—Vespers—The Reverend Sidney Lovett, D.D., Chaplain,  
Yale University

*Friday 11*—"A Society" Picnic

*Saturday 12*—Field Day

*Saturday 12*—Senior Banquet

*Sunday 13*—Organ Recital by Walter Howe

*Tuesday 15*

*Wednesday 16*

*Thursday 17*

*Friday 18 until 10:30 a.m.*

} FINAL EXAMINATIONS

## Commencement Week-end

*Friday, May 18*

7:30 p.m. Tree and Ivy Planting  
Singing on the steps of Abbot Hall

*Saturday, May 19*

9:30 a.m. Final Chapel  
2:45 p.m. Alumnae Meeting  
4-6 p.m. Garden Party in honor of the Senior Class  
8:00 p.m. Play—"Romeo and Juliet"

*Sunday, May 20*

10:45 a.m. Baccalaureate—The Reverend John Edgar Park, D.D.,  
President Emeritus of Wheaton College  
6:00 p.m. Supper  
7:30 p.m. Concert

*Monday, May 21*

10:00 a.m. Commencement—The Reverend James T. Cleland, D.D.,  
Chaplain, Amherst College





# The Abbot Courant

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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## “Highways Are Flattened Walls”

Roads, over which now roar the trucks of war, screech the city traffic, and tramp the worn feet of countless nations, whence did you come? Never-ending stretches running like ribbons over the hillsides, wide high pavements and low muddy ruts, you, the bands of the towns, cities, nations, and even of the world, you were not always there. God did not make you; man with his surging strength reached forth, struggled with contradicting forces, and laid your strong pavements over his own whitening bones to join his civilization in an intertwining network.

Roads are flattened walls. Cities crumbled under their weight, and people fell down in their path. Bridges spanned the waters to hasten their advance. Where once a proud city stood, now tramp the feet of lost humanity; where once poor farmers built their mud-walled huts, now roll the greased wheels of tractors, steam-rollers, and huge modern machines; over the crumbled walls of churches march the sons of war drowning the dying bells with their victory cheers. Man raises his houses, builds his buildings, constructs his cities, and then, in a moment of madness, dashes them to crumbling dust. After doing this, with ironic strategy he builds new roads over this rubble—new roads to join his nations, the nations which now are only the charred foundations of his new roads. This is the battle of mankind, to build up the destroyed and destroy the accomplished.

Roads, you were not made for this! God did not will that man should build you to destroy himself, but to advance and join what he has already built. Over your numerous segments can pass accomplishment or destruction, joy or sorrow, war or peace. Even though you hold this power within you, it is man who made you, and man who decides your fate. It is up to him alone whether the floods of war or peace will pass over your pavements in the next generation.

NANCY THOMAS, 1946



## Interregnum

Lest I frame my grief in words,  
Reveal my soul and thought,  
Silence has my refuge been,  
When some my mind have sought.

Silence and the moon and sun,  
The grey-green sagebrush there,  
Such as these have known my life,  
With them alone I share.

With them alone shall I discuss  
Things to come and be;  
I wait the day when I again  
Shall be back there—and free.

FRANCES GORHAM, 1946



## Sharers of the Spirit

Bare legs flashing in the sun, a small boy raced down a dusty dirt road, unaware of the dry August heat rising from it and the stony sand that made him slip. He had a singular appearance, for his eyes were green, skin olive, and hair jet black. Most children are somehow expected to be light. He seemed a creature of the sea rather than of an inland town. Even his leather shorts belonged elsewhere and carried a foreign air about them. The road curved to avoid a lake but he continued in the same direction, into the woods along its edge. The green eyes were alight with anticipation now, as jumping over huge, gnarled roots—and sometimes not quite over—he followed the twisting path. He belonged in the woods, too, for here he was a study in dark brown and green which merged perfectly with the somber shades of the silent forest. As much as his eyes shone, the light came from within, for they grew darker as he went on. The black hair fell in his eyes and curled tightly around his beautiful face. Once he stopped, great gasps shaking his small, sturdy frame. Then, with a sudden sharp twist of the path, he reached the shore of the pond. He stood for a moment, a shy little boy; then he stepped onto a make-shift wharf which was none too secure, where a man sat before an easel. His smock was old and frayed, and the man himself had no personal charm whatsoever except for the fact that he was so homely that one would, and did, look twice on first seeing him. He appeared as eccentric as any painter and did not turn around as the youngster waited for recognition. It came, if one could call the almost imperceptible jerk of the head a nod.

The child stepped forward, proud to have as a friend a person as wonderful, as contrary to custom, as this. The painter stopped his work, and the two rummaged through a box of paint and brushes. The older would ask a question and the raven head would nod or dissent emphatically. Finally the friends straightened, the child imitating the posture of his adored companion. Smudging the canvas as he held it in his forest-soiled hands, he settled himself on the wharf, feet dangling but not quite touching the water. He watched the elder raptly, for he could not conceive of starting before his

paragon. Breathlessly beginning to stroke with the too-long brush, he sketched as if by memory, for indeed his mind had done this many times, the outline of the pond. After this, however, he stopped, gazing around him at the summer scene. He would paint it, but first it must be absorbed by his fingers so they could do it themselves. The sun shone brazenly overhead. The water caught everything laughingly in her arms, making all dance madly. At the top of the hill a loose wind frolicked and the trees and june-grass began to sway ever so slightly. There it was! The brush in his chubby hand paused only momentarily, and there, he was drawing! With little-boy determination he went doggedly after his subject, smearing the colors with the carelessness of one who knows not the real planning that goes into a painting. His sun was a big yellow ball, such as he drew in kindergarten, and his trees were stick-masterpieces with occasional blobs of green where a particular leaf caught his fancy. Enthralled with his new plaything, he sat thus, a picture in himself, lost in the magic of creation. Wrapped in oblivion, he could see only the growing picture before his eyes. All else was in that whirling, swirling, mass he called the "world." "World" was the profoundest, deepest word his meagre five-year-old vocabulary had yet grasped and which he had learned only this past summer, drowsily listening to the rather complex statements of his painter friend. Lying on his stomach, feeling the burning sun on his back, he had been a good though perhaps unappreciative audience for the painter's somewhat complicated themes of life. The little boy's never-ending desire throughout the summer had been to paint with oils and this the elder had promised.

Today was the day which the child had tried to visualize for so long. His sun-browned hand never paused, never made a mark on the canvas which he considered wrong, for he was painting! As the sun moved on, the glare suddenly struck his eyes. Surprised, he raised his head and looked up questioningly. His glance caught the painter's and the two began to laugh. The light, soft laughter of a small child and that of an adult man ran around the pond until it came back to them again. Then there was more laughter and finally the pond was alive with delight. They had shared the same experience. Never would one forget the picture of a beautiful young child, who for the first time was shaping beauty with his own hands; for the



other that light-headed, floating sensation that goes with stepping completely into a subject and losing oneself in it would last as long as he himself.

The boy and man rose and walked to the road together, the blotchy canvas held in a small, grubby hand. A few words of good-bye—for what was good-bye when they would be together again the very next day? The small figure turned and started walking up the road. Bare legs, plodding now, in the sunset glow. . . .

SUSANNE ROBBINS, 1947

## Snowflakes

Have you ever thought of the snowflakes  
Whirling and falling through space,  
As they land on your head and your shoulders,  
Or melt from the heat of your face?

Have you ever looked closely at snowflakes,  
And noticed their silvery design,  
And seen that each pattern is different,  
So white and exquisitely fine?

Or do you just brush at the snowflakes,  
As they touch you when swirling around,  
And carelessly, oh, almost cruelly,  
Flick them away to the ground?

Chance is like millions of snowflakes,  
Which land on you, several each day,  
And which, by flick of your fingers,  
Are scattered unnoticed away.

NANCY THOMAS, 1946



### Past, Present and Future

The old castle stood silent and deserted, its age-old stone walls faintly catching the glow of the setting sun. The ruins of its once proud turrets gazed sadly from the hill-top into the river beneath, which, like the ever rolling current of time, had borne away the reflection of each day in the history of the castle upon its swift, relentlessly moving waters, until now only a ruin, a skeleton of days gone by, remained to be mirrored in the clear stream. This, too, would soon be gone forever, lost through the vandalism of the time; and the wooded hill alone would be left, uncrowned by the past, with nought but a fading memory.

Even now the world has forgotten; but the silent walls remember all, and know the cause of their downfall. The deserted halls echo with the footsteps of ghosts of the past. Every nook and cranny of the ancient stronghold had its memories, but nothing more... it has seen the pomp and tyranny of feudalism, it has stood mute through great medieval battles, has been a shelter for its inhabitants, a silent spectator in the unfolding of their lives. Then, one day, it was left without a master, to stand in proud solitude, only to be broken slowly by time.

Now the castle is but a ruin, its history only a dim memory. This magnificent creation of the past has descended to us a mere broken

shadow of its former glory. Why was it destroyed, and what is its message to us, the heirs of this heritage of the past?

The castle, once it was abandoned, fell to ruin and was lost. This, the strongest of Medieval structure, alone, could not withstand the elements of nature or the ravage of time. The stronghold which we are attempting to build today, a lasting peace, is very much like that; it is a fortress which must be defended against every evil. Unless we want the peace, the handiwork of this generation, to descend to its heirs of the future a mere ruin, destroyed by our own folly, all the nations, united as one world, must work together to achieve universal freedom and prosperity, forgetting individual ambition in this one common purpose.

Once before the world fought a bitter war, and, when it was over, the victors erected their castle of peace, only to abandon it for the ways of isolationism. Their deserted structure fell prey to the elements of Nazism and Fascism. As the castle was weakened, and the bricks began to fall, there was no one to repair the damage. The way was clear for ambitious men and nations who wanted only power for themselves. Therefore, less than twenty-five years later the walls of yesterday's castle came crashing down upon us, and once more the world was plunged into a bloody strife, where peace and prosperity were only memories. Out of this conflict came horrible grief, suffering, death, and destruction. But now the victors have another opportunity to erect a new castle, a peace of yesterday. That other castle, now broken and surrounded by the rubble of a devastated world, serves as a bitter example of the disastrous results of the mistakes of the nations. To follow in yesterday's pattern would only bring about another tragic downfall, after which perhaps there will be no second chance, only a mass of ruins to gaze mutely into the river of time, whose cloudy waters will mirror complete destruction without hope for mankind.

If, however, this new castle is founded firmly upon the unity of the world, if all nations will defend it and keep its walls strong, then, one day, the wooded hill once more will wear its crown of peace, the scars of that other failure will fade away, and the river, shimmering in the sunlight, will reflect the world of which men have dreamed for centuries.

MILDRED KREIS, 1947



## The City

The City speaks; his voice is low and sad and vivacious and buoyant.  
His voice is the clink of money, passing from one hand to another,  
around, and back again.

It is a cat meowing late at night; a stray dog whimpering his grief.  
The voice of the City is harsh with the jangling jazz of honking  
cars,

The gruff grunts of lumbering buses, the whine of brakes  
Straining to hold back—lives depending on their power—  
The terrified scream of piercing sirens,  
The ferocious growl of airplanes waltzing with the highest build-  
ing.

The City speaks gently. His words are a leaf that surrenders and  
parachutes to the street,

A windowpane that rattles softly,  
A flake of snow that melts on a rosy nose,  
A raindrop that nestles in the crack of a roof.

His voice is deep and rhythmical:

The distant rumble of the sea, or the hoot of tugboats through the  
mist of the morning;

The constant rolling of wheels, the never-ceasing thunder of feet  
running,

Meandering, chasing, following on and on.

The City moves and walks. His skyscrapers stride in majestic pro-  
cession.

They lend their solid-rock strength to the City.

They point unchangeably at changing skies

As if trying to pierce the heavens and pinion the farthest clouds to  
their roof-tops.

With the unyielding eyes of Puritans, grey and bleak,

They watch our comings, our goings, our doings.

They stand over us, nay, they *tower* over us,

Crowding us together, making us small and weak and insignificant.

But at night, they lose their dignity, their royalty,

And gambol in gigantic patterns through the dark.

They take on moods and fanciful ways.

They glitter like tawdry spangles on a dancer's dress.  
Or, in mock imitation, they twinkle at the twinkling stars.  
Or they rise, dark and foreboding, vainly trying to erase a frivolous  
moon.  
Or they sparkle like bubbles of sophisticated champagne.  
Or they disappear, blown out by the wind, to sleep the night through.

A policeman stands in the middle of the street and thinks about his  
aching feet.

A sailor and his girl sit through a double feature twice, in the dark,  
holding hands.

A pretty girl crosses the street,  
Gathering bushels of interested looks on the way.

A marine strides briskly through the crowd,  
Saluting little boys in soldiers' uniforms.

The owner of a parking lot watches the cars come and go,  
And knows that he makes barely enough money to keep his family  
alive.

An ambulance races with Death through the streets.  
An old, toothless, black man is buffeted with harsh words.

A tear wears down the line in his face a little more.  
He stumbles and falls and lies where he is.

An alcoholic with empty eyes droops on a stairway,  
Until sleep conquers his fears and failures.

And no one hears the wail of the starving baby but his anguished  
mother.

So it is the City that weeps softly, tenderly,  
The City that smiles whimsically, and the City that laughs aloud.

NOMA CLAYTON, 1946

## A Philosophy on Death

Death is a word which to most people brings a picture of something horrible and final—something to be dreaded, but which comes increasingly close with the passing of each year. Such a conception makes people sad and gloomy; there is no logical reason for this feeling, for, after all, from our own knowledge what have we found to be feared in death?

From the point of view of some religions, life on earth is but the first chapter of eternity. This chapter is full of sorrows and trials from which we are ultimately delivered at different ages and stages by God. Death brings on the second section of existence, which is the reward for having lived the first. People who are religious find deep comfort in that thought, and are able more easily to bear their hardships.

On the other hand there are people, and I am one, who consider life as a permanency, with little thought of the future. We get a great deal of pleasure out of the good things in life, and since, by the law of averages, nothing bad can last forever, we accept what comes, enjoy the good things, endure the unhappinesses philosophically, and forget them quickly, so that our pattern of life, when looked back upon, is bright. We live in the moment, and have no regrets, no fears.

For what is death that it is to be dreaded? It is not the leaving of this world that we fear, but our method of leaving it. We fear physical pain which is often associated with or precedes life's cessation. It is human nature to dread pain, and almost everyone does, but it is silly to fear death itself. If death, as is taught in church, brings us into another world which is heaven, and ruled by God, it will be infinitely more enjoyable than our present life on earth, and should be looked forward to, not anticipated with distaste. Of course, since no one has ever returned from Heaven or Hell to discuss it, we mortals have no true idea of the land beyond, if it is a land, or what condition we are in after we arrive, except for the faint private picture of death which rests in the back of each of our minds.

Also, at what precise point do we reach the state of being deceased? Do our souls depart from our physical bodies at a special



moment and wing their way invisibly through many layers of stratosphere until they reach some sort of green and fertile valley where there are glittering palaces, at whose doors white-robed figures greet us and conduct us to some court of judgment? Or does life pass away with a sensation akin to that which we have between sleeping and waking, where our mind is enveloped in a grey mist, which would slowly clear to reveal a paradise. Or might not one fall into an eternal sleep and dream the dream of immortality, from which no one ever returns—in which we might wander alone in a world between heaven and earth, surrounded by cloudy forms, until we reach heaven?

And what is heaven? A place or another life? Each of us has his own conception of that, too. Is it to be the much depicted pearly city guarded by St. Peter, of a different country of supreme peace and happiness? Is there a physical feeling to being dead? There might be. Since it is supposedly your mentality that goes to heaven, while your corporeal self remains forever on earth, it is logical that your mind might find another physical form in another world, if heaven is a tangible place.

How can I describe heaven, when I do not even know if there is a heaven? Heaven is a faith, not a material spot. Through the ages men have tried to picture an after-life, but never in the existence of this whole universe and world of faith will anyone know God's supreme secret, until we, ourselves, enter the unknown mists of second life.

POLLY THOMAS, 1946

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*"And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet,  
your mountain of old."*

There stands a mountain,  
Whose slopes mount snow-draped;  
And no shadow breaks the stretch of white,  
Except the bare, black trees,  
Which stretch their cold arms to the sky,  
Yearning for one warm breath of sun  
To heat and clothe their naked boughs,  
And to bring a promise of spring and new life.

The snow is capped by jagged peaks  
Which stand out dark and bold against the white,  
And are outlined cruelly by the clouds above.  
Each boulder rests, poised by an unseen hand,  
Upon some fine point of balance,  
Seeming ready, at the slightest tremor,  
To tumble wildly down the ravine,  
To break the smoothness of feathery snow,  
And cast it into loose and shining heaps,  
Which will lie sparkling, so you must close your eyes  
Against the sun.

You can see, atop this mountain,  
From whose peaks the sides drop steeply,  
Their purity fading into the grey fog of the valley,  
Mists which swirl mysteriously, their feathery tendrils  
Twining silently around the low foot-hills,  
And creeping hesitatingly up the slope,  
Only to waver and be turned back  
By the brisk winds that hum about the heights.

From the mountain-top at night  
You can see the evening sky,  
Bedecked with stars which seem  
To lean down and bend so close  
That you, by reaching up,  
Might hold within your hands a perfect jewel,  
As ageless as the mountain where you stand.

And through every gale, whose winds  
Whip tempestuously around each crag,  
Through eons, since the world began,  
These rocks have towered, indestructible,  
Heaped upon this mountain-top of God.

POLLY THOMAS, 1946



## Florida November

Waving palms and blazing sun;  
Gleaming waters of November!  
These are not the cloudy skies,  
Dreary days that I remember.

Trees are green, not golden-hued,  
Colors bright, themselves denying.  
Flowers all display their blooms,  
Never drooping low or dying.

Here there is no gay design,  
Dancing leaves blown hither-thither.  
Here all leaves are made to live;  
Palm fronds thin will never wither.

Seasons here are quite the same;  
'Tween them there is no division.  
When 'tis summer or 'tis fall,  
Nature will make no decision.

Chilling winds and dried brown leaves,  
Dusky colors of November,  
Drifting smoke from dying fires,  
That's the autumn I remember.

SALLY HUMASON, 1947



## Two Moving Pictures

Two girls walked down the short road to the dock. There was an unusual difference in their appearance, although it could be seen that they were sisters. The shorter one was dressed in white shorts, a white shirt, and white sneakers and socks. The other sister, although taller, was younger and stuck out in the wrong places. She was mostly arms and legs, but there was something about the way she held her head that made you look again. She was bare-footed. Her brown bony feet seemed absurdly small under her baggy pants, which looked like hand-me-downs from at least three brothers. They were a nondescript tan, and showed the marks of previous adventures on them, the stains and patches of an exciting life. Her shirt, which had once been green, hung to her knees. She was like a puppy, practically quivering all over as she took in all the exciting sounds and smells of the dock. They were even more exciting to-day, because of the mist that covered their sources. Now and then she gave a little hop, because she couldn't hold too much happiness in her at once, and she had to let some off.

They reached the row-boat. The older sister, Natalie, stopped.

"Let's not go, Sally," she said. "It's all misty, and it's going to be muggy with no wind."

Sally stared at her. It was the mist that made everything so beautiful. You never knew quite where you were, and you could pretend anything. You didn't really need a wind to sail; it was easier to think when you were drifting.

"But that's when it's most fun," she said. Natalie still refused. It was too wet, and besides, she wanted to go shopping.

Sally went out by herself. She was really rather glad, because with Natalie she could never stand up in the stern of the row boat and be a paddling gondolier. She had fallen in twice doing it, but for her, the spirit of old Venice was still there in the mist, if she wasn't laughed at.

Within an hour she was out on the sound. The mist being somewhat burnt off, she saw a dark blot on the horizon. At first she thought it was only the smoke from a tug. She didn't notice it

again for some time, and by then she could see it was a ship, a three masted fishing schooner, she thought.

It was about five miles out, much farther than she was supposed to go alone, but she set out towards it. She realized soon that it was no fishing schooner. Sally had never seen anything like her, except in pictures, and even when she recognized the cut-under bow and square rigging, she didn't believe it was a clipper ship. Not in nineteen forty-five!

On muggy days, after two miles out, the land and the world are minor things, lost in the shining water all around. She wasn't living in the twentieth century. It was obvious, from everything she could hear or see, that time had slipped back a hundred years.

The sun was on the other side of the ship, and only the upper edges of her sails were a sharp, clear white. The rest of the ship was a deep blue-gray, misty and unreal as the whole thing was. The land was a thin blurred ridge in the distance, and in Sally's world there was only this beautiful dreamlike ship...and her.

The only sounds were the buzzing of the flies that had come out with her, timeless sounds, nineteenth century sounds. Even the contrast in size between her little boat with one sail and a jib, the only other thing beside the tall, slim ship, with more than thirty sails, made her seem out of place. What was Sally doing out here, a mere ripple beside her? In the stillness of it all, she thought it might be a mirage. But then the clipper came about....

The sun hit hard on the full sails, and the dazzling whiteness of the whole ship hurt; it was so real after the dreamlike shadow. The effortless power and gliding speed that were just pouring out of the ship numbed her. She knew she'd be run down in a minute, but she couldn't move. It was too beautiful in the terror of it. Then, just as suddenly as before, the ship came about, and Sally could see the stars and stripes on her flag, and the men at the rail, but it was all in a blue shadow again.

In half an hour the clipper was out of sight beyond the point. Sally was alone with the buzzing flies, not knowing whether it was nineteen forty-five or eighteen fifty.

Suddenly, an airplane dove out of the sky, circled her and returned to the cloud it came from.... It was nineteen forty-five, of course. How silly of her. That had been the clipper the Coast Guard uses to

train cadets on. But the flies buzzed on, and far away, the land was in a blue shadow. Maybe . . . . How did she know . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

It was evening when Sally reached home, still under the spell of the beautiful ship. She tore upstairs to her sister's room. "Natalie, Natalie," she cried. It seemed awfully loud to Sally, but really it was almost a whisper. "I just saw the most beautiful thing in the world."

"Oh, did you really," said Natalie. "I've just been to a divine picture—Van Johnson, you know."

NANCY BURNS, 1946

## The Elements Speak

ALL:

We, the immovable four,  
Have been roused by the folly of man.  
We, who stood steadfast before  
The disturbance of God's wondrous plan,  
Now rise up in wrath to protest.

FIRE:

My once restrained flames now ravage free,  
And, having burst their bonds, are crazed with pow'r.  
I, who once was useful, now destroy,  
And wrap my cruel red tentacles 'round all.  
O, give me peace, and turn my might to good.

EARTH:

My face is torn and marred with jagged scars;  
I tremble 'neath each devastating blow.  
I'm grimy with the dust of fallen homes,  
And mighty empires crumpled on my brow.  
O, give me peace, and turn my might to good.



## WATER:

My once pure streams now run with human blood;  
My depths are moved by lurking metal fish.  
The dams are cracked that utilized my strength;  
My waves now lick the steely balls of death.  
O, give me peace, and turn my might to good.

## AIR:

I'm gagged by gassy smoke and stench of death;  
My peace is shattered by the roaring planes,  
And whistling bombs now pierce once tranquil space.  
O let my winds fly free o'er earth again.  
O, give me peace, and turn my might to good.

## ALL:

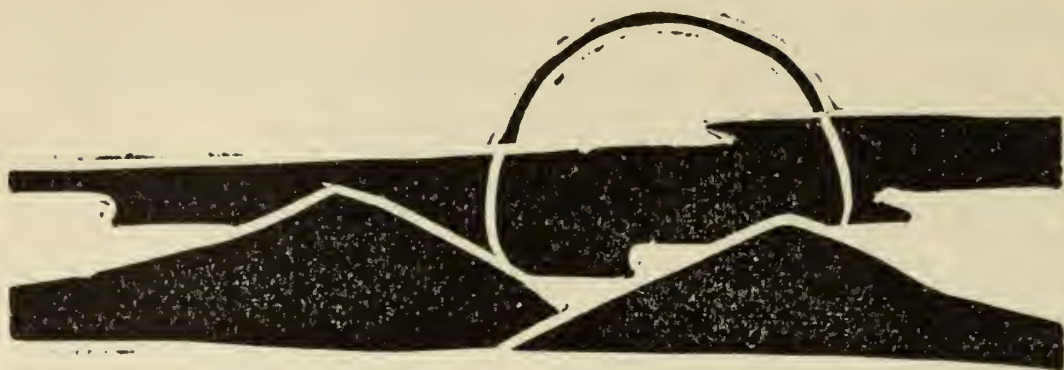
Now again into silence we go,  
But may all men take heed to our plea,  
And never again let this woe  
Run wild over earth, air, and sea.  
Call forth not another protest!

HARRIET BENTLEY, 1946

PATRICIA HOGAN, 1946

NANCY BURNS, 1946

SALLY POWER, 1946



## Sunrise

It was only five o'clock, and I knew the sun would be rising in a few minutes. I had always wanted to see the sun rise from the tower, and this was my opportunity. So, half running, half walking, I made my way over to the tower. The rocks were slippery after the night rain, and it was fairly hard going. When I reached the top of the tower, the whole world seemed to light up as the sun rose beyond the Presidential Range. Red fire flashed into a beautiful pale blue sky. Every cloud within radius of the sun's rays turned a fragile arbutus.

When the sun reached the tops of the mountains, they were topped with gold as it spread its luster over them. The extended rays reached me in the tower. Then the tenuous, seeking fingers slid down the side of the tower to the ground; down the hill to the valley; across the valley, green hills, and grey road to the lake; across the lake up the far valleys, green hills, and grey road to the foot of the mountains, where they paused folded. There followed a stir in the trees, quietly at rest, as a breeze came up. It too went down the hill, across the valley, green hills, and grey road to the lake; across the lake and far valleys, green hills, and grey road till it reached the foot of the mountains, where it stopped also. I looked out toward Lake Sebago, a profound blue infrequently touched by the sun until the scattered waves sparkled.

When I left the tower I knew that I had seen the world being awakened.

CHRISTINE VON GOEBEN, 1947

## Mars, God of War

Foul fiend of bloody foray,  
Who turnest day  
To darkest night,  
To whom not e'en the sun  
Dare show his face,  
Whilst thou art near;  
The constant cry is: "War!  
War! War!"  
Behold the vict'ry of thy power:  
The rack and ruin of the earth  
Lies at thy feet.  
I see thee now  
Bent double with thy mirth,  
Thou god of gory strife.  
The wreck of human life  
Which thou hast left  
Shall build up strong  
And new again.  
Man's shattered house,  
Now torn apart,  
Shall once again be whole.  
Thy thoughts we know,  
And think to understand;  
But human souls are weak,  
And yield still to Plutonic might.  
Yet wait, thou imp of hell,  
Best have a care,  
For God is right.

LUCY DEE CHIVERS, 1947



## Equality in Science

According to Webster, science is: "1. Knowledge, 2. Any department of systemized knowledge, 3. Esp. such knowledge when it is related to the physical world," and "4. Art, or skill."

From this I gather that science is *first of all*, knowledge, and *secondly*, is divided into several different sections. The one of these we usually think of pertains to the physical world. When we hear someone say "Science," we think of test tubes and telescopes, or maybe blueprints and calculating machines. But is this all? Is this acquiring of knowledge about the world in which we live all there is to science? I think not.

The old philosophers were considered scientists. If science is knowledge, it is too great and broad a term to limit itself in this way. Science, to be knowledge, must include knowledge of people, not as flesh, blood, and bones alone, nor as something to be conquered and worked harder, but as individuals, as human beings—not population. It must include a knowledge of good in our fellow man and knowledge of how to love him. It must include Christianity, or some faith in the natural goodness of the world, and some motive for helping it.

Science has developed in an unbalanced way. One side has shot far ahead of the other equally important side. In the rush for faster and better machinery, and stronger, more destructive explosives, ethics, "the science of moral duty and ideal human character," has been sadly left behind. This other side of knowledge is essential. We can not live without it. Now, fortunately or unfortunately for us, the material portion has leapt so far ahead with the atomic bomb that either the two parts will unite, or the gap will widen just a bit more, and they will split, the material side losing all track of the other. If this happens, we shall destroy ourselves. It is up to us.

Contrary to many opinions, science has not harmed mankind because it has gone too far, but because it has not gone far enough, because we have slipped over this all-important portion of science. We should not at all regret the great progress of technical knowledge; rather we should all work together to bring up the neglected science of human relationships, or specifically, ethics, equal with its partner.

NANCY BURNS, 1946

## “Oh, Words Are Lightly Spoken”

She sat in the station's waiting-room, an inconspicuous girl all alone on her first train-trip. She was clinging to the darkest corner of a bench, from which she could look out on the main part of the station. Here people were hurrying to and fro in a never-ceasing bustle and din, passing in front of her blue eyes, which missed nothing of the panorama before them. Business-men were rushing home in time for dinner; clerks and salesgirls, all talking loudly and gaily, were hurrying to reach their destination after a hard day's work. There were a few people wandering about seemingly aimlessly. A group of soldiers with barracks bags slung over their shoulders entered the gate opposite where the girl sat.

After a while the loudspeaker announced the departure of a train. Those wondering blue eyes saw a large young sailor and the young woman beside him rise, and, after he put his arm around her, saw the two start to move slowly towards the station proper. They were a seemly appearing couple; the woman was well dressed and, although of normal stature, was dwarfed into a miniature by the young man. It was evident to the girl, from everything about them, that these two soon would have to part, one hurrying away by train to some faraway place, perhaps never to return, leaving the other behind. The two left the waiting-room and disappeared forever from the girl's view, headed for some farther portion of the station. Neither had said a word, but, clinging to each other in this fashion, they were gaining all they could from their last few minutes together. A silent communion had passed between them by which they had received more than could have come from the most brilliant conversation.

Still the salesgirls and others like them chatted and called as gaily as before in the main station. In the waiting-room the talking continued to be the same also. This little episode could hardly have been expected to quiet them, had they all seen it, but as far as the girl could see, no one had even noticed the young pair. Still, she thought, it probably would have meant nothing to them if they had. All this irked her. Two girls sitting a few seats down from her on the same bench were thoroughly discussing the merits of some young

man; while two men opposite her were childishly arguing over politics. Why, she wondered, if they are unable to use words to a better advantage, why use them at all? She realized that people at times employed such speech as a relaxation, perhaps to free pent up emotions gathered during a hard day's work. For this it was permissible. But she hoped earnestly that everyone knew of and sometimes used the other method of communication, and more profitably. Just then the loud-speaker called out her train, and shyly she picked up the suitcase lying at her feet and quietly left the waiting-room by the back way.

ELIZABETH ROSS, 1946

## Autumn Speaks

Behind me I had left the noisy confusion of the city;  
Before me stretched the strange quietness of the country.  
I had scarcely touched the city, for even my magic wand  
Could not penetrate its grime and smoke,  
But out here in the country I had firmly stamped  
My gaily colored imprint.  
My friend, the wind, had early ushered me in,  
And the sun up high had hotly argued with him  
To delay my entrance.  
But I laughed, my friend joined me,  
And the trees and the fields trembled under our laughter—  
Evidence that I had won.  
The dark suits which the trees wore  
Were strangely contrasted by the many colored accessories  
Which on them I had bestowed.  
The leaves which lay on the ground were moist,  
And they gathered together to form a rug  
Better than velvet, fit for a queen.  
For although now lifeless and dead,  
They had once been living and even in death  
Had held their own against the living.  
I looked below me and saw that my work had been well done.  
Summer had passed away, but I had come.

FELICIA TAVARES, 1949



## The Two Companions

They were a strange pair, the boy and his dog. The boy, with his twisted and disfigured legs, pinched expression on his face, and large, doleful eyes, seemed a queer playmate for the frisky and mischievous cocker spaniel. But they were inseparable. Ever since he had caught the dreaded infantile paralysis when he was only three years old, the child had worn heavy steel braces on both of his legs to help support him. Even after five long years of painful treatments, he continued to limp along on what might have been two strong and sturdy legs. His face was now pale and thin, though one could faintly trace lines of a once beautiful child on it, and he appeared to be a sorrowful sight to people who did not know him.

The little dog had been his constant companion ever since those "fatal days," and one was never seen anywhere without the other. It was their lives to live as they wished, and their one and only wish was never to be separated from one another.

Every day they could be seen going to their own little house on the hillside, where they talked in their secret language together of the happy hours they would spend in the future when the heavy steel braces could be gone forever, and they would run and play in their world all by themselves. The dog now licked the cripple's hand, and he burst into peals of laughter that sounded like the merry gurgling of a brook.

As I watched the two of them on one warm spring evening just as the sun was hiding itself behind the purple mountains in the distance, I thought I had never seen anything so entrancing. They were walking home from their "own little world"; the boy was singing a tuneful melody, and the dog was trotting gaily by his side. I wondered if that little boy really knew what he was missing by not being like other children who run and play, but as I gazed upon them, unable to move, I knew that he could not have a greater friend than the loyal dog by his side. His body was growing tired of the heavy weights that it had to carry through the long days and nights, but his heart stayed happy and gay.

Friendship is a wonderful thing. I do not believe that anyone could ever live happily in this world without the love and com-

panionship of someone or something, however large or small. People and animals are able to be without food and shelter if it is necessary, but I think that if love and friendship are taken away, the most valuable possession in this life of ours is gone and can never be replaced. This lame boy and his little dog soon found that out, and they never wanted to let it get away from them. I knew as I watched them transfixedly that soon the body of one of the young companions would have to be taken away from the other, but their hearts and souls could never be pulled apart.

HELEN LONG, 1947

## Release

Oh lonely autumn breeze,  
Casting down upon the ground  
Your golden leaves of yellow,  
How I welcome you this year,  
Blowing across this bitter world  
Glad tidings of the peaceful end  
Of war and death and all things cruel.  
How I love your red-gold sun,  
Beaming down upon this earth,  
Pausing silently to salute  
The rows of crosses over there,  
Expressing thanks of all free people,  
Expressing prayers of countless millions.  
How I love your harvest moon,  
Smiling through the darkest nights,  
Smiling on the cold, dark waters,  
Where there are not even crosses,  
But where spirits still prevail  
Of those whose sacrifice was made.  
How I love your grayish skies,  
Filled with hazy burning leaves,  
Not echoing the sound of guns  
Nor resounding cries of death.

MARY EMERY, 1947

## Sunday Struggle

By four-thirty on Sunday afternoons at Abbot, that air of concentration and hard work which settles along the senior corridors grows thicker as "quiet hour" draws to an end, and the studying opportunities are rapidly decreasing. That history project, English theme, or French resumé is barely started, and time refuses to slow down for the desperate student.

On such a Sunday, a small figure sat at her desk, bending over it intensely, her pen scratching furiously on the paper before her. Pausing for a moment, she pushed back an unruly lock of dark hair. Immediately it fell down across her eyes again. Exasperated, she flung down her pen, seized a bobby pin and, yanking the end back, shoved the pin into place in her long, dark, "page-boy" bob.

She looked back at her paper. On its neat, carefully-written surface was a large, rapidly-spreading ink spot. The pen, evidently, was not leak-proof. This was too much. A whole page, the "chronological table of events" that her assignment had required, was well drenched in ink.

She set her mouth in a firm, determined line. With tense gestures plainly showing deep self-control of a somewhat fiery temper, she carefully blotted the page. The ink spread faster. She closed her eyes. "I will control myself. I will. . . ." The ink eraser, that was the thing to use. Slowly, more carefully, she began to erase. It was working! Maybe, if she rubbed just a bit harder. . . that was it; it was really coming off. But then, "Oh no!" She had erased the ink, yes, but she had also erased the paper and was going through a second sheet.

It was getting nearer five o'clock. Quickly, she selected a new sheet of paper. With neat, precise movements, she made out the lines for a second "chronological chart." Concentration shone from her face: jaw set again, a frown wrinkling her forehead, and her nose crinkled with the effort of her work.

Then the bell rang! Crash, bang, screaming, yelling: unleashed souls expressing their joy that "quiet hour" was over ran up and down the corridor. "Has no one *any* work to do?"

Slam! The door was flung open.



"Hey—have you done your History? What happened at the Second Constitutional Congress? Was it 1775. . . . Oh, say, I'm sorry; I didn't know you were still working. . . . well—gee—*excuse* me!" The door was closed softly. The bleak, wintry smile of desperation was too much to be confronted by, and the intruder departed hurriedly.

She sighed deeply, and ran tense, tired fingers through her now-tangled hair. "History. . . 1775, 1776. . . get to work. It's almost time for dinner."

6:10—the dinner bell rang. Again the mad dash of the now-hungry souls towards the dining-room deafened the worker. Well, the chart was almost finished.

As though in a daze, she shoved back her chair. Her arms just hung limply for a moment; then she eased herself out of the chair, over to the bureau. Brush in hand, she started to smooth the softly curling, disorderly locks. Ping! A bobby pin shot across the room. Ping—another! "Oh. . . ! don't say it, don't! I just would forget about those." She dropped down on hands and knees. Under the bureau? No, they weren't there. Under the bed? Ah, yes, but they were *'way* under. Well, bobby pins are scarce. She squeezed under the bed. Just a little further and—there! She got it. But now she was stuck. "These beds are much too low!" She tried to lift her head, but *bang!* The bed-springs were anything but soft. Resolutely, inch by inch, she wriggled and twisted until one half of her at least was out; now for shoulders and head. It was at this half-way point of emerging that I came into her room.

"Just what on earth do you think you're doing?" Silly question, but I was slightly curious.

"Bobby pin," a muffled voice, exceedingly amazed, declared. Then with one last twist she emerged. But, oh, what a sight! Her nose was smudged, and her hair stood out at all angles, and was covered with "kitties", those small balls of dust that collect under one's bed when a mop hasn't been used too regularly.

I brushed her off, and we raced down to dinner in the hopes that there would be something left.

When Monday morning rolled around, "blue" as usual, I inquired with tactful care about the history: the "did-you-get-it-all-done-I hope" inquiry.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with a smile of relief. We both agreed that

we didn't think we could last through many more such hectic Sundays, although strange as it is, the thought of getting our assignment done ahead of time seems never to have occurred to us! Maybe some day, we trust, it will!

HOPE WHITCOMB, 1946

## Bells

Bells,  
Ringing through me,  
Savage rhythm,  
Deep and sweet.

Sound,  
How compelling,  
Surely calling,  
Strangely sad.

Bells,  
Melt around me,  
Thoughts and worries,  
Do not stay.

Sound,  
Softly sighing,  
Almost crying,  
Slip away.

ELIZABETH ANN MITCHELL, 1947

## “A Rose By Any Other Name . . .”

“Gee whiz, Helen isn’t horrid enough, and Bluet’s too naïve. But the villain should certainly be Terence. I knew a terrible Terence once. Say, that’s good, terrible Terence.

“Oh no, the only Terence I ever knew was a ‘Caspar Milque-toast’ . . . .”

Do you sound like this too, when you try to name your characters? When someone suggests Petunia as the heroine of your weekend theme, does every inch of you cry out in violent protest? And is Wilbur to you a spoiled brat, a crying baby, or a faded, umbrella-carrying business man? And do you, like us, have your suspicions about Egbert? . . .

All too often, we have leapt out of bed, torn across the room, stepping on the bottle tops which lay menacingly in our path, and knocking over a stray chair or two, to jot down the inspiration of the hour . . . Mary. Too often have we groped helplessly, only to bring forth, after hours of research, the dynamic Albert.

It is hard to fathom why such a short, simple word can flash before us the whole stale, dull personality of Ella, or the grotesque, monocle wearing image of Fritz . . . .

If the first Lily-Belle you ever knew had a “suth’n” accent and hair à la Veronica Lake, did you inwardly groan when you met your second Lily-Belle, a creature with tight, frizzled curls and a tittering voice?

Do you recommend our sending for two size-sixteen strait-jackets, or is this psychological quirk a universal dilemma?

MARION TROUB, 1946

NANCY BURNS, 1946





## School Calendar

SEPTEMBER 18—DECEMBER 18, 1945

## SEPTEMBER

*Tuesday 18*—Arrival and Registration of New Resident Scholars

*Wednesday 19*—Arrival and Registration of Re-entering Scholars  
Registration of Day Scholars.

*Thursday 20*—First Chapel

*Friday 21*—Classes

*Saturday 22*—School Picnic. A.C.A. Old Girl-New Girl Party in the evening

*Sunday 23*—Vespers—Miss Hearsey

*Saturday 29*—Senior Picnic. Richard DuBois—Magician

*Sunday 30*—Vespers—The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, Minister, Phillips Academy

## OCTOBER

*Saturday 6*—Corridor Stunts—Abbey House, Homestead, and Sherman

*Sunday 7*—Vespers—The Reverend George L. Cadigan, Grace Church in Salem

*Saturday 13*—Theater Guild production of "Winter's Tale" in Boston. Tea Dance at Phillips Academy. Russell Curry—Dance Recital

*Sunday 14*—Vespers—The Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D., Minister Emeritus, First Church, Cambridge

*Saturday 20*—Theater Guild production of "Winter's Tale" in Boston. Corridor Stunts—Draper Hall excluding Seniors

*Sunday 21*—Church at Phillips—Bishop Henry W. Hobson, Cincinnati, Ohio. Boston Symphony Concert. Vespers—A.C.A.

*Friday 26*—Concert at Phillips Academy by Jean Bedetti, Violoncellist

*Saturday 27*—Corridor Stunts—Seniors and Day Scholars. Hallowe'en Party

*Sunday 28*—Vespers—The Reverend James Gordon Gilkey, D.D., South Congregational Church, Springfield

## NOVEMBER

*Thursday 1*—Mlle. Francine Bouillon—World Student Service Fund

*Saturday 3*—Free week-end. Tea Dance at Phillips Academy

*Sunday 4*—Vespers—The Reverend Allan K. Chalmers, D.D., Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York

*Friday 9*—Boston Symphony Concert

*Saturday 10*—Field Day with awards in the evening. Andover Torchlight Procession

*Sunday 11*—Vespers—The Reverend Thcodore P. Ferris, D.D., Rector, Trinity Church, Boston

*Monday 12*—Mr. David Morton, Poet,—“A Poet in His Time”

*Friday 16*—Concert at Phillips Academy by Alexander Borovsky, Russian Pianist

*Saturday 17*—Lecture by Mrs. Frank Mansfield Taylor on Current Events

*Sunday 18*—Congregational Tea. Vespers—Dr. Claude M. Fuess, Headmaster, Phillips Academy, Andover

*Thursday 22*—THANKSGIVING DAY

*Saturday 24*—Piano Recital by Miss Kate Friskin

*Sunday 25*—Church at Phillips—The Reverend J. Edgar Park, D.D., President Emeritus, Wheaton College. Vespers—The Reverend Vivian T. Pomeroy, D.D., The First Parish, Milton

## DECEMBER

*Saturday 1*—Maurice Evans in “Hamlet”—Boston. Lecture and Demonstration by Miss Suzanne Silvercruys, Sculptress

*Sunday 2*—Vespers—The Reverend Herbert Gezork, Professor of Religion at Wellesley College and at Andover-Newton Theological Seminary.

*Saturday 8*—A.D.S. Play—“The Importance of Being Earnest” by Oscar Wilde

*Sunday 9*—Vespers—A.C.A.

*Saturday 15*—A.C.A. Party for Andover Children. Christmas Reading—Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray

*Sunday 16*—Christmas Vespers—Miss Hearsey

*Monday 17*—Christmas Dinner and Carol Service

*Tuesday 18*—VACATION



# The Abbot Courant

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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## EDITORIALS

In March a conference was held at Exeter Academy for twenty-six schools, including both girls' and boys' preparatory schools and also high schools, to talk over the types of student government practiced at each of these schools and to discuss the principles of the ideal student government. The conference lasted from Saturday until Sunday afternoon, and during that time three two-hour meetings were held. Each school sent two representatives, and one of them gave a brief talk summarizing the type of student government his or her school has, and then questions and suggestions followed. In the second meeting, with Westover representing girls' preparatory schools; St. Paul's, boys' schools; and Garden City, high schools; the fine points of each as peculiar to that type of school were presented and then discussed. The ideas expressed, radical and conservative, democratic and socially exclusive, were very interesting and conducive to thought and consideration. They brought into focus the strong and weak points of the existing governments in the several schools, and aroused desire for their amelioration.

Many topics such as the following: student government constitutions, the sharing of discipline by students and faculty, the advisability of having or not having a planned agenda for council meetings, the presence of faculty at the meetings, and many others were carefully gone over. As ideas were brought forth, it soon became evident that certain types of government were ideal in one school and impossible for others. The difference of the needs, for instance, of day and boarding schools was quite apparent, and schools where these two types are combined found themselves often facing a pressing problem of unifying the two sections and promoting a friendly feeling. However, suggestions were offered by others who had overcome such a situation. By a similar procedure other questions were taken up and solutions considered.

The feature of Abbot's government which particularly interested the other delegates was the rating system. Only one other school present had a system similar to this. For us the thing which was of



particular interest was the fact that many schools have more open meetings than we do, where the whole school is present and where any student may make complaints or suggestions. It was generally felt that this promotes the interest of every individual in their government. Another idea that seemed good was the presence of the council, or a few members of it, at certain faculty meetings for joint discussion of problems and ideas. This brings students and faculty in direct contact with each other, hastening the solution of pressing matters and uniting the two bodies even more closely in the running of the school. Perhaps such a system can be brought about here sometime in the near future.

At the final meeting, the question of a permanent organization was taken up and was almost unanimously favored. Much information and stimulus of ideas had been gained at this conference, but lack of time was a prohibiting element, and everyone felt the interest in and need of another meeting to get such an organization started. However there are many problems to such a plan. Where would the finances come from? Could each student government have a treasury for that purpose? Where could the meetings be held? Could the school with the most adequate facilities provide a place? Who would be the officers of the organization; how should they be elected? Where and by whom could correspondence be carried on and pamphlets be sent out? These and many more questions remain to be answered.

The meeting to start the organization, scheduled for this spring, has not come about for a number of reasons. However, it was felt that through a permanent association of schools, holding meetings annually and perhaps bi-annually, the student governments can improve their systems, correct their weak points, expand their scope, and keep up to date with new ideas. An organization of this kind would be a continual stimulus to the interest in student government and to the desire on the part of each school to improve its system, thus making schools more democratic and more smoothly run. While most of the representatives present at the first conference will not be back next year to further the scheme, still, the fact that such a conference had been held is a challenge to the incoming councils of these schools to bring to fruition the started ideas and plans that the present delegates have been unable to carry out.

NANCY THOMAS, 1946

There is a universal question in the minds of men, which has been considered from many angles. The question is this: "What determines the course of our lives, why do we do the things we do, and when is it determined what we shall be?" No theory on this subject may be said to be right or wrong, because it is purely a matter of belief. There are no facts which prove or disprove any idea.

However, there must be a force or power that keeps the sequence of events of our lives in their given pattern, allowing one chapter of life to lead into the next. The chapters fit together like a train, each section attached before and behind to the surrounding conditions and happenings. There is the question of to whom belongs the guiding force or "hand." By what laws are the events in our lives placed in the pattern by which we live them? Some believe it is the hand of God; others believe it is the mysterious hand of Fate or Destiny. Still others are unconvinced that their lives do not progress according to their choosing and will. These take no place in this argument, for this discussion is in the favor of Destiny. In fact, it is in favor of the probabilities of predestination.

To some people, human lives may seem to be like those in a novel, where the author leads them through a series of situations and events until the story comes to a close; then the ends of the characters' histories are woven together to form the climax or end of the book. These characters have led lives in which they have been guided by a definite force or hand which has led them through each event as it comes along. This theory is logical for those who believe that there is a God. They can conceivably believe that since God created earth, and man to live on earth, He conducts their activities as one guides a puppet; that He guides their lives in paths He chooses, having His puppets do the things, and meet the people that influence their lives. Propelled by His hand and will, a boy can go away to school, meet his roommate's sister, marry her, become a partner in business with his father-in-law, and become eventually the head of a large business firm. All this could not have happened had he stayed at home and gone to his home town high-school.

Since there may not be a God, we must consider another possibility; that is the possibility, as before, that we are victims of circumstance, but that the circumstances are created by Fate. Fate is more scientific than spiritual, and seems more logical to those who



presume that the creation of the earth was a scientific phenomenon, and that there is no God. Therefore, destiny may be the element of gravity which exists on earth, and keeps the humans, like heavenly bodies, in their designated "orbits." These orbits have probably been scientifically determined before we are born, and we are launched on certain paths depending on where we step into life. The people who pass in and out of our lives do so because, from a mechanical point of view, the orbits have crossed, merged, and separated in the great universe of time.

Both theories depend on the fundamental belief in predestination, the only distinction being between the nature of the forces which guide our lives. Often people look back on their lives and say—"If I had that to do over again, how differently I would do it!" They do not realize that given the same situation over again, they would do the same thing again, because it is the situation which demands the action, even though the person may think he is doing as he wants to do. Therefore our lives are completely commanded by the power which determines the train of events which constitute a man's or woman's life. Whatever the guiding force may be, and that is up to personal belief, each event is scheduled, and a man's reaction to the event is also scheduled, even though he may have a sensation of choice. Everything a man becomes, and everything he does, whether he tries and fails, or tries and succeeds, is a result of a force which guides the orbits of human life.

POLLY THOMAS, 1946





## Sleepy Jacks\*

"Ready for your nap, John?" His mother played with her coffee-cup handle. The sun was gently toasting the earth while the wind rolled sluggish breezes in melted butter and blew them away. John opened his mouth and swallowed a piece of the mellow day. When the mother had dismissed her elder children (there were two) from the white-covered table to the cracked cement of the tennis court, he let it out in a sigh. The sigh dissolved into slack silence which John immediately recognized as a useful, if temporary, tool. It led the mother's thoughts in every direction but his own. The weather contributed to the duration of this musing mood: a brisk, bright day oils the human's physical engine; a slow, bright day greases his mental machinery. And so her thoughts slid on, gliding, tumbling over each other, coasting clear, until the silence began to contract. As its compass grew closer she groped for a lost care... and her eyes focused on John. That gentleman had used the mute minutes in dwelling upon the indignity of his position; a nap she had said. John had graduated from naps upon his ninth birthday... one week before. He stood arrogantly upon the pedestal of that week. After nine napping years he had acquired fresh dignity with the advent of the "rest," which differed from the nap in name... and fifteen minutes. He did not draw his mother's attention to her mistake, intelligently perceiving she might have forgotten it. She had not.

"Your nap, sir."

John industriously busied his fork with the empty plate before him, raised the utensil to his lips, and fell to chewing his tongue with studied enthusiasm. He persisted in this manner until it was painful to continue.

"May I have some more, please?"

\*Perhaps "sleepy jacks" are peculiar to Michigan or to the Connable family. In New England the expression is greeted with a querulous eye-brow which doesn't come down until the term is translated as "sand" or "winker." I don't know the scientific designation but every participant in mankind's daily struggle from sleep to the bathroom will recognize a mutual enemy in the "slumber-dust" which lines his mirrored eye.

But "Jacks" aren't peculiar to any locality. There are those with brother Johns who are Jacks... and there is "me" with brother John who is John. If some one had been so inclined he could be Jack. For the story's sake please so incline yourself.

"How about saving it for afternoon lunch?"

"That would spoil my dinner."

"Really?"

"Can I ask Otto for more?"

"No, John. You've had half of Alf's helping plus your own."

"But, Mom, I'm still hungry."

"To bed, to bed."

"You're not very considerate."

"It's a nap today, John, because of the movies tonight."

"Is Dad coming? He really ought to. It's a wonderful movie, Mom. *Parent's Magazine* says 'A, Y, and C-I' and Alfie says . . ."

"Talk as you walk, please."

"A nap, Mom?"

"Uh-huh."

"But . . ."

"Pull the shades, John, and hop in. I'll be right up."

Mrs. C. observed that her son found his feet heavy. The ascent was slow and irregular. When the stairs turned out of sight she followed him with her ears and was surprised to action by a singular eagerness of footfalls as the boy neared his objective. She arrived too late to witness the furtive secreting of clock and comics beneath the bed-stand, and found instead wildly distorted shades, half-way down, and wildly distorted pajamas, halfway up. Mrs. C. drew from the reservoir of all mothers' patience a sustaining supply, John arranged his features in a martyr's mask, and shades and pajamas were captured and tamed.

"Mom, before you tuck me in I've got a . . ."

"Of course, but make it snappy. And use the children's bathroom, John. Dad's asleep." Mrs. C. sought the comforting arms of John's deep-seated chair. Together the two had weathered a host of trying storms. She traced the green lines as far as her fingers could crawl without disturbing the comfort of her position, and gave it up for utter relaxation. When her right foot fell asleep her mother's mind awoke and sent her to the bathroom door.

"John?" She turned the knob. He had, unjustly, remembered to lock it on this occasion.

"John," more firmly. This begot a smothered snort.

"John!" She cracked the name like a whip.

"Yes, Mom?"

"Come out, John."

"But, Mom, I'm not finished."

"Come out, John." Mrs. C. sighed. There were only three weapons with which to combat a locked door: the screwdriver, the promise of punishment, and the scarce, strong word. Mrs. C. did not wield a very deadly screw driver and solitary confinement bred tantrums. The friction of warm tantrum on warm weather would burn the evening up and Mrs. C. hoped her scarce word was strong enough.

Miraculously the door opened and this time Mrs. C.'s sigh was caked with content. Gratefully she followed her son to his bed, patted his pajamaed bottom, his pillowed head, and walked in the direction of her own nap. She did not reach her objective...

"Mom—say, I'm sorry I forgot, but would you mind getting me a glass of water?"

"Yes."

"Oh." She waited. He seemed robbed of reasons and before he could rally she moved on, using hard heels to plant periods at the end of his impudence.

John felt the finality in his mother's feet and lay down. After two tranquil minutes he was up, cautiously exploring the space beneath the bedstand with his left hand. It discovered his clock, and, with very little more difficulty, corralled his quiet-hour intimates: Dick Tracy, The Batman, The Leopard Woman, and The Little King. He wound the clock, studied the hour...and advanced it ten minutes. He sorted his literature, scrutinized the covers...and chose *Wonder Comics*. Strangling a yawn he began to read, alternately, the comic and the clock. The first thirty words found a zealous student, the second thirty a frustrated one...and John, excited by the garish drawings and eager for the outcome, let imagination fill the printed balloons that painful study might have. Sitting on his legs he flew from picture to picture. His mother hugged her pillow in the next room and the drowsiness was contagious...as John turned to *True Comics* an ugly yawn escaped him.

At five Mrs. C.'s conscience tickled her to consciousness. Her sleep-smearred optics sought the clock's hands...and closed at the sight. It was understood that she bring an end to John's napping attempt an hour after its commencement, and it was extremely im-



portant that she should function reliably in these matters as an example to her erring offspring. She blundered from her room to her son's . . . and tip-toed out.

John's colorful colleagues relaxed at the feet of their admirer in arresting array. His clock chattered to his right ear. His lamp lent his saucy head a deceptive golden crown. He was the picture of any neglected nine-year-old of a Sunday afternoon, only . . . John was snoring softly.

NANCY CONNABLE, 1948

## Journey's End

I am a stranger at your door,  
Beating with fists of sickly blue,  
Seeking entrance forevermore.  
Death, how I have searched for you!

I have traveled that dusty road;  
Some pleased to call it life.  
Yet what of living is a load  
Filled with naught but chaos and strife?

Oft on the way I stopped in fear  
And thus my journey did prolong.  
How glad I am to find you here!  
Death! oh Death, I have sought you long.

Lift up the latch and let me in.  
Open wide this mystical door.  
Free me from sound of mortal din,  
Keep me, oh Death, forevermore.

LUETTA ROBERTSON, 1946

## Manifest Destiny



“By the opening of the Revolution, the frontiersmen were ready to break through the Alleghenies.” When I read this sentence in my history book, I was in rather a daydreaming mood. My thoughts, no matter how hard I tried to shackle them, wandered where they would. Finally, I closed the book to give them free rein. On the cover was printed:

AMERICA  
ITS HISTORY AND PEOPLE—  
Revised Edition

As I looked at it, I seemed to see a tiny, miniature caravan of covered wagons climbing the printed words which had become a gigantic mountain. I figured that it was a mountain of the Appalachians, that they were pioneers who were crossing to face the west. Slowly they worked their way upward. A storm was spending itself furiously and each blast sent shivers through the wagons. The horses, frightened by flashes of lightning, reared and pawed the air. Rocks were loosened and bounded down the sides, resounding with the thunder. Ravines, flooded with rainwater, seemed to open up suddenly, out of nowhere. Through the tempest, the group toiled on. They were the innocent butts of the outraged storm. They were humble, passive, and above all, they were weary. When they came near the top, the storm ceased. The sun beamed, clouds frolicked across the sky, a warm breeze pushing them.

The pioneers followed in close file, small white shadows cast against the sun. They were miniature beings who had fought with the storm and beaten it and who then accepted the calm as a matter of course, allowing the sun's rays to pass over them and dry the small raindrops clinging yet. In their placid way, animal-like, dumb, they plodded over the top. Suddenly, almost like a divine revelation, they realized that the summit of the mountain was theirs; the world was below them, and only the heavens were above. And each beam of

sunlight seemed to shimmer and break into blues and greens. The clouds dispersed to let in more of the ethereal radiance. The deep voice of silence prevailed, an awful silence that started from God and rolled around an expansive, limitless, eternal sky. The pioneers looked down on the land below and ahead of them. And there, the silence covered a vast panorama of creation. There, streams trickled and gurgled and played with the stern stones that were forever in their way, streams that tossed their bubbly selves into the sunlight and nourished their trout and bass and laughed lightly at the big rivers churning their way to the sea. The trees walked across the land. A sturdy oak escorted a dainty birch. Man had not touched them, only God, so their leaves whispered together in innocence or nestled against the earth's warm side in peace. Simple deer glided through the forests, their tender, gentle, slant-eyes gazing wistfully at everything. And the land went on and fell to the plains and rose to the Rockies until it halted at the bright blue Pacific. The enormous silence was as though Nature had held her breath on seeing such wonders.

And up on the flat mountain top, the little caravan that I saw in miniature, stopped, halfway between the vast land below and the vast heaven above. And from somewhere inside the very last covered wagon, the tones of a harmonica floated out into the stillness. "Oh Susanna" glided down the wind. Perhaps it was a little boy whose heart was happy. Perhaps it was an aged man who could see the Pacific heaving far beyond the land below and guessed that the tangled country down there would someday be one great nation to equal all nations. The song tripped from covered wagon to covered wagon. Men's hearty voices sang it and women's wavering sopranos, and the song made a small dent in the rock of silence. Soon the whole line of wagons was bursting with "Oh Susanna." It rocked and lilted across the mountain tops and echoed back with redoubled force. The silence pined away to nothing and the space was filled with the joyous music. The trees below seemed to waver with the rollicking rhythms of the song. The barren mountains trembled with the force of the re-echoed tones. Everywhere there was the rejoicing, triumphant sound.

And I felt that if the cover of my history book had been large enough to take it in, there would have been singing in Savannah, and in New York and, maybe, even in Boston. . . .

NOMA CLAYTON, 1946



## The Treasure of Loneliness

The city streets on Saturday morning are filled with impatient, scurrying people annoyed by the presence of all the rest. It seems to Chris that they are rushing in every direction imaginable as he struggles on his own circuitous way to the studio. The angry honking of horns, the shrill voices of bargaining women, and the monotonous cry of the newspaper boy, his call echoed by the one at the next corner, are all jumbled together, reminding Chris of a musician's nightmare. Finally reaching his destination, he sinks heavily onto a couch and listens, relieved, to the silence.

The contrast between the chaos outside and the peaceful quiet of his big, hollow studio is indeed striking, yet Chris does not feel alone. He never really seems to be alone. Outside, people are always in his way; they are talking to him, or walking with him. He is with people so much that when he begins to paint, his strokes are always forming people.

Chris ponders a while; Mr. Carlton, who helped him greatly in his art work, had suggested that he stop painting people and do landscape. This subject has never appealed to him, yet Chris has always wanted to shake off the ever-present impressions of people and be entirely alone.

He rises, collects his pallet and paints, and goes over to his easel where there rests a large canvas, ready to be covered with people. He stands in front of it but does not see it; he does not see the room, nor the buildings outside of the room. He absent-mindedly dips his brush into, first, the blue, and then the green paint. With one straight stroke he has before him a blue-green horizon.

"There lay a lonely, seemingly never-ending strip of white sand bordered on one side by the softly undulating dunes covered with dry grass, and on the other side by the vast, flat, chatoyant ocean constantly sending coils of foamy whiteness along the sand. The dazzling golden rays of the sun glittered over a large patch of green water like dancing jewels; it made heat waves shimmer along the narrow white strip. The soft breeze that blew over the dunes rippled the grass in gray-green waves, taking up the rhythm of the sea. The unending ribbon of sand was occasionally broken by a jagged

object jutting, half uncovered, into a sharp heap, yet the thing itself would be worn smooth by the unceasing rub of the sand and salt. Here these cast-up particles lay unclaimed, their mysterious presence signifying some past tale of the sea. Yet no human ever placed them there. No foot prints led up to them.

"The sounds were everlasting sounds. There was the low mumbbling of an approaching wave becoming louder until it culminated into a dull, roaring thud followed by the swishing of retreating water. This sound process rippled along the shore each time becoming less audible until the full strength of it all was repeated. The wind whispered through the dry grass and moaned in the glass of each telephone pole along the way. These rhythmic noises were interrupted by the occasional cry of a sea gull and the distant blunt hoot of a fog horn, but never by the voice of man.

"But as the sounds were constant so was the changing scenery. The slowly setting sun sent longer, narrower paths of sparkles across the darkening water. The dancing jewels were scarlet in the late afternoon light. The sandy strip slowly expanded, Tiny rows of shell and rock revealed various water lines made by a reluctantly retreating ocean.

"The sun was clothed in majestic splendor, its purple and scarlet colors whisked in bright streaks across the sky, and cast a pink glow over the sand. Each tiny shell caught the light and twinkled along the beach.

"Then the rich veil of sunset slipped silently over the edge of the horizon and the brilliance left the west. There remained a gray beach and a blue-green ocean.

"Great forces were ever moving, yet everything was still; there were always sounds, yet all was really quiet. Here there was no trace of man, nor could there ever be, for his foot prints would be smothered by the swelling sea and the fragments of his voice would be scattered over the land by the constant breeze."

A few months have passed, Chris leaves his peaceful studio and walks out into the street. The young artist at last reaches the door of the art museum and enters. At the extreme end of a long hall to the right of the door there is a small crowd of people. Some are standing close to the wall, bent forward while others are backing

off with their heads tipped. There is an occasional murmur but mostly silence.

There on the wall hangs a large painting. Many come to see it because it is the "original" of a widely seen picture. But many come as the old man standing next to Chris came. He had the physiognomy of a sea-faring person, and, as he strode off there was a bright gleam in his eye: "I wouldn't mind this crazy world and all the land-loving people in it, if I could always be gazing at that picture."

Chris smiles to himself.

CAROLYN TEESON, 1946

## Interlude

This is a tranquil night.

The air is still.

A glorious canopy of studded night  
Sheds silent mists from its display,  
And woodlands thrill in deepest hush.  
A quiet moon slips on its way,  
As silver night replaces day.

Then

Monstrous shadows do appear;  
The air is loudly stabbed.  
Unfathomable blasts wrench clear,  
And all the space is wilful sound.  
The timeless shades of evening's chorus  
With tumultuous roar resound,  
And tranquillity cannot be found.

But

Eclipsing darkness passes by  
And all is still once more.  
Reverberations sound, but high.  
The whisper of each leaf now reigns.  
Enchantment reaches once again  
And darkened shadows are but stains,  
For all eternity remains.

MURIEL GREENE, 1946



## Ohio State

We stood, a party of five, talking quickly and with intense excitement. Our actions were prompted by obvious marks of curiosity and wonder, and speaking helped to supplement our frank impatience. Before us stood, with expansive erectness and austerity, the cold impersonal walls which we were waiting to enter. Within them was a community of which we were completely ignorant, except for the scant hints we had received through the newspapers. These walls contained the state penitentiary and inside the gates were to be revealed the life and mysteries concerning its people.

Soon a clink, clinking of a door was heard, as if it were being unlocked from within, and a tall man in a blue uniform ushered us into a little room. There, with a group of other people we stood, as if awaiting to see objects of art, while he carefully checked our purses to see if we had any harmful weapons. When he had finished with this routine procedure, he muttered a few words of precaution and directed us out into the court. There was no one in the yard, and because of this emptiness, we were impressed with the immensity of the institution. We could see the carpenter school, the cooking house, the manual labor school and the many other buildings that were in the court, enclosed on all sides by the large massive walls.

Our guide informed us that we would first see the death chamber; subconsciously a cold shudder ran down our backs. He directed us into a separate, little building in the court a few feet to the right of the main offices. The room which we entered was filled with many rows of seats almost like a small auditorium, and at one end of the room, raised on a little platform was a large black chair. It looked quite similar to a dentist's chair with many odd gadgets attached to it. In spite of the simplicity of the mechanism, we looked at it with a sense of horror, because of the purpose behind it. The walls of the room were lined with a galaxy of small photographs and under each was a long meaningful number. All of a sudden our many exclamations at what we were seeing were interrupted by a man's voice. He spoke with great rapidity—information, we discerned, concerning the pictures facing us on the wall. It was obvious from

the monotony with which he spoke that this was the same speech that was given to every group of sightseers. Our former guide had left us when we entered the death chamber, since this man was waiting to tell us of the points of interest in the room. He was very short and rather stocky, and I noticed that he had on a completely black uniform with a long black stripe that ran down the side of his pants, quite unlike the uniforms of most of the other guards. He had bright carrot colored hair that seemed to stand straight up on end all over his head like bristles. His eyes were small and set in quite far. Every time he smiled, he squinted his lids so that you were shocked with the sense that perhaps he had no eyes at all. However, when they were wide open, they were a fiery orange color that seemed to blend in and match perfectly his hair. More than anything else in the room, I was most impressed with the carrot colored man with the long stripe on the side of his pants. On later inquiry I learned that the stripe signified a first degree murder the trusty had committed by maliciously killing an unsuspecting gasoline attendant.

It was with a sigh of relief that we left the room, and our former guide took us out into the court. Just at that moment a whistle blew, and we heard a simultaneous clank of unlocked doors. We were halted and told not to move. In stiff formation five rows of men marched out across the court. The black and white lines of their suits were sharp in the sunlight. The court looked like an expanse of stripes moving up and down. Automatically and impassively the prisoners moved, so that one felt that they might be mechanical beings parading down the field. The effect of this was almost overpowering.

Finally we were led over to a large building, and after the guide had unlocked the door, we walked in to find ourselves confronted by two tiers of cages with only a small passageway along which we might walk. The only other objects to draw our attention from the cells were hundreds of radio wires that ran from cage to cage and down the passageway. It looked as if a spider had woven his web throughout the whole building. The first cell we came to was empty, and I was surprised to see how small it was. There was space enough for a cot, a little stand for a radio and no more. The next cages were filled, and I'll never forget the sense of shock I felt when I looked up

and saw one of the prisoners sitting on his bed staring at us. His eyes were unforgettable; they stared at you and through you. Grief, shame and an almost fierceness pervaded his look. Quickly we went on, and in the next cage found the occupant pacing up and down, up and down. He looked almost like an animal who was trying desperately to escape. I felt myself turn red and blush all over with shame at the contrast of my being on the outside, safe and free, watching him. As we walked on further, I noticed in some of their eyes a deep sensitiveness and sorrow and in others a hardness and indifference.

Finally our guide informed us that our tour was over, and as we walked down the corridor of the main building, we were unable to speak. The impact of our afternoon's excursion had silenced us.

SUSAN WRIGHT, 1946

## Peace or Poem by a Stranger

### I

"I winged my way in silent flight,  
Cleaving the yawning void of night,  
Motionless, yet moving ever,  
Flying quickly, ceasing never,

Onward through the barren air  
Where the sultry shadows share,  
Dancing in cadaverous glow  
Infernal fires from below.

Mile on mile on lifeless mile  
Returning from my long exile,  
Where centuries are but a day,  
Where eons fade and pass away.

Back from everlasting dearth  
To my hope, my home, the earth,  
Down through the sulphur-smoking pall  
Of shades and gloom that covered all.



I plunged to where the ephemeral glow  
Flickered high and dwindled low,  
And once in a flash it seemed to flee  
In transient mutability.

The sky and the ether fled behind;  
The wind in my feathers shrieked and whined.  
Rough land leapt up and grew in size  
'Til there was my haven before my eyes.

Straining sinews slowed my flight  
And weary muscles forced their might  
To search, with tired wings unfurled,  
A welcome and recipient world."

## II

While on the earth, with awed surprise,  
The air was pierced with a million eyes—  
Like a silver mote from the skies above  
Coasted and swooped a lone white dove.

This evanescent speck from afar  
Twinkled and gleamed like a single star;  
Then down from the tenuous atmosphere  
It swooped again and hovered near.

But still as they had been all the while  
During the tedious long exile,  
The drums of war continued to beat,  
Synchronized with the marching feet.

Guns, with a bright explosive glare,  
Ripped back the edges of the air.  
Dank off the shore of some beach head  
Floated the bodies of unknown dead.

Suffering people gaped in fear  
As the white-winged creature fluttered near;  
And the dying saw an ethereal light  
Shine from the bird as it dipped in flight.

“I saw it come,” said one old man.  
“I saw it come and try to land.  
I felt the wind as it glided by;  
I wanted that bird when I heard it cry.”

It circled once, it circled again,  
It soared and sank and tried in vain.  
Seared by the powder, singed by the flame,  
It turned and traveled from whence it came.

### III

“My weary wings beat slower now  
As I wondered why and wondered how,  
Weighed by the sadness in my breast,  
Held by fatigue from lack of rest.

I had seen what I could not understand,  
The mind cut loose from the grasping hand,  
Which shot forth venom to destroy  
And starve the brain with fanatic joy.

I saw the wandering mind swirl by  
Like silt in the flood when the tide is high;  
Helpless, hopeless and inert mass  
Stifled, choked by the smoke and gas.

When I had started I could not tell;  
I'd flown from hell to a mortal hell  
Which covered the earth with effusive breath  
Pouring flame and the stench of death.

I'd only wanted to settle there  
And raise my song to the waiting air,  
To sing with the sparrow and whippoorwill,  
To fly with the moon when the night is still.

But I was a stranger from long exile  
And was not received with a welcome smile,  
Unknown by the young who had seen me not,  
Repelled by the old who had soon forgot.

I winged my way in silent flight  
Cleaving the yawning void of night,  
Back to the wastes of endless pain  
To wait for a time to try again."

NANCY THOMAS, 1946





## The Genius, the Lion, and the Cage

When the Genius was only eight, people patted him on the head benevolently and said to him in patronizing tones (which he loathed), "My, what a brilliant little boy you are. We'll expect something really startling from you when you're grown up." The Genius, however, was fully self-controlled, and had been since the age of six when, shortly after his family had learned that he was a Genius, he had kicked an austere and important old lady (who might have taken a great and possibly a financial interest in his future) quite hard in the shins because she had patted him on the head. It was the first time in the Genius' remembrance that anyone had ever patted his head and called him "little man" particularly after telling him that lollipops were bad for him, and taking the one he had been eating away from him. He had kicked old Mrs. Cornish in the shins in what children may agree was justifiable anger; but his parents, although proud of their 'progressive' beliefs, had, in what parents may regard as justifiable anger, forgotten their firm and oft-spoken disapproval of corporal punishment and hauled out the old hairbrush. Greatly insulted by this indignity to one who was—as even the unfortunate Mrs. Cornish had said—a Genius, the Genius had proceeded to master the difficult art of self-control, a resolve which had served him pretty well until the age of eight, when, as we said above, people began constantly to say to him, "You must do something really important when you are older."

One day, when the Genius came home from fourth grade, after a gruelling day spent facing the sneers and jeers of his inferior classmates, he ran to his room and cried all afternoon; such treatment after having been told that his future must be world-shaking was unendurable. His parents had stared at one another in amazement and consternation; surely Whitten was well-adjusted. (They had the modern vocabulary of child psychology completely mastered, you see.)

Whitten was eventually sent away to boarding school and then to college, which meant, naturally, for a Genius, Harvard. There he was now compelled to do more than excel in prescribed work; as a Genius he was expected to do Something Spectacular—to split

the electron, or to write the Great International Novel, or to revolutionize world statesmanship, or to create an entirely new art form. He had been told such things all his life; the only trouble was that Whitten Smith, although a Genius, did not want to split electrons, or write the Great International Novel, or even to discover a substitute for electricity. He had a secret desire; one which he pandered to by voracious but secret reading; one which he fed and nourished by never speaking of—for even he felt that perhaps the response to his admission of his secret aim in life might not be wholly a delighted and approving one.

The Genius' sole and overwhelming desire in life was to be a lion tamer. He read continually—books about circuses, and big game expeditions, and African explorations, and lions, and he even followed this interest to the extent of sneaking off to the circus of a Saturday afternoon, when it came to Boston. The hordes of children who were there were far too dazzled by the spectacle to speculate about the pale young man with the thick-lensed, horn-rimmed glasses sitting in their midst, and it is certain that Whitten himself was far too engrossed in the wondrous art of the lion tamer ever to notice that his fellow spectators were mainly noisy, obnoxiously young children whose I. Q.'s were undoubtedly something to whisper about shamefacedly; marks of disgrace, as it were, to family and friends. Whitten, after the wondrous sight was over, would slink back to Harvard, but there probably was not a boy at dinner in Thayer that evening who had a more uplifted expression than the Genius. The few boys who knew the Genius at all well, who lived on his floor and next door to him, noticed the expression, but doubtless attributed it to intellectual joy—probably gained from attendance at a lecture on Sanskrit and its relation to Babylonian cuneiform, or a similar subject. At any rate, they didn't inquire into the matter (doubtless afraid of the strings of long, technical words that might emerge from the Genius' lips at any moment, once you got him started on one of his pet subjects) and, if one day at the circus Tom Woodbury and Jack Barrett did think they saw a pale, bespectacled figure strikingly resembling the Genius, they attributed it to the effects of the late hours they had kept at a coming-out party the night before, and the size of Boston Garden.

He spent a good deal of time in the excellent scientific library,



and even browsed about a bit in the ancient languages section, renewing his old interest in Sanskrit and other such dusty subjects.

Perhaps you might think that the Genius pursued this intellectual course alone, sitting in solitary grandeur among the stacks, and you would be quite right—for a time, Whitten did so, but he soon found a fellow-Sanskritist, in the person of a certain Lucinda Penman, a senior at a nearby college, whom some cruel people have been heard to call "the rabbit." As a matter of fact, Whitten thought, when he thought at all about her looks, that Lucinda's slight but undeniable resemblance to a rabbit was rather fetching—perhaps because of the three little black and white rabbits he had owned when young, or perhaps merely because he thought that women's looks should not detract from their many more sterling qualities, such as ability to scrub floors while discoursing learnedly about Greek sarcophagi. Unfortunately the Genius had not yet found this, to him, desirable paragon of all womanly virtues, and so he compromised by eschewing the companionship of women—that is, until he met Lucinda, who, although frail, knew nearly as much about Sanskrit inscriptions as he did. Of course, her experience in electron-splitting was limited to college chemistry, first year, but she could at least listen intelligently.

But, as their friendship grew, and expanded even to the extent of playing a bit with Babylonian cuneiform, the Genius became conscious of a desire to do some great feat that would dazzle the fair (or rather, rabbity) Lucinda. She herself had once expressed a detestation for all features of a circus—"A hideous, noisy, glaring thing," as she put it. "Why, as a child, I would shiver all the way home after a trip to the circus." The cause of the shiver had undoubtedly slipped Lucinda's mind, as she had, as a child, been passionately fond of the circus, and if she shivered all the way home, it was probably from excitement rather than terror. However, the Genius realized that he could never reveal to Lucinda his secret ambition—until, one warm day in late spring, Lucinda, on seeing a circus placard posted on a country barn (taking their Sanskrit translations, they had gone off into the country for a picnic) she said, reminiscently, "Whitten, I once most earnestly desired to own an elephant. I so admired his size, his bulk, and above all his majestic waving trunk. Do you not think, Whitten, that the elephant is a



superb animal?" Whitten did not, as a matter of fact; but he felt that he owed something to Lucinda for this revelation, so he replied, "It is a passable beast, but really, I much prefer the lion. The lion . . ." (in a burst of confidence, throwing reserve to the winds) ". . . do you know, Lucinda, sometimes I feel that I, alone of all men, could really, if it were necessary, subdue a lion's savage frenzy? I feel a sense of power over it; yet, I have never even been in the same cage with a lion."

Lucinda, terrified a bit, yet intrigued, said in a little shriek, "Well, I should hope not! What an appalling thought, Whitten!"

Perhaps it was the warm spring air, or the beautiful landscape, but Whitten, in an unwontedly boastful mood, said, "Oh, I don't think so, Lucinda. If a lion were to escape from its cage, and menace a crowd, I should be glad to demonstrate my prowess with a whip and chair. I was a fencer in college, you know."

Lucinda, being in her senior year at college and also a fencer, was properly impressed, but also a little conscious of a wicked, sinful desire to see Whitten, armed with a chair and a whip, confronting a roaring and enraged lion, and somehow the picture wouldn't come, so she merely said, "Oh, Whitten, do you know anything about lion taming?"

Did he know anything about lion taming! Whitten, who had made a scientific, but theoretical, study of the subject, was affronted. In great indignation, he began, "Why...why..." and stopped again. What was the use of trying to explain to this...this...fancier of elephants...how long and hard he had worked...mentally of course...at lion taming...planning how he should best the lion, if..., and when...? So he relapsed into embarrassed silence, which, tactfully, Lucinda ignored, gazing at the view. So they passed that afternoon, and, after nearly revealing his secret, Whitten had not been able to take the plunge.

Now the Genius had never been considered a coward—he had entered into sports with a will, and if the results were not exactly spectacular, everyone understood that the Genius was, in fact, a Genius, not expected to excel in mere athletic activities as long as he kept his knowledge of mathematics and chemistry on a level several degrees higher than that of the rest of his class. But in fencing the Genius had made some slight progress—in fact, he was considered

a passably good fencer by those who knew about such things. Of course, what they didn't know was that inwardly, as the Genius parried and advanced, beat and retreated, he was seeing himself with a chair and whip, and a stern and compelling glance levelled, not upon Mr. Leslie, the fencing coach, but on the largest, fiercest lion in the zoo. Whitten liked to go to the zoo and stand outside a lion's cage, staring at it in a compelling fashion, but the lion never seemed to notice. But, Whitten thought, wait until Hugo and I meet on equal terms—he with his claws, I with my chair!! Hugo happened to be the name of the last lion Whitten had seen—a large old lion in a circus now traveling through the towns near Parker College. Actually, as lions go Hugo was fairly mild-tempered, although Whitten didn't know that, and he ached to challenge the lion.

Unfortunately, even the wildest of dreams have been known to come true, and Whitten's did. It all came about very fantastically, in a simple and coincidental way. One morning Whitten was walking about the circus grounds in the neighboring town, looking in the cages, when he heard a stealthy pad, pad, pad, behind him and turned to see Hugo smiling at him in his leonine way, standing unattended and unconfined a short distance from him. Perhaps a little nonplussed by the sudden movement of the man a little in front of him, Hugo stopped. Needless to say, Whitten did not rush joyously forward to greet his friend Hugo. In fact, all the years of Geniushood Whitten had enjoyed, and all the years of electron-splitting that were, or once were, ahead of him, seemed suddenly awfully large and important to him. The Genius took one long step backward, but his eyes, although without the compelling expression, were glued on Hugo. A lion tamer, Whitten thought in disgust. I should have stuck to my Sanskrit! He took another long step backwards, and found himself backed up against something that was hard and unyielding—but this time Hugo also took a step forward...only a shy, hesitating one, however, and some of the Genius' terror subsided, leaving room for him to think busily about placating the fierce beast. He looked fearfully out of the corner of his eye at the thing he had bumped—it was a large double cage, big enough for two large lions, or a large lion and tiger, or even—here the light bulb of the cartoons flashed in his brain—a lion and a man—with a nice firm partition of iron bars between. Elated, but still



cautious and wary, an idea began to form in the Genius' busy brain. Meanwhile, Hugo, perhaps through drowsiness, or maybe even through boredom, opened his mouth and yawned. Whitten was amazed to note that Hugo's mouth, which should have been filled with long, sharp, fanglike teeth, was lined with nothing but toothless gums. Why, Hugo wasn't really so fierce—not really, thought Whitten—it's only a little breeze that is making me shiver! He reached out a cautious hand to the door of the cage. Both doors opened from the center and both were wide open. Slowly, quietly, fearfully, with one eye on Hugo, who, although decrepit, Whitten thought, did have awfully sharp claws, was moving forward with a deceptively ambling gait, the Genius pulled the door of the cage shut. As it nearly shut, the Genius, with a bound that startled poor Hugo, leaped into the cage and clanged the door shut. Hugo, puzzled, walked forward to survey this unprecedented sight, and perhaps intrigued by it, leaped into the other side of the cage and sat there, calmly and proudly surveying the freedom he had renounced.

If it were not lost, that freedom was to be very soon, for one of the circus hands appeared from a nearby tent, and slammed shut the door of Hugo's cage. Hugo merely growled a little—the Genius cringed—whether with shame or fear is hard to say. But the circus hand, as Whitten stepped down from the cage with as much dignity as he could muster, said with admiration, "That was clever, sir. When you played your little trick on old Hugo, I'd just located him. Some careless fool didn't lock his cage. What's your name, sir? That was quite a feat, to leap into the cage yourself like that."

Whitten, gratified, said, "Oh, I'd prefer not to have my name brought into this. You understand, I should think."

The circus hand admitted, "Well, yes, but it's too bad—it'll make quite a story."

Nodding agreement, Whitten took himself off. The next morning, he stood outside the library talking to Lucinda. She had a morning paper in her hands, and was reading a "human interest" article on the back page, which told about an unknown man who had caught the lion so cleverly. She said, "Just think, Whitten, if you had been there, you could have caught up a chair and whip and made that lion go back into the cage. I guess that would have made a good story!"



The Genius looked modestly down at the sidewalk, and admitted, "Yes, I guess it would."

"But tell me, Whitten, you don't really like circuses, and lions—do you?"

Whitten smiled secretly. "Oh—I used to like lions, but I don't any more. You grow out of silly notions like that, don't you know."

MARIAN WHITE, 1947

## The Heated Argument

Four dumpy mountains sat together in the distance. They were merely a dark blue on the horizon between the black winter-woods and the white winter-sky. One mountain must have said something, for quietly, imperceptibly, another began to blush, and the more embarrassed it grew so much more red was the sky about it. Then an argument arose as to the origin of the painful statement and ran beyond them to the other squat mountains. And soon there was a light yellow-red ribbon between the mountains and the sky as they squabbled. The sky grew brighter, and the humpy, lumpy mountains almost shook their fists at each other. Forgetting themselves in their anger they turned purple, especially those haranguing most heartily. But changing color was not the only result of their eagerness, for soon they had a pink, powdery, fuzzy glow which appeared to have a depth of its own completely covering them. And the black branches of the winter-woods shone with perspiration, for the heat enveloping the dispute was scalding, burning. They even woke the sun with their silly debate, and, rosy with righteous anger, he stuck his head up behind those most violently "having words." Up and up he came, with every move more and more red in his fury at the senseless quarrel. His rage soon subsided (he would have risen soon, anyway) so with cold, yellow-white, rather-intense indifference he left them to their controversy. But they settled it as soon as the sun left, and faded into a long line, grey, uneven and indistinct on the horizon.

SUEANNE ROBBINS, 1947

## Opium Dream

She opens the bottle  
Of deepest red . . .  
“Opium Dream”  
The label said.

\* \* \* \* \*

The little door swings  
To and fro;  
In the smoke filled room  
They come and go.

One small Chinaman  
Sits alone:  
His legs are crossed.  
Is he made of stone?

No, he moves  
A bit,  
To light his pipe,  
Then still he sits.

The smoke spreads 'round  
His pigtail and cap  
And his wizened face;  
It's his opium nap.

He slouches and nods,  
Pipe falls to the floor,  
As if he were dead.  
Can he ever wake more?

And among the ones  
That come and go:  
How wise they seem,  
But can they know—

Of the things that pass  
In that Chinaman's head,  
The wildest dreams,  
Things never said?

Of scaly dragons,  
Snapping turtles;  
The magic poppy  
In violent purples?

But gradually now  
The mildness goes:  
No more is he stone;  
He moves his toes

In their satin casings.  
He stretches,  
And winks,  
And calls for his tea.

But the little door swings  
To and fro,  
In the smoke filled room  
They come and go.

\* \* \* \* \*

She starts  
of a sudden,  
Stares at what  
She has done:

A bright red tip  
To every finger,  
Magic in color,  
Magic in her.

Forbidden polish  
This beautiful color:  
"Opium Dream,"  
From her mother's drawer.

JOYCE MERRICK, 1946



## Silence After Thunder

"January 3, 1946, Quebec."—In an obscure corner of a daily paper I read a brief sentence stating that five men had been killed by an avalanche on Mt. T—. As I read the names my thoughts turned quickly back to several years before. For three months I had been stationed with one of these men in a Greenland weather station. In that barren land, the men of isolated posts get to know each other pretty well. Of course, the instruments had to be checked, and there was the old vic, and cards, but there was still plenty of extra time in which to think and talk of home. Steve Thurston was a typical American boy. He had been one of the gang that had hung around together after school, skied in the winter, played baseball in the spring, and swum in the summer. In the winter of '41 the eight of them had saved their money and planned to go to Canada during Christmas vacation. It was their last year in high school; this would be their last trip together before going to college and to work next fall. Then the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. The United States was at war! There could be no more pleasure trips. Two of the boys joined up immediately. The others waited to become of age and to finish school. By the end of the summer they were scattered all over the world, but before they parted, they vowed that the first week of the new year after the end of the war, they would take their trip. That was five years ago and three of them will never return. They gave their lives that the youth of the world might enjoy their traditional pleasures and that the aged might be assured of security.

The five that returned, older, wiser, and less carefree, started out on their postponed trip. Having been in the Laurentians at that time of year myself, I know how beautiful it must have been and what peace it must have brought to their war-shattered nerves and wearied bodies. In my mind I can see them starting out in the early morning with the frost still glistening on the trees, climbing and looking down on a white, sparkling world. One can feel so alone and free on a quiet mountain top surrounded with the white peaks of other mountains reflecting the brilliant rays of the early sun. There is the unequalled thrill of schussing down an open slope, a slight swing of the shoulder to avoid a scrubby pine, a cloud of powder snow that

cools your face and brings relief from the burning sun. The five started climbing again but paused to listen to a distant rumble. The sky was clear and there were no guns there. The sound grew louder and looking up the mountain they were held motionless by the sight of an inescapable and powerful wall of an avalanche moving towards them, tons and tons of rock, ice and snow. A great thunder, then—eternal silence.

BARBARA BIDDLE, 1946

## To a Skeleton

I wonder who you are  
And what you think of us,  
As we peer at you and count your bones  
And smile and say, "Ah, Yes. The tibia!"  
Were you once a fresh-faced boy who made the teams in school?  
Or did you play House and Store and Party with a dozen fair-haired dolls?  
Were you the class bully,  
Or were you the class sweetheart, who got all the valentines?  
Were you one of the "drug-store crowd,"  
Or did you shine shoes and sell newspapers and give each moist penny to your mother, who pushed you out and asked for more?  
Did you love to lie in grassy meadows  
With tangy smells of farm and field in your nostrils;  
Or did you dash up flights of tenement stairs to cabbage smells and dirt and filth?  
Did you ever know the fun of winter skating;  
Or did you shiver in an attic room, imagining coffee and bread and warmth?  
Did you ride in subways, packed and pressed  
With other human bodies, other souls;  
Or did you ride along through city streets  
In shiny, sleek and streamlined cars?  
And when you died  
Were there flowers, tears and crêpe?  
Or did the gutter find you sprawled in lasting rest?  
I wonder, yes, I wonder. I wonder who you were.  
I wonder who you are.

MARIAN TROUB, 1946



## Ghost Ship

I was almost eight when I first heard the tale of the "Arabella." My grandfather told it to me as we were sitting on a high pinnacle of rock overlooking the broad expanse of blue that is the Atlantic Ocean. From our perch we could see, on our left, the indentation in the rough coast caused by the harbor and just beyond that the warm, friendly lights of our house. The story of how the majestic "Arabella" with billowing sails and graceful form sailed from the harbor to disappear mysteriously was not new. It had been told to my mother, aunts, uncles, and older cousins. Nevertheless, I felt the thrill of being the first of my generation to hear it, especially when the old man dropped his voice and whispered that upon certain summer nights, and certainly this would be one, the "Arabella" returned silently to her home port.

Lying in bed, I could almost see the "Arabella": the window curtains were the sails, a streak in the wall paper that had appeared when I had forgotten to close the window one rainy night was a mast, and the baseboard formed the hull of the ship. This was hardly satisfactory. I slipped out of bed, tiptoed down the thickly carpeted stairs and gently unlocked the screen door.

The moon was high and still, and the density of the dampness made it rather difficult to breathe. A thin little curtain of fog hovered low over the harbor as I made my way over coils of rope and



around the ends of pulled-up dories. The salt-drenched boards were like satin under my feet. I was still walking on tip-toe so as not to disturb the majesty and mystery of the night. The "Arabella" was not in sight. I waited. Still it did not come. I turned softly away, then wheeled; it must be there; it just had to be. The little fog curtain rose, and as I stood waiting, she came. Her figurehead was the first to come, then her blue hulk with frosty trimmings and above it her sails. I counted four main masts. When I could read her name on the stern she seemed to pause, and then a small bit of cloud crept over the moon, long shadows hurled themselves into the sharp clearness of the scene, and suddenly—I turned and ran, too terrified to look back, and did not stop until I heard the screen door bang behind me.

I awoke the next morning and lay staring at a lonely fly making his way across the ceiling. I did not see the shadows and darkness of the night before but only the occult, majestic "Arabella" as she paused. I sighed, deeply contented, for after all, I had seen the "Arabella."

KATHERINE JOHNSON, 1946

## The Beginning

Winter's hard teeth bit Scottish earth;  
Ragged cries of labor tore at the frozen fog  
When the baby was born—  
From the warm, writhing torment of her mother's womb,  
To the chill, stilled torment of December's world;  
An awful silence stifled the stony castle room.  
And the silence had ears—  
It listened to the whispering of the phantom shuttles  
Leading new thread through the taut, set strings of Fate.  
But the moment did not have eyes.  
It could not see the sisters bent above the tapestry;  
Smooth of finger, poor of sight, damp of mind,  
The weight of mankind's sorrow sitting heavy on their backs.

It could not see blind fingers groping for a thread of black,  
Find it . . . and drop it . . . above a chubby paint-pot,  
Rescue it and clutch it and hold the thread aloft;  
Wiped clean now, wiped black now,  
To one end—dripping scarlet.

And then the spell was shattered by the child's wholesome cry;  
And the gentlewomen flexed their limbs and blinked at one another  
And hustled again.  
Blood burned the grey from the newborn cheeks.  
The heart of day, the sun, sent blood coursing through space  
To the thick-veined earth.  
The wind laid a hand on the morning's brow  
And found it feverish;  
And the pulse of the day was fast.

Mounted messengers were speedily dispatched.  
They fought the new mist spun about Linlithgow  
And won the road.  
Silently the partners parted  
And plunged separately on,  
Through fog clouds, fat and shapeless.

The errand of the first was a heavy assignment:  
To tell all Scotland that a princess had been born.  
He woke the sleeping city bells and left them sounding somberly,  
He drew the city people and left them huddled soundlessly,  
Nodding somberly.  
In each town and village it was the same.

The errand of the second was a heavy assignment:  
To tell the King of Scotland that a princess had been born.  
His horse devoured distance eagerly.  
The rider heard his beast's electric hoof beats;  
He felt the energy beneath his seat  
And saw the great neck arch into a saucy wind-gust;  
And he was not charged with the same spirit.  
The horse felt his master's heavy seat and changed his pace.

The messenger snatched his cap from his crown  
As he faltered into the sick King's room  
And blinked at the blackness.  
Royal attendants and royal physicians hovered about the royal bed;  
They had fanned and kindled and tended the spark  
(That had been a fire in James's breast).

The hope of an heir had kept it alive,  
The hope of a strong and stalwart son  
To finish the fight that James had begun.  
The message borne by the messenger  
Murdered the spirit of James the Fifth.  
"Farewell," said the king to his subjects there.  
"It came with one lass," said the husband of Mary;  
"It will pass with one. . . ." said the father of Mary;  
And he turned his face towards death.

The lass of Stuart features  
(And the lass of Stuart Fate)  
Curled her toes and counted her fingers  
And cooed and crooned and cried.  
When the great black bells of the country  
Struck deep ding-dongs of woe,  
She cradled her nose in her baby hand  
And wondered where the beads would land  
If she flung them from the crib.  
Gentlewomen hung about their charge.  
When they heard in the distance the great, black notes,  
They sank in a circle about the cradle  
(Like the dying flowers of a fairy ring)  
In serious curtseys.  
And the lass of Stuart features  
(And, alas, of Stuart fate)  
Curled her toes and counted her fingers  
And cooed and crooned and cried. . .  
With royal carelessness.



Negotiations were begun  
(While Queen Mary continued to suck her thumb).

With his mind full of a United Tudor Kingdom  
The stormy father of the storm-spent prince of England  
Clutched at the hand of Scotland's baby,

And Queen Mary clutched at swimming dust motes.

Scotland's lords considered the offer;  
They considered the money it meant;  
And they bartered their queen and their kingdom for gold.

Queen Mary considered shadows sidling.

While Queen Mary's mother considered the treaty drawn up by the  
English King,  
She considered the careful, stately words:  
Her daughter would live in England's court;  
If her daughter should *die* in England's court  
While yet a girl—  
Scotland's crown would find its way to the head of England's king.

Mary was the mother of Mary;  
At her breast chewed a mother's love.  
She gathered her babe to her mother's breast  
And laughed in the murderer's face.

Queen Mary laughed in her mother's face.

The murderer's murderous temper was tapped;  
He loosed his murdering men.  
They swarmed into Scotland  
And slaughtered the Scot  
And his wife and his child;  
They burned his home  
And his town and his city;  
They plundered, they ravaged, they pillaged, they razed—

And they stopped—  
When it was agreed that in ten years time  
Mary the Queen should leave behind  
Her home for her betrothed's  
They stopped.

Queen Mary in the cradle started to cry—  
And stopped;  
When she saw the Fear in her mother's eyes—  
She stopped.

Again black bells tolled.  
It was Henry weighting the ropes,  
His fiery person cooled.  
When the licorice tongues had ceased to wag,  
He walked in Scottish James' direction  
On Scottish James' path.

Queen Mary walked the air with fat feet in time with the tocsins'  
clanging.

An infant monarch cuddled in the cushions of Scotland's throne;  
An infant monarch climbed into the seat of England's throne;  
But the scepters of the nations were clenched in harder hands;  
Edward's Protector, Somerset, demanded his child-bride.

Queen Mary whimpered.

Edward's Protector, Somerset, marched over the border for Mary;  
In the baby's stead stood a sullen horde—  
Which he left in a gory grave.

Distance drowned the din of battle and the Queen of Scotland slept.

Poverty lunched on Scotland's soul,  
And nobility listened to France.  
They heard the suit of Francis.  
They gave him satisfaction.

Queen Mary yawned.

English spies spun through the lowlands  
In search of the little queen.

She was five now,  
With eager feet now,  
With pointed tongue now,  
That twisted dainty garlands of words;  
She was hidden on an island now.

The sky's windows were shut against the sun;  
The stars that people the hood of night stared—  
Solemn eyes, framed in a hood of darker hue, met curiosity with  
calm.

Wrapt in wool, wrapt in strong arms,  
Mary left her island home,  
Wrapt in the stealthy privacy of night.  
She did not sleep in the boat.  
Wind and wave locked in song,  
But she did not sleep on the lake.  
When the boat thudded against shore,  
She went from one pair of arms to another.  
She did not sleep on the horse.  
Sleep tugged at her eyelids,  
But she did not sleep on the land.  
The French Fleet lay in Dumbarton Bay  
Awaiting their future Queen.  
She was passed from the third set of arms to a fourth,  
Where she lay as still as the night.  
The ship shook and slid into darkness.  
Dour Scotland, sour Scotland, brooded in the rear;  
But Mary slept.

NANCY CONNABLE, 1948



## Miss Mittie's Problem

Warm, spring sunshine poured in cheerful rays through the stiffly starched curtains that brightened the front windows of the Greenville Center General Store. This, the largest building in the minute community that made up Greenville Center, was owned and run by a Miss Mittie Potter, a most proper and sedate maiden-lady of some sixty-odd years who made it her practice to give complete satisfaction to all her customers, or "of course, my dear, all your money back."

To describe Miss Mittie would take few words, for the very fact that there was little about her to describe. She was plump and quite short with grey hair, a pleasant expression and rather merry eyes, usually magnified by thick gold-rimmed spectacles. If you once met her at a tea, she would fade from your memory as soon as you took your eyes from her, and many people had been faced with the embarrassing experience of forgetting her name, more than once.

As I have said, it was a spring day, very bright and warm, and within Miss Mittie's store all was quite silent, except for the industrious buzzing of a stray bee, around one of a shelf-full of geranium plants that flourished in the morning sunlight.

There were few customers at that hour of the morning, and Miss Mittie had dozed off in her chair behind the counter, for the lack of something better to do. For, far away in her mind she seemed to hear voices, voices quarreling, getting louder, and still louder until—Miss Mittie's eyes popped open. There were voices, and right outside the window too. She became conscious of a man's harsh, savage tone as he was verbally beating down some one else who in a quietly pleading voice, begged to be understood.

Miss Mittie shook her head. She recognized those voices. It was that terrible Doc Bates brow-beating poor little Ellie again, right in the middle of town, for all to see. The little old lady sighed at the thought of Ellie Bates, young and a pretty little thing, or used to be anyway, before her father made her marry Doc. He'd thought Doc would be a good one to have in his business. He hadn't known. He hadn't known how, after he died that Doc just took everything out on Ellie; never let her have any fun, any money, any new clothes,

and always being so mean; yes, even beating her when he'd come home drunk from town at night.

This was the village scandal, and Miss Mittie was not alone in her feelings of compassion towards the girl. It was "poor little Ellie" this, and "oh, that poor girl" that, all over town, and at the weekly meetings of the sewing club, anxious women tried to think of ways to help, but never succeeded.

Curiosity as usual, got the better of Miss Mittie, and carefully pulling back the curtain she cautiously glanced in the direction of the voices. As she did this Doc Bates bellowed a final oath at his wife and raised his fist to strike her. He would surely have given her a cruel blow had he not seen Miss Mittie's shocked expression as she peered farther out of the window. Instead, she received a threateningly black look and Bates turned and swaggered off.

Miss Mittie, bristling with rage, her usually pleasant eyes shooting sparks of indignation, hurried out to the tragic little figure that stood with bowed head and shaking with uncontrollable sobs. Without a word, the sympathetic storekeeper put a comforting arm around the trembling shoulders and quietly led her into the store.

Ellie collapsed in Miss Mittie's comfortable chair. She couldn't stop her sobbing for some time, but when she finally lifted her white tear-streaked face from her work-worn little hands, Miss Mittie's heart was wrung by the tragedy so plainly written across her face.

"I can't go on any more like this, Miss Mittie," Ellie's whisper was hoarse and desperate. "I just can't take any more. I'm not trying to sound dramatic or anything, you know that, but I swear I'm going to do something,—something drastic."

Her face was completely dead-white now, and her deep blue eyes, burning with a tense, wild desperation, were like pits, surrounded by dark shadows. Miss Mittie was frightened. She searched vainly for comforting, reasoning words that never came, and her fears mounted as she looked again in Ellie's eyes, for there she saw all of Ellie's intentions, and they terrified her.

"I haven't got one thing, one single reason for living," the girl's dulled voice stabbed at the older woman's heart. "You know that, and, well, anything would be better than the life I lead."

Miss Mittie felt sick. She was dreaming, she must be. Here a young girl was telling her she was going to take her own life. Here was a

girl who by the unfortunate demands of a father, had been thrown into a life of misery, a girl who was young, and could be pretty and happy and should have been, and who was so broken in spirit that she seemed to have only one alternative. "No," Miss Mittie vowed determinedly to herself, "this shall not be."

"Ellie," she said, a calmness and strength, never before present, in her voice, "you'll stay with me tonight, and everything will be all right, my dear, don't you worry. Miss Mittie'll take *good* care of you."

\* \* \* \* \*

No one felt any remorse whatsoever when the news that Doc Bates had died two nights later, reached the people of Greenville Center. In fact, they were really so glad that they found it impossible to bring themselves to offer any consolation to his widow. Indeed, Ellie didn't seem to need it. She was greatly shocked, of course, but she had come to stay with Miss Mittie Potter who was taking care of her, and who said that it would take a little time, but Ellie would be just fine after a while.

The people of Greenville Center took Joe Bates' death as a natural thing. They had always said that his drinking would kill him one of these days, and old Doc Barbon said that he "figgered" that was what had done it, and the Doc would know, of course.

Yes, the Doc would know. It seems that he was in Miss Mittie's store several days after Joe Bates died, talking over various things with that little old lady. While he was there, Jeb Peters happened to drop in and stated the fact that Mrs. Peters had been having a terrible time with rats and mice in the cellar. Would Miss Mittie be so nice as to let him have a quarter's worth of that poison that was usually so good for getting rid of rats?

Miss Mittie looked carefully in the place where she usually kept such things as the mouse traps and other exterminating equipment. Finally she looked up, shaking her head.

"Awful sorry, Jeb," she said quietly, "but I seem to be all out of that poison. I'll have to send to the city for it. Why don't you drop in the first of next week? I'll be bound to have some more by then."

And Jeb left thanking her anyway. Soon afterwards Doc Barbon left too. He paused outside the store and looked back through the window at the little placid old lady, checking her accounts. Then



he saw a door open, and Ellie walked in from another room. As he watched, he saw her smile; smile for the first time since she had married Doc Bates. He shook his head and walked off, feeling strangely glad that sometimes doctors can make an error, and hoping that the rats weren't doing much damage in Mrs. Peters' cellar.

HOPE WHITCOMB, 1946



### Perver-city

The country roads are beautiful, I wot;  
*But city streets have something they have not.*  
The rural ways have lovely flowers and trees;  
*But signs for Burma Shave one also sees.*  
Wide thoroughfares have colored neon signs;  
*No star on country lane so brightly shines.*  
The din of all the cars sings in my ears,  
*More sweetly than the lark the yokel hears.*  
A traffic light of gorgeous red or green  
Enchants me more than any flower I've seen—  
My point, dear reader, possibly you've guessed;  
Although I live elsewhere, the city's best.

FRANCES LITTLE, 1946

## John Masefield's Poetry

I have never seen John Masefield, nor have I yet looked on a picture of him. I am sure, were I to see his picture, I would be quite disillusioned and disappointed; for I have read his poetry and have painted my own private portrait of John Masefield.

I see him standing tall, bronzed from the sun that shines upon the sea, that shines on an English country road. And he has walked upon that country road, and there he has heard the rook's call and has found cool rest in a lonely glade. There the west wind has sung with the birds, played with his hair, hummed in his ears. There he has seen the fox hunted, tracked, followed, chased, trapped . . . caught. There the cattle, lowing gently, have passed him. The warm rain has kissed him lightly and the smell of hay, turning to gold in the sunlight, has made him pause. He has tread through fields of clover singing with the buzzing of the bees. These songs of serenity have vibrated into him and passed out of him as poems of serenity. And when he had to leave these behind and go on to sterner duties, his poems cried for that English glade and pleaded for the red-brown fox and sighed for the warm west wind.

And then I think of John Masefield as having a sharp cheek bone, a rough eyebrow and a lean jaw. The blows that cheek has cushioned, the injustices over which that brow has scowled, the weaknesses through which that jaw has been firm have all harshened and roughened the man. He has seen a woman give over her life to nurturing her son as though he were a rare flower transplanted to poor soil. He has seen her, little by little, directing her son's roots, here packing the earth a little tighter, there loosening it. He has seen her dying of thirst to water her young plant, living in a darkened cellar that he might have the sunlight. Then, as her bountiful reward, he has seen her suffer and suffer.

Masefield has seen a boy, innocent, unknowing, who was trapped into a crude woman's arms and found they were sweet and magnetic, who found that their drawing power was stronger than his will, his reason, his sense of duty or his love for his mother. Masefield watched that boy, a pure-blooded stallion who felt a rope about his neck and leaped wildly and more wildly, only to draw the noose

more tightly. And, finally, Masfield has seen that noose break the boy's neck.\*

Masfield has felt the sting of sharp blow after sharp blow. Death has hit him again and again. A beautiful woman whom Death slandered; a noble knight whom Death reduced to dust by picking and clawing and tearing; a sailor struggling in the sea, whom Death salted and ate slowly; these blows have made Masfield see Death as a dark villain with a mildewy, rotting, damp, black fist. And a bolt of despair, like a crack of lightning, has cloven the ground before him. He has seen a man fight against his fate with all the wispy, breakable tools at his command. Then he has seen Fate strike that man with a blacksmith's anvil.

I would paint John Masfield's eyes blue; for the sea is in his eyes. His face is brown and weather-beaten; for the sea has lashed it. There are wrinkles worn in at the corners of his eyes; for the sea has glared at him. On a crisp, clear night with stars that seem like chunks of ice, the gentle slap-slap of the water against the side of a boat has lazily rolled into his heart and his verse. He has felt the quietness of a Christmas Eve at sea, as peaceful as that English road, but as majestic in import as the ever-ebbing and flowing seas.

He and his poetry have roared with the roaring waters that froth and foam and fly with their stinging darts of salt to trip up the unwary seaman; with the spray that gnashes its teeth and grinds into deck and flesh; with the spewing wind that strikes ship and sea and sailor.

He has seen the expansive, white canvas spreading above him and bending with the breeze, and the sun plodding through snowbanks of clouds, and whitecaps gurgling aloud. He has seen ships like great persons striding the seven seas. Some were proud ladies with tall masts and a haughty air. Others were queer chaps with quirks of personality. Still others had stories to relate, and he listened while they murmured in his ear, telling him the fantastic truth about their "jinxes" and their inner personalities.

He has touched many ports. One was the warm Spanish harbor that smiled at him with white teeth set in a nut-brown face. The tropic trade winds have sent him to paradisaal islands, green tufts in the wide blue sea, islands of pineapple and palm and bright, bizarre

\*This and the preceding paragraph refer to "The Widow in the Bye Street."



fish. And he has sailed home to a damp, English port full of tramp steamers and cockney sailors and stolidity.

He has pierced into the core of the men who sail the ships that ride the sea. They are rough, tough, hardy, and courageous. He has understood them, cursing on the sea or cursing in saloons. He has understood them through their illiteracy, and he has found that underneath their bronze coatings lie tenderness and simplicity and love for the women who wait. He has understood what they want in life and what they want in death. One seaman dreamt of going, when he was dead, to the cool, green, silent caverns below the sea, where the drowned ships are, and there to hear the wash of the tide and to see the keels of stately ships cutting the surface. Another thought heaven a haven of sunken ships whose crews lolled, drinking rum and dancing to a merry tune. Those merry tunes, the hornpipes, and the fiddles have danced their way into Masfield's poetry because they are a part of the sailor man into whom Masfield has turned a searching and understanding heart.

John Masfield has known the sea and its people; the sea will never leave him. So profoundly has the sea washed into him that if one could evaporate the essence of his poetry, the residue would be salt.

So there he is, walking tall, with a seaman's roll. He is brown as a jug of ale and as lean as a mast. He pauses in his walk to listen to the thrush's song, to gaze at a violet, or to sniff the salty air. He has a square jaw and salient cheek-bones. His eyebrows fringe his eyes like bluffs overlooking the blue sea, and every now and then, he smiles, gently, quietly, and the crease between his eyes softens. Now he is walking more slowly and the air is purpling into twilight; and now he is a speck at the end of the road.

NOMA CLAYTON, 1946

## Glittering Cruelty

The old elms, black against the late February evening sky, wept softly with the new chilling rain. The weathered old man turned to his whitened wife and said, "It may freeze . . . very bad . . . very bad." She nodded her assent, and anxiety added a few more lines to her face. You see, the two lived alone, with no one but each other—each other and their land. That was all they wanted. They loved each other deeply and cared for their few acres as for cherished children.

The cultivated garden, now peacefully inactive, had been blanketed by leaves and pine boughs, sheltering it from the evils of winter. But there was nothing they could do for the elms. It happened, in fact, to be the reverse, for the mammoth, aged trees had protected generation upon generation of men, and now they warned the old couple of what was to come.

The trees bowed to the deceptively quiet but rainy night, and moaned a little, thinking of what they would have to face.

The ice formed and by the time the tiny house slept all the earth was coated with a thickness of pure, clear ice. The old woman woke with a start! First there was a cracking, tearing noise, and then the sound of broken glass tinkling and clinking to the ground. Her window was the place she dashed to, for the sound was out-of-doors. She saw, from where she stood, in the early glow of the morning, a glint on every inch of ground. She woke her husband and together they watched the sun rise.

With the sun came the wind, the cruelest wind the elms had known. They had known many. The heavy weight of ice made them feel their age. Brittle age cannot be shaken by such violence and withstand it. The branches smashed and cracked. Such a heart-breaking, rending noise the old ones had never known. Their haven had been set on fire with an artificial glow in the reflection of the new full-fledged sun that seemed to mock the tragedy. The sun was far away and cold, so unconcerned as not to soothe the agony-racked area of life by the warmth it so badly needed.

The day was a chaos of crashing limbs and sprinkling, splintering ice. The sight of such might so completely crushed made the old

people weep. Their loss was great and the grief of it hung heavily on them.

By the following morning the wind had gone and left a battlefield of death haloed by the glinting sunlight. Now, too late, sympathy was wrung from that sun. It flooded and caressed each wounded, broken branch. There was nothing to do; nothing could help now. The harm, great and tremendous harm, was done. The spring and summer would come and with them the time when man could clear away the debris, but there would be scars, deep, never-healing scars. Oh, the trees would grow new branches, new leaves, and flourish again, most of them, but never could they regain their beauty of symmetry so wonderfully balanced and perfect. They were veterans of other battles, from which some bore limps and gashes, but such a massacre had not been known before. The last fierceness they had met that was on a par with this had been in their youth, and youth heals more easily than age. More easily heals the young heart than the aged, too.

The two old people were heartbroken. The beauty in their lives was gone. All they cared for besides each other had been maimed and crippled. They would not live to see it even partially mended. Spring held for them no new life, not rebirth, but a refreshing of grief. The garden would be uncovered and would sprout green things and flourish. The aged elms would make an attempt for newness... the mighty effort of a convalescent, but they would be unable, that first spring, to do more than sprout a leaf here and there. The old couple would clear away the dead branches giving them freedom to regain their full life. They would weed the budding garden and in it make their own attempt at recovery. No matter how much effort they put into their work, it would be with a faith in nature's good a bit broken. In twenty-four hours a swift blow had sent them down faster, hastening their decline in life. The elements they had lived for had turned against them and hurt what they held dearest... the fundamentals of nature's beauty.

Generations that followed them would see the healing in the world and the effect the old had to hasten it, but they would die hurt, themselves unknowing, without realizing that their efforts and faith had not been in vain.

ELSA HINCHMAN, 1946



## Liza's Teeth

Liza was our cook for ten years. There was never a kinder, more sympathetic soul to be found in the world. Her quick, bright eyes, buried in folds of soft wrinkled skin, were loving and tender as she looked upon us, her "chillun."

She had but one sorrow—her teeth. As a matter of fact, she lacked more teeth than she owned. When she talked, she lisped a bit, and when she laughed, an expanse of bright pink gum appeared. Liza seldom laughed in public, and when she forgot herself and did, an expression of horror crossed her face, as she would realize that her gums were showing, giving her a ludicrous expression, to the amusement of her listeners.

Because of this lack of teeth, Liza could eat only soft food. Sometimes she would sigh, as she put the remains of a roast into the ice-box, that she "sho" would like some of that, but nobody can't chew what ain't got teeth."

One Christmas our whole family decided to give a set of teeth to Liza. My brother and I decided to contribute the large sum of five dollars, and my mother and father took care of the rest. We went out into the kitchen and told Liza what her present was to be. Her old black eyes sparkled, and she unconsciously smacked her lips, imagining the food that she now would be able to consume. We laughed, and promised her a dinner of the biggest steak we could find on the market.

The next week, Liza was to make her first trip to the dentist. She got into the car excitedly, clutching her worn brown purse in her hand, and my mother drove her to the dentist. She came back chattering about the fine sets of teeth that had been on display in the office.

Liza made several more trips to the dentist, until finally the day came when the teeth were to be installed. She was even more excited than ever, if possible; we children watched at the window for an hour to see mother drive in. At last the tires crunched on the driveway, the car stopped, and Liza got out. She was a changed person. She walked, with tremendous dignity, in the front door, her head held high, her old eyes twinkling. She turned toward us, and be-

stowed one wide, extremely large white smile. We laughed and ran to hug her and to see how the teeth worked. From that day on, till she died, Liza laughed constantly, and ate the toughest foods she could find to test the new teeth, often proving proudly their strength by gnawing at a chicken bone.

Last year Liza died of something the doctor called ulcers, which we sadly suspect were a result of constant over-use of the new teeth. However, she was old, and died happily, armed with her teeth, which she used to say would be her passport through the pearly gates.

POLLY THOMAS, 1946

## Fear

Coming from the dark unknown,  
Fear in heavy robes of black,  
Strikes you when you are alone,  
Smothers you and makes you slack.  
Fear can do amazing things;  
It changes people every day.  
Fear makes beggars out of kings;  
Fear can make an atheist pray.

SALLY POWER, 1946



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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LXXIII

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## EDITORIALS

### BRUTALITY OR CIVILIZATION?

This is a so-called modern civilization. We of the twentieth century pride ourselves on the fact that we are able to control the forces of nature, but it is a sad fact that we are unable to control the forces of our own natures.

The need to keep up with this era of modernity is an always present force, making the average person of today nervous and insecure.

It is an apparent and tragic fact that our minds have not grown in proportion to our achievements, and a primitive feeling of jealousy is present in the mind of everyone. When this feeling is imparted to a nation, there is war. Unfortunately, we have the use of instruments of a modern civilization for this ancient purpose.

In order to relieve this load of modernism in our minds, we must resort to the primitive occasionally, so we have sports, and the more brutal they are, the more popular they become. Many people go to football games and when a man is hurt, there is a secret feeling of exhilaration. Automobile races are viewed for the thrill of the crash. Travellers in Mexico go to a bullfight hoping to see the matador gored, and immense crowds flock to boxing rings to see two men pound away at each other until one falls; and what a primitive feeling this knockout is, for the crowd stands yelling, screaming for blood, and soon you find yourself joining them, lost in the frenzy of it.

It is necessary that we grow up and recognize these feelings in ourselves. If you feel the effects of the modern civilization wearing upon you, go to a prize fight or a football game, and come back with a clear viewpoint towards life.

B. C. F. '47



## A CHALLENGE, 1947

The New Year is usually presented as "Baby New Year." Movie shorts, magazine covers, displays, and the like, all show pictures of "Baby New Year" toddling in while the "Old Year," an aged, white-haired man, plods to final rest carrying a heavy scythe. Everyone has seen these displays; everyone has called the New Year the "Baby New Year"; everyone has ushered out "Old Man Old Year," because that is what everybody does on New Year's Eve, as he sings, and dances, and whistles, and clangs the New Year in.

But can we thoughtfully and sincerely call 1947 "Baby New Year?" Can we call it by this old and worn-out metaphor? No, we can not...some will but they should not. As we make our New Year's resolutions, let us plan to give 1947 a head-start. Let him be born a glorified man, able to act with infinite intelligence; let him be strong enough to hold the world and its cares on his shoulders; let him be just enough to deal squarely with every man; let him be generous enough to give to each his share of the common lot.

No, you will not start out in diapers, 1947, but upon your proud shoulders, we place the *Toga Virilis*. Take the obligation that goes with this high honor, seriously. You have work to do. You have an unknown life ahead of you, and an accumulation of unsettled troubles that 1946 left behind because he had not time to take care of them all. But we have faith in you, 1947, you will come through because it is so important that you do so. This is a challenge, 1947!

And if you are old by the end of next December, we shall know why. If your hair is white and your beard is long, we shall know why. If your shoulders are stooped, your toga torn, we'll understand. Your task is not easy; it is the hardest we've yet assigned to any year, but you will come through, though it take a year to do all you must; though it send you limping away when your term is finished.

1947, go forward! Go forward, 1947.

L. B. '48

## “Ah Me! I Fondly Dream”

I stopped, and shifting the heavy bundle of groceries from one arm to the other, called Bobby Jr. to keep out of Miss Grayson's petunia bed. Little boys of four see no reason whatsoever for keeping away from petunia beds, but their poor mothers do. Ruined flowers do not help the good neighbor policy. Bob obediently moved out of the petunias and then headed in a beeline for home, regardless of any traffic in the street, having spotted our dilapidated station-wagon parked in the driveway. That meant Daddy and Daddy meant a new spark of excitement in the day, for mothers are very nice in some ways but daddies are just made for reading “Peter Churchmouse” or playing train or drawing funny pictures or just being watched attentively by little boys as they putter around and nick their fingers and say, “Damn.”

I followed after Bobby slowly and much more sedately, my mind going over the details of the day in the way a skipped stone hops across a quiet pool. Suddenly it stopped its jumping. Oh heavens, the reunion! My tenth year since driving out of Abbot's gates never to return again as a student. It had been wild that last day. I can remember rushing madly from thing to thing, packing, saying good-bys, begging Mother to take down the curtains for me, and, through it all, the autograph signing that you insisted you hated but which gave you a warm important feeling inside. And all the promises to return often to see everyone again.

Where were all the wonderful rosy dreams I'd had? What had become of them all? I was the girl who had secretly dreamed of becoming Senior-Mid president and maybe even head of Stu-G. But again, “Napoleon's cocked hat didn't quite fit.” And, having aimed for the lofty High Beta rating, what a shock it was to get Beta for attitude. And always those dreams of meeting a handsome Andover man who would ask me to all the tea dances. Of course I would fall violently in love with him simply because it was the thing to do and everyone would be frightfully jealous, even my roommate who was cute and very popular. Pipe dreams, full of divine stuff but about as real as Grimm's fairy tales because some girls have what it takes to be a leader and some girls haven't. You learn sooner or later that you

don't have to have it. I remember one line in poetry that we had in my third year. "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil." We had to memorize it and I used to console myself with those words.

There were dreams about college, too. I remember secretly hoping for that prize given to a Wellesley senior for the best novel written during the year. I had wanted to write since I was nine and I fully intended to become well-known. Oh yes, I had been told again and again that there was plenty of "Blood, Sweat, and Tears" in it and that you could get straight A's in college, but the field in the real thing was so cluttered with unrecognized talent that it was practically impossible to get a toe-hold. But that didn't stop me. I still knew I would be the one to get the toe-hold. You know, self-confidence is a wonderful thing if you don't have too much of it. A funny thing about it, though, is that the younger you are the surer you are that you will be on top, and when you begin getting a little experience you start realizing life just isn't a bed of roses. You learn along with that, though, that it isn't a pile of ashes either.

I was so incurably romantic, too. Poor Bob would have had a hard time filling out my order. I was going to marry a man who was someone that everyone would look at more than once. We were going to live first in the standard white dream-cottage with green shutters and then graduate to a Long Island mansion near the sea, complete with tennis court. I was not going to marry till I was twenty-four, though, because I wanted to have about a year of freedom after college. I loved New York City so terribly I was going to take an apartment there with a friend and start writing by working on a magazine staff—*Cosmopolitan* preferably. Of course nothing came out as it was supposed to. Pipe dreams, all pipe dreams.

With a start, I realized that I was wandering vaguely up the path towards my door and that my arm was numb from its heavy load. As Bob, in the living-room, heard the door close, he called, "Bunny, you devil, haven't you started supper yet?"

"Uh-uh," I replied, "you'll just have to stall off that ravenous appetite with a cookie. I've been busy meditating."

I heard a groan come from my mistreated husband as I proceeded to the kitchen with a wee smile of love and contentedness on my lips.



## The Peace of Youth

The low and sinking sun had sent  
Its final red-streaked ray  
Gliding through the window, as  
The Night relieved the Day.

Upon the hearth a few live coals,  
Which still retained their glow,  
Sent forth their humble warmth as if  
Their last remaining show.

Two chairs were drawn up by the fire;  
The larger, made to rock,  
The other's tiny seat was strewn  
With toys, a book, a sock.

Upon the rocking chair there lay  
An open book whose page  
Was spread with lively pictures  
Of some happy bygone age.

Across the room a little crib  
Lay pushed against the wall.  
Its wooden bars were raised lest its  
Wee inmate chance to fall.

Beneath a light blue blanket tucked  
With mother's loving care,  
A little head was snuggled, crowned  
By curls of silken hair.

The corners of his tiny mouth  
Were turned up in a smile,  
As some far faery paradise  
Beguiled his mind the while.

As silent as a shadow as  
It steals across the gloom,  
The door was opened slowly and  
A man stepped in the room.

He tiptoed to the crib and gazed  
With gentle look and mild  
Upon the blissful childish face  
Of the young slumb'ring child.

A far-off look came to his eyes,  
'Twas not this child he saw  
But one so very similar  
It filled his heart with awe.

It was full many years ago  
That in such sleep he'd lain  
As did this child. Oh, how he wished  
It might be he again!

As father looked at son he felt  
A voice within him say,  
"Oh, son, that you may never lose  
The peace you have today!"

SARAH JAY HUGHES '48

## Hans K——, Nazi Number ?

Hans K——, why do you lie there so stiffly on your small cot, watching the fog curl slowly through the bars of the small window? See, it clings to the rough stone walls outside, collects and drips in monotonous regularity. All night you've lain there in restless agony, knowing there are but a few hours more. All night the fog has thickened, the water dripped, steadily, incessantly, as if measuring the seconds dropping away. You shouldn't have refused the sedative they offered you. But had you slept there would have been dreams, dreadful repetitions of the last few months. Perhaps it's better this way. Now it's almost dawn.

You musn't think of what's ahead. It will only bring the wave of fearful nausea leaving you wet and spent. Think of the past. Not defeat and capture, the endless trials and questionings, but before. It wasn't so long ago. Remember the might and grandeur, countless forces of armor and men; the victorious swastikas that filled the air in black and white triumph. Then you were great! How you had crushed the fools who dared fight back! How you had— but listen, is that the sergeant in the hall? He's coming back again. Now the slat is opening, the steady eyes piercing the dimness. Why must he look in so often? They found the capsule; what can you do now? There is no possible way out. But still they look, every hour, every minute, with the regularity of the dripping outside, haunting you, laughing at you, making you go mad!

Why do you jump up, plodding across the cold stone to the window? What can you see? Grayness, nothing but damp grayness, waiting for you, so soon to engulf you in still wetter darkness. You, once so high in all your glory, your medals, and victories. Victories? In the field over fighting men? You were more cunning than that. Yours were over people, anonymous multitudes whom you crossed out in your black book. Neat little records of names so easily erased.

And now, look where you are. Soon they're coming: the priest with his useless prayers, the guard, the hood, choking out all meaning, all life. Are you afraid? Afraid of the rope, of death, of Hell? Why do you grip the ledge so? Is it the wet of the air or the wet of your fear running over you, through you, draining you of all strength?



What is wrong Hans K——? Haven't you fought for the Third Reich? Don't you know it's an honor to die for the Führer. Get up, Nazi! Hear, they are coming, coming with the prayers, the hood, the rope. Get up Hans K——. Die for the Führer. Heil Hitler! You are not afraid.

ROSEMARY JONES '48

## It's a Great Life

It wasn't a "blue Monday" for me; it was purple! The vengeful clangor of the first bell was unusually loud and prolonged and could not be ignored. After moaning despairingly for several minutes, I collapsed entirely again, just as the second bell rang. This was too much! An anguished scream woke my still sweetly slumb'ring roommate.

"Be quiet," she growled into her pillow, "the bell hasn't rung."

"Yes, it has," I groaned, "and I think it's very mean of it!"

Reaching sleepily for my robe and slippers, those articles so necessary for High Beta, I staggered down the hall. As luck would have it, my usual fellow-sufferers weren't suffering from the effects of Morpheus. Ah, no! They were as full of spirit as if they'd been up for hours—and they probably had.

"Good morning," they shrieked gleefully to the fearful apparition they beheld crawling in the door, "you certainly look wide-awake!"

"Oh, of course," I replied in the sweetest of tones. "Just a little ray of sunshine!"

"Well, you don't have to be bitter," they said.

"I'm not a bit bitter," I snarled, "and would it be too much trouble to lend me my toothpaste?"

"You *are* being bitter, and I have to use the toothpaste!" (Notice the omission of the personal pronoun. "The" toothpaste was already a community affair!)

A very monotonous quarrel began, which resulted in my expulsion from human society—that's what they called themselves!

When I dejectedly reached my room, Roommate was still sleeping, so I fiendishly set about waking her up.

"Yoo hoo," I caroled sweetly. "It's 7:10."

The blankets twitched.

"You better wake up."

A hand slowly slid out from under the covers, reached toward the table and felt for the clock, which had been wisely confiscated, and was now set at 7:30 as circumstantial evidence in case it was needed.

"You better hurry! It's almost 7:20."

"Good," a voice mumbled from the depths of the bed.

"7:20 is breakfast, you know," I warned.

"I'm not going to breakfast," the voice answered positively. "I don't feel like it."

"Oh, well, you better get dressed for chapel. It's almost time." (How tempus fugits!)

At this point, the breakfast bell rang, and Roommate, perhaps thinking it was the chapel bell, fell out of bed and dove for her clothes which were in a convenient heap on the floor.

As you may have guessed, I was entirely unprepared, but tried to make up for lost time by putting my slip on backwards and my skirt on inside-out. In an amazingly short time, Roommate was dressed, and helpfully ran down to "tell them to hold grace till you're ready." Her strategy failed, for when I came into the dining room ten minutes later, the first course was finished, and everyone seemed quite angry with me.

After breakfast it dawned on me that I had been carefully learning the wrong dates for history, and, after rushing to my room to study, the realization came that it was my morning to mop.

"The mopping will have to wait," I announced. "I have history to do. Just tell them not to inspect today."

I finished mopping just as the chapel bell rang, and sailed forth to chapel and classes, still wondering if the First Continental Congress was in 1774 or 1776, and if so, when was the second Congress?

At last, after a perfectly miserable day in classes (I really should do my homework—they say it helps!), it was time for lunch, and I wandered into the dining room, just in time to be apprehended by the kitchen police for not setting tables. Well, you can't think of everything!

It was a bad day for me in sports, too (one of my many) for I was taken out of the game as soon as the officials realized their mistake in putting me in, and spent the rest of the period watching disgustedly from the sidelines, while at intervals, innocent beings asked me, "Just what is your trouble?"

"Not a thing!" I purred the first three times but when the fourth person inquired solicitously, "Do you feel all right?" I screamed, "I feel fine!" and began beating my head against a nearby tree.

So now I not only am in a foul mood, but also have a headache, and while Tuesday may be blue for an unlucky few, I know it will be a violent violet for me!

DARLENE SHARP '47

## To the Four Great Powers

Oh, you four mighty castles on the hill,  
So battered by the storm which rocked the world,  
Though scarred and bleeding, you are standing still;  
Behold the ruin which on earth was hurled!  
'Round you the broken nations slowly rise,  
The murd'rous guns are mute, the storm has passed,  
The sun of peace lights faintly clouded skies;  
Beware, you four, lest those clouds win at last!  
You victors, leaders of the world to be,  
Forget your petty quarrels, selfish aims,  
Remember those who died to make us free  
And forfeit not the peace to war's fierce flames.  
For if you fail in this, nought shall remain,  
All sacrifices will have been in vain.

MILDRED KREIS '47



## The Decision of Number 288

He was walking amidst the silence of the roads and solitary hills. The sound of his footsteps came to his ears like drumbeats tapping out a nameless rhythm. The winter morning was raw and chilly, and his teeth chattered as he made his way through the quiet countryside. Grey hills heaved up around him in the dim light of approaching dawn, and there was a moaning wind rushing among the trees, which sounded like whispered comments being thrust upon him. Often he stumbled and half fell on the wet road. The day was not rainy, only darkened by a drizzling yellow fog, which stretched over the fields like low-hung curtains of solitude, and turned the nearby hills to mere lumps of grey in the distance.

He was Number 288 but he wasn't guilty. They had put him in prison and almost killed him there but he had escaped. Would this winding road lead him back to the horror of undeserved death? He tried to think out a successful plan but none came to his fear-oppressed brain. Oh, life was so unfair, so unrewarding! The wicked thrived while the righteous were downtrodden and punished. If there was a God, why did He over-look so much distress and trouble?

As time went on, the morning grew dark and ominous. The persistent beat of March rain fell, and with it the spirit of Number 288. He could not last much longer on this road into nowhere. He would have to find shelter soon or fall by the roadside. At this thought fear surged through his mind. All the events of the past few days conflicted with each other and he became utterly panic-stricken. The trees about him reached out with long, colorless fingers to engulf him in the endless desolation of the forest. Even the mist on the surrounding meadows seemed to shut off all contacts with civilization.

Suddenly he rounded a bend in the road and saw a dimly lit hut, its window glowing feebly through the yellow fog. He eagerly anticipated the warmth and rest he would find there, but stopped abruptly. What if the inhabitants of his refuge should want to turn him over to the police?

With the tired sigh of a man who has reached the end of his rope, Number 288 made up his mind. He dragged himself up the broad, pebbly path to the front door. As he put his trembling hand on the knocker, he uttered a silent prayer that these would be friends.

## Virility

"Mommy, what does this word mean?" The words came from a young boy's mouth, but the lips were colorless, and the face around them sallow. The child had had rheumatic fever. That meant his heart was weak, and that he couldn't go out and play with the other boys; it meant that he must stay in bed and look at magazines and books, and amuse himself alone. But he was lucky; he didn't mind looking at books—too much. Right now he was reading a grown-up magazine, an art digest.

A little woman wearing a gentle smile came into the room. "Did you call me?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "what does this word mean?"

"Which word, Bobby?"

"It's this one, v-i-r-i-l-i-t-y. See, under the picture."

"Well, Bobby, it's this way. A man who's virile is manly and strong and muscular, and able to cope with anything."

Bobby nodded his head in approval. He looked again at the picture of a Man—huge biceps, powerful legs, ribbed stomach, strong neck, and a forceful head.

"Would you like some orange juice, Bobby?"

"Sure." His mother hadn't been particular about "yes-please" since he had been ill. But, he reflected, that was the only nice part of being sick, that and being waited upon; so he would take advantage of both.

In a minute she returned with the juice, which she placed on the table beside him. Then she went away to her household duties.

Bobby sipped thoughtfully. He was still studying the picture. The figure in the picture... and the figure he would be. He knew he wasn't always going to live in his bed. In fact he would be going to school in a month if everything went well. He'd heard the doctor say. "It was a severe case, but he will not be permanently bedridden. Naturally, his heart will always be weak, and he must never engage in active athletics."

"No," he mused, "I'll never look like that." The idea didn't pain him until he realized its full import. Never to be like other boys; never to make a touchdown for Notre Dame, never to be pitcher for

the Red Sox, never to look like the big brown lifeguard. All his friends were going to be great like that, but he would be left out.

Again he studied the picture. Suddenly, he had another thought. "Mommy," he called, "is it virility to be just a good, nice man?"

She answered from another room. "Yes, dear, it's virile to be a good, nice man." He did not hear her begin to cry; it was better that he didn't. That's why she didn't come back into the room.

"Virility." He opened the drawer of the table next to his bed to get out the scissors and paste. Then he cut out the picture and gave his hero the center of a whole page in his scrapbook.

LEE BOOTH '48



## Doomsday

When truth's clear dawning holds its sway,  
Then bare to justice will there stand  
The wreckage of a bartered soul,  
Ugly in the light of day,  
With murk of guilt-concealing  
Flattery all burnt away.

ELIZABETH ANN MITCHELL '47



## Night

Escorted by twilight and followed by dawn,  
Enwrapping in slumber the whole of the land,  
She flies through the air by angels fast drawn,  
Lighting the stars with a flame from her hand.  
Wrapped in her cloak of Satan's black breath,  
She sweeps o'er the land, her wand supreme,  
Balancing the scales of life and of death.  
She sings the tune of the wind's mellow theme,  
She dances on rays of pale moonlight,  
Causing the shadows to move in the night.  
Proud maiden is Night, who walks like a fawn,  
Escorted by twilight and followed by dawn.

ESTELLE DuBOIS '48

## The Prison

With heavy step, Eve Marshall returned to the old white farmhouse standing about halfway down the hill. Her graying hair and pleasant, lined face clearly displayed the passage of years—hard years, but spent wisely in serving others. She opened the back door reluctantly; every time she went into the house, she thought, “How long will this peace of my life last? Will my children stay with me much longer? What is there left for me to hope for?” Sighing, she went in through the kitchen and into the hall, where the low, indistinguishable murmur of voices came through the closed door of the living room. Pausing only for a second, she entered to find her two children—Elly, who was a bright-haired but practical girl of twenty, and Joe, twenty-two, sitting with a somewhat guilty look on their faces, as of those who have been caught discussing secrets, and fear that they have been overheard.

“Hello, Ma,” Joe said. “How is it up on that hill of yours?”

“Oh, all right, Joe. The air takes away my headache.”

Eve's children laughed at her love of the hill; she never seemed to mind, but she was always quiet and noncommittal when they mentioned it. She knew they thought it queer that she should go up

there so much; in their matter-of-fact, practical New England souls, scenery was just something that was there. To Joe and Elly, it was absurd to love the look of the hill and the valley on a raw November day. Where Eve saw gray clouds scudding across the sky like wrathful spirits and leafless trees with black, scrawny arms flung up in supplication, they saw only a sky presaging snow, and trees stripped of their fall harvest.

So Eve never talked about the hill; the cool, bittersweet feeling of content she derived from it would never alienate her children, who were all she had, from her. Sometimes she caught herself day-dreaming, and then would say to herself impatiently, "What right have you to dream? You are 'New England born and New England bred.' Yes, and you know how it goes—'When you die, you'll be New England dead.' New Englanders don't dream—they have too much work to do. You ought to keep off that hill. Staring at the mountains will make you silly. Your children, at their age, have more sense than you do."

But did her children have more sense than she did? Or were they merely more ordinary? This thought fled across her mind so briefly that it was gone before she recognized it.

Elly looked rather strained, Eve thought. What was the matter with the child lately? She was so quiet; she never talked at meal-times and she never mentioned her work—she came home from the bank every day in silence—not sullen, exactly, but plainly with something on her mind, which Eve did not wish to pry out of her.

That evening, after the supper dishes had been washed and put away, Elly drew a deep breath and said, "Ma, I'm engaged."

Eve could at first say nothing. The solitariness which she so dreaded was crowding upon her. With her children gone, New England would engulf her. "Who is the boy, dear?"

"Roger Greenwood."

"Oh." Roger Greenwood. Not a brash young man at all—that much could be said for him. He was a hopeful, ambitious young engineer, with earnest, nice eyes which peered eagerly through thick-lensed glasses. Roger was not New England born. He had moved to Hillsboro with his parents about four years ago from New Jersey. Eve had nothing against him—too serious-minded to be very popular with most of his contemporaries; she couldn't see what

attraction he held for Elly, who was brisk and efficient, liked by everyone, and rather intolerant of individualists. Odd Elly should want to marry Roger! It was further proof that Eve did not truly know her own children.

Eve thought that it was merely his utter difference from Elly and Elly's friends to which she objected. She would not admit that any thought entered her head of what Roger's job was. For he was one of the engineers in charge of constructing the new highway, and he had argued fervently in favor of it. This highway, with its attendant crowds and colors invading the bleak landscape, was Eve's great fear, for, because of it, this was to be the last peaceful fall she would have. Next year the highway would pass her door and then wheel into the valley, covered with rushing cars, trucks and busses. To what would they be rushing? She didn't know.

"Have you thought this over carefully, Elly?"

"Oh, yes, Ma," the girl said impatiently. "I know what I want."

Eve could say no more, for she didn't know what she herself wanted, and she never had known. In the back of her mind had always been a vague longing for that which she could not define, but it had always seemed to be more attainable on the hill, with a chill wind blowing and the mountains faint gray shadows far off to the west.

For a week the atmosphere in the farmhouse was strained. Eve felt she could not interfere, but she thoroughly disapproved of her daughter's engagement, and Elly knew it. Once Eve came upon Joe and Elly talking again, the way she had the day Elly had told her, and the look in their eyes filled her with disquiet. Joe said little, but he was obviously on Elly's side. Elly was moody and troubled, for the habit of obedience and respect for her mother's wishes was too deeply ingrained within her for her to plan to marry without her mother's approval.

Then, one afternoon, before Joe and Elly came home, when Eve was up on the hill, thinking of that far-distant land of youth which she had never really known, she saw a young man striding towards her.

As he drew nearer, she recognized Roger Greenwood. No one ever joined her on the hill; she had come to regard it as exclusively, personally hers, and she rather resented Roger's coming.



Bitterly, she thought, "I suppose he wants to see how his new highway will look from here."

For in Eve's tired mind Roger had become the highway personified; the force of modernity which was taking from her not only her daughter but also her hill—her remote place, where she could let her soul out of its cage to run about in the wind for a brief time, before being boxed up again to face New England.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Marshall," Roger said gravely. "Isn't that Monadnock over there to the northwest?"

"Yes, it is. Even on a cloudy day, you can generally see it."

They stood there on the hill in silence—strangely enough, it was a companionable one. Eve had not felt so at ease with anyone in years; she had seen Roger only twice before, but neither time had she felt this kinship with him.

But then she remembered the highway, and said distantly, "I suppose you'll like this view a lot better when the road's finished?"

"I won't like the view any better, but I will like the hill much more. I always think of this hill as the negation of progress."

"What do you mean?" Eve asked slowly.

"To me, this is the embodiment of men's fear of Nature. It fascinates me, but I keep away from it. The content it radiates is cold and repressed: unhealthy, really, confined to its own small orbit. I felt that the first time I ever came up here, and I've felt it ever since. It's false—makes you think that there's nothing worthwhile in all the world, except itself. That's why I'll be glad when the highway is built. It'll be a sign to this hill that there is, after all, such a thing as man. For man, with all his rushing about, has accomplished something—think how he has developed, while this hill has stayed the same, stern and unyielding, with no love or sympathy anywhere in it."

Roger stopped then, and smiled a little self-consciously. "I suppose you think it's silly to get all worked up about a little country hill."

A little country hill. Yes, wasn't it silly to get all worked up about it! After all, it wasn't really beautiful; its beauty was a sort of optical illusion in her mind, arising actually from its plainness. She had been steeped in plain things like the hill all her life, and they had blunted her taste.

As she turned to go down, Eve said, "You just aren't used to the hill. After a time you'll hardly notice it."

She took a last look at the hill—a gray-brown mound rising above them as they descended. Then, as they reached the house, Elly came running out to meet them.

Eve greeted her daughter with a smile. "Roger is going to tell us all about the new highway we're going to have next fall," she said, and they all went in.

MARION WHITE '47

### "I Would I Had Been There"

"I would I had been there,"  
Cast wildly on the sea;  
Amid the fierce despair,  
As, tacking "hard-a-lee,"  
Columbus with his crew  
Through western waters drew.

"I would I had been there,"  
And watched that awful sight—  
Japan, with streaking glare,  
Was thrown to darkest night.  
A city, once, destroyed;  
A deathly tool employed.

"I would I had been there,"  
Through all the ages past,  
To watch, to mark, compare  
The first men and the last.

MARGARET KIMBALL '47



## The Mind of a Superior

I was standing in a strangely empty hallway, toying with a tiny white feather that was in my hand. Gradually I noticed, shuffling towards me, what seemed to be a bespectacled brown gnome, giving somewhat the appearance of a crumpled autumn leaf. As it drew nearer I idly tossed my feather down before it. The disheveled little figure drew back, electrified in horror, and under its terrified gaze the harmless feather stretched, rustling and billowing until it lay, a barrier across the path, and then was still.

Glancing reproachfully at me, the tiny thing shuddered and then, drawing itself up and beating its puny chest with tiny paws, started forward. It did not think to step over the feather but instead embraced it with its little arms and struggled to lift it. It was no use. Tiny though the feather was, the gnome was too weak. Dejectedly the little thing backed away and fell into a crumpled sobbing heap on the floor.

But it was not yet defeated... Soon its sobbing quieted and it pulled wearily to its feet, brushing away a tear from behind its glasses with one little brown paw. Then it cautiously approached the obstacle and, first glancing warily behind, knelt down and began to creep slowly underneath the feather. This ridiculous manoeuvre was actually succeeding when suddenly growing panicky, it hit its head on the spine of the feather, trying to stand up too soon. The feather was set in motion and I could see the creature buffeted back



and forth till it emerged breathless and choking with glasses askew . . . on the side it had started from.

I could not control my amusement and chancing to look up and see me grinning at the commotion I had unintentionally caused, it forgot everything else in a torrent of anger, shaking its tiny fists and screaming invectives till its face went blue and distorted.

Just then someone called from a door behind me and I turned to obey, glad to escape from the dreary corridor. I looked back just once as I was opening the door and it was only then, when it was too late to help, that I realized the real tragedy of that pathetic angry little figure standing there, hopelessly balked by . . . a feather!

ELIZABETH ANN MITCHELL '47

## My Heart Belongs to Him

A hand tapped my dancing partner on the shoulder and the masculine voice, a well-modulated tenor, asked, "May I cut in?"

As my partner let his arm drop from my waist, I turned and saw him, the man I loved. He was standing there, smiling, his brown eyes crinkled-up as they were always when he grinned. He wore the blue pin-stripe suit which was a bit shiny now.

The way he danced was divine. He was small and graceful, his feet light in following through the waltz steps or the fox trot. I had not danced with him much but I knew he led his partner with no effort, his arm light around her waist, both dancing as one. He had been out there on the floor for more than an hour, dancing with all, young and old, and I had followed him with loving eyes. I went into the arms of my father, eagerly and proudly.

MARY BLAIR ZUCKERMAN '48

## “Education”

All nature's burst in song and here I am  
Inside and working out this awful chem.  
Oh, listen to my tale of woe  
All ye who are inclined to go  
To school and raise the standard of a nation  
By seeking all this higher education.

Oh History, why must you take so long?  
Now hear and pity this my woeful song.  
Last year of nature's blest was I  
With happy face and shining eye.  
Now my features are a wreck,  
And when I see my work, "Oh heck!"  
I say to all this stuff, and sigh  
With awful physiognomy.

Oh Math, why must you plague me so?  
For you I sing my tale of woe.  
The other day I crossed the hill,  
'T is for an Abbot girl a thrill,  
But when the many boys saw me  
They turned and did not wish to see  
Again this awful countenance  
So marked by lack of radiance.

Oh hear me, subjects of detail,  
Listen to my plaintive wail,  
So if you feel inclined to shiver  
When they find me in the river,  
Know that higher education  
Dims the brightness of a nation.

BARBOURA FLUES '47

## Report Cards or Fear of the Consequences

You, Reader, are a public school inspector, and I am your guide through the Morton Elementary School.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We get our report cards today." As you watch the fourth-graders on the playground you can not help feeling the prevailing excitement. At recess they swing higher than usual, bump the seesaws, and skip rope more times without missing than they've ever been able to do before. They don't look afraid like the eighth-graders—Haven't they been good, and don't they know pretty well all they're supposed to know? There will be a quarter when Mom sees the important little card and another quarter when Dad sees it, and that makes (five and five makes ten; put down the zero, carry the one, plus two and two is five) fifty cents for candy or anything else.

You, Mr. Inspector, are feeling quite gay, too, as you walk around the playground and into the building to see the classrooms. Soon you come to the fourth grade where the children seem quite contented and happy; you are satisfied with Miss Smith's work. Then suddenly your eye falls on Johnny Morgan, sitting in the fourth aisle, middle desk, practising his writing like everyone else, but instead of a carefree countenance, he wears a puckered little face. He seems terribly worried. Why is he so perturbed? He is the same boy, you remember, that you saw out on the playground; the only child without a playmate. Unhappy boy! His story excites your curiosity.

Oh, heartless school-inspector, think back! You were Johnny once. . . remember? You seemed to be the only person in the class who stuttered; you never could answer right; the teacher liked everyone else, but she didn't like you; nobody ever wanted to play with you and the little girls made fun of you.

Don't you remember how scared you were when report cards came out? You knew they were going to come out all day. And you worried, too. You weren't going to get as good marks as the other kids, and Mom wouldn't be very sympathetic, and you weren't going to get any money, and you felt so like crying—but you were too big for that. You wanted to get an *A* so badly, just one proud *A* to show



your mother, and oh! how you wanted a good mark in conduct. You couldn't eat your lunch, and you couldn't concentrate on your work all day, thinking about your horrible report card. And you were thinking so hard on these thoughts you couldn't think hard on anything else. Then the teacher got mad at you for not paying attention. You thought you would die, you were so mistreated.

Three-thirty finally came. The cards were handed out ceremoniously, and you thought they'd never get to yours. You got "scared-er" and "scareder," but the teacher finally got to your card (last of all when everyone else had gone). She didn't seem understanding then; the few helpful words she gave you were wasted, although she was really sincere. You hardly heard her when she said, "I know you'll do better next time if you really try."

It was only a block to walk home, but it was a long enough block for you to think an awful lot of things about your card and to get into a frenzy about seeing your Mom and Dad. Supposing Mom wasn't home and you had to wait for her? Supposing she punished you? Supposing she wouldn't let you have your allowance because it was so bad? What would you do if she scolded you?

You climbed on the Jones' wall, a routine part of the way home, and while teetering to keep your balance, you didn't have much of an opportunity to be afraid—accept afraid you'd fall. You came to the end and got down, and resolutely looked at your card again: "Arithmetic, *D*; Reading, *C*," and more *D*'s in everything else. You read the teacher's comments: "Disorderly, inattentive" and lots more bad things, and you could feel your face get red and hot as those glaring marks stared you in the eye.

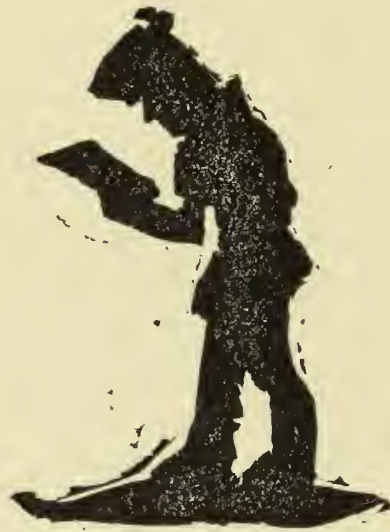
You were tempted. Why not pretend you'd never gotten a card, and just not show it to Mom? But the teacher had said to bring them back signed, and she might miss yours if it was never returned. So you knew that scheme wouldn't work.

You sank into the utter depths of despair. You would probably go to hell because of your bad marks and be burned up by the devil. Anyway, you had a very poor chance for heaven.

You were approaching your house now, and impulsively made up your mind to go in, and show it, and get the worst, but you stopped at the door, "Should I or should I not?" It took a while to figure out, but you finally told yourself, "I should," and cautiously opened

the door. You braced your shoulders, stood as straight as you could, and, scared 'til you thought you would never feel right again, you took the step that took you in, and the door closed behind you.

LEE BOOTH '48



## “Beauty and the Beast”

A long, long time ago there lived a princess in a huge castle. Many handsome young princes from miles around came to court this lovely princess but she disdained them all.

One day there came to the castle a giant. He certainly was not a beautiful creature for he had a crude face, as all giants do, and was stooped over from bending down to get in the doors of people who did not have his great height. Nevertheless he was a very nice giant and all the people loved him for the deeds he did. It was he who pulled the wooden beam from the back of Peter the woodcutter's son as Peter's house was burning down.

Now the giant had for many years loved this very beautiful princess and he hoped to marry her. By saving all his gold he had

accumulated enough wealth to purchase a castle as fine as that in which the princess lived and he came this day to ask for her hand in marriage.

The king, her father, was a kind-hearted man and besides, he liked this homely giant so he said that if the giant, Gurgad by name, could persuade his daughter, the princess Amorah, to marry him, that he, the king, would give his consent.

Alas, poor Gurgad did not know what to say to lovely Amorah and could only stammer out, "You are so beautiful—I—I—would you?" and then very simply he said, "Would you be my wife?"

Amorah had a hard time to keep from laughing. How dare this stupid giant ask for *her* in marriage? "Go away, you horrible oaf, and never let me see you again!"

Gurgad did not know what to do. All his dreams were hopelessly shattered. He seized Amorah around the waist, leapt from the window, and carried her to his castle.

For three days he was kind to the princess and begged her to marry him. For three humiliating days she laughed at him or scorned him.

The next three days he was harsh and threatened her with many evil things if she would not marry him. Amorah merely ignored the unhappy giant and refused to speak to him. Finally one day she said, "You miserable beast! How could I marry a homely stupid giant like you? You used to make me laugh and I still laugh. A deformed creature like you is good for nothing in this world and the sight of your ugliness makes me ill."

That night, when the servant of Gurgad brought his meal on a tray, he paused, amazed, for his master was crying.

BARBOURA FLUES '47



## Pool in Winter

On three sides hidden by the sombre trees  
 That, winter-bare and lean, drawn close for warmth,  
 So gauntly stand, and would, as jealous guards,  
 Conceal this gem-encrusted mirror dark  
 From profane eyes, disturbance, light, or stir—  
 I see thy form, thy stillness. . . .

(Move Closer:)

Now visible, a transient veil of light,  
 Elusive finger of the wintry sun  
 That hovers o'er thy surface, is absorbed,  
 Remains within, yet warmly glows above.  
 And see! The host of fallen leaves deep down,  
 Decaying under water to become  
 A carpet of brown velvet, whose rich sheen  
 Ensnares each ray of sunlight to reflect  
 A dark-toned portrait of the near-by world. . . .

(With all force, throw in a large stone:)

Tranquillity rudely broken; prismatic drops—  
 Below, the velvet ripped to ragged bits  
 That whirl and toss within the churning waves.  
 They catch the light near surface, and become—  
 A multitude of grotesque, furious ghouls  
 That plunge and snap, contorted in their rage,  
 And rear themselves, all thrashing angrily!  
 Draw not too near, lest thou be fiercely seized,  
 Who dares disturb their watery repose!

ALICIA COOPER '48

## A Conversation

"I didn't mean to do it, Dad. I . . . I just didn't have any control of myself. It was horrible . . . awful. Oh, why, why did I ever let myself be influenced by him? Why did I ever get into it?"

"Yes, son, why did you? I'm sorry for you, but I absolutely refuse to help you now. This is one time in your life that your father can-

not protect you from what you deserve. In fact, I'll have nothing more to do with it or with you."

"What are you saying, Dad? You mean that... that I'm entirely alone in this mess?"

"That's exactly what I mean. From this time forth I have no son. He never came back from Germany. He was reported 'killed in action.' Here's the telegram I got this evening to verify it. No one knows anything of your return, but soon they all will know that you were killed in Germany while performing your 'patriotic' duty. What a laugh that is!"

"Dad, I don't know what to say. I don't understand you. You mean that now I'm... oh no! You can't! It's inhuman! I'm your son, remember that. Please, Dad."

"Young man, may I inquire just why you are shouting at me. I'm a respectable business man just returning from the post office where I received this telegram. I'm in no condition to argue about politics now. I've just heard that my son is dead, killed on duty in Germany. Please, excuse me."

"What's the matter with me? Am I crazy, or wasn't that my father that I was just talking too? Can I be dreaming? He actually denied that I am his son. For twenty years he's been the best dad a guy could ever have. But now... what does it mean? Oh... excuse me, sir. I didn't see you there."

"Say soldier. You look mighty troubled 'bout something. I just seed you talking to 'old man Barnes.' If what 'e says is worrying you, well, don't let it. I guess you be a stranger to these 'ere parts, if'n you ain't 'eerd 'bout 'im. Y'see, 'es daft. 'As been for these four months. Ever since 'e got that telegram saying 'is son was missing in action in Germany. Poor chap. The post-master never did 'ave the 'eart to give 'im the second telegram that 'is son's body was found. 'E lives from day to day thinking 'is boy's alive yet. 'E keeps thinking 'es sent 'im from the 'ouse, off into the world. Don't know 'ow 'e got that notion. Cain't be true, 'cause George, that's 'is son, was in Germany two years, and ain't been 'ome since 'e left. The 'old man' keeps saying 'e 'ad a talk with George one night, 'bout this time guess 'twas, 'n right 'ere 'neath this tree. Well, 'e swears that George said 'e'd killed a man who'd black-mailed 'im or something. Anyways the 'old man' claims 'e disowned 'is son right then

'n there, 'n refused to even 'member 'e 'ad a son. Guess the 'old man' 'ad 'ad one too many that night, 'cause since then 'e don't ever mention George agin, 'n when we asks 'im 'e just looks at us 'n says 'e don't ever 'ad a son named George. Mighty queer bisness, I says."

"But didn't he ever find out that his son was dead and that he couldn't have been talking to him?"

"Nup. Don't think the post-master ever gave the telegram to 'im 'n I know no-un else told 'im. What 'e needed 'twas a good wife to keep 'im from going on bats like-a-that. 'Is died when George was born. 'E didn't 'ave nuthing but George, 'n 'e loved 'im, that 'e did. 'N when George was missing, well, 'e just went all to pieces. Kept saying 'e shouldn't 'ave let 'im join the army, but even when we said the government would 'ave taken 'im anyway, 'e kept saying, 'I shouldn't 'ave let 'im go, I shouldn't 'ave let 'im go.' Oh, 'twas sad, 'twas. We couldn't do nothing to 'elp 'im. 'E kept saying 'e saw George that night 'n finally 'e made 'imself believe 'e'd sent 'is son away. Yeh, young feller, 'e sure let 'is 'magination run away with 'im."

"You don't happen to remember how long ago it was when 'old man Barnes' claimed he talked with...with his...son, do you?"

"Well, let's see. Think it 'twas 'bout two, three days after the second telegram came saying George was dead. But that was the one 'e never got. Yep, must 'ave been 'bout that time after the post-master got the telegram that George was dead. 'Bout two days!"

"Oh no! Then that means that I...Oh, it can't be. I must be alive!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The three men rose from the bench upon which they had been sitting and, pocketing the papers they held, proceeded down the street. One of the men pulled out a watch saying, "We'd better hurry or we'll miss the first scene. Let's not forget to say our lines slowly. It's much more effective that way." And then they disappeared into the shadows of night, leaving only an impossible, fantastic tale floating in the air.

JEAN RITCHEY '47



## “Brotherly Love”

1933—

‘Mum . . . .’

‘Uh-huh . . .’ still knitting.

‘You said that when I was six I could have my own room. Couldn’t I use the guest room now?’

‘Why, dear, your sister’s only three. She certainly couldn’t bother you *too* much.’

The youngster’s eyes threatened tears. ‘But you *promised* . . .’

1934—

‘Mum-m-my . . .!’ in a dreadful wail.

‘Yes, Suzy, what is it?’ True alarm shown.

‘Holly’s using *my* toothbrush!’

‘I just bought them today; one couldn’t be yours already.’ Too relieved to be vexed.

‘Oh, yes!’ Positively. ‘This one’s dark green and the other one’s *pink*! Utter contempt. ‘And I used *this* one first. Make him give it back to me!’ ‘I’ll buy you another one tomorrow, dear, so don’t cry,’ soothingly. ‘Holly didn’t know.’ In an effort to appease her fuming daughter.

‘Yes I did, Mum; yes I did!!’ In a gleeful tone from the young thief.

‘Give her back her toothbrush, son.’ Said in wonder at the pettiness of the children he had fathered by Mr. R. who had found it impossible to enjoy the stock market and joined his wife at the foot of the stairs.

‘I don’t want it now. It’s all dirty . . .’

Twin snarls from the enraged pair sent the two, still eager for combat, into their respective rooms, each swearing vengeance on the morrow.

1936—

‘Mummy, can’t you make Holly hurry? I had to stay after school for *five* minutes yesterday because he took so long reading the funnies. Daddy,’ turning to her father for help, ‘make him hurry.’ A look over the top of his glasses sent shivers up and down her spine and set the stage for nine-year-old Holly’s glum reply.

‘Well, if *you* could read . . .’ Touching a sore spot, one of her many.

1937—

'Mother, Mother, Sue broke a window in Miss Hastings' car and she's going to send the police up after her!!' Relishing every word.

'Oh, Holly, be quiet!' Shouted down the stairs in a tear-stained and frightened voice.

1938—

'Sue, will you get a move on? I'll tell you what happened in *Dick Tracy* on the way. Honestly Mother, I have farther to go now than she does and I'm late *every* day. Come on, Slow Poke!'

'Sue, you'd better start.' Gentle prodding from the maternal side with no reaction on Sue.

'Sue, did you hear your mother?' Paternal authority was instantly recognized in a gloomy departure for school.

1939—

'Mother!' Mournfully descending the stairs. 'Holly hit me...'

'I did not.' Self-preservation is the dominant human quality.

'Holly, leave your sister alone. Sue, go in your own room.' Mr. R. was answered by a roar of filial protest.

'But we want to play together!' Mr. R. started to climb the stairs but the children separated as if they had been pulled apart and fled to their rooms.

1941—

'Ha! Ha! I wet you!' The careful archeress dipped the end of her spoon in the water and took aim again.

'You did not.' His eyes fondling a baked potato on his plate.

'Well, I'll do it again to prove it...Mother...!' A fearful cry and hair filled with baked potato told its own story.

1942—

'Here's Holly now.' With a mother's affection.

'Hello, Ma! Hi, Sue; how's tricks?'

'Great!' Loaded with a twelve-year-old's sarcasm. 'Where did you put my bicycle pump? You *told* me you wouldn't take and you did!'

'Oh, be quiet, Sue!' Acute impatience from the usually gentle Mrs. R. 'Now, Holly, how do you like Andover?'

1943—

'Mother, Holly smoked down behind the barn today.' Smugly self-conscious.

'Oh, Sue...' Really disappointed at the indiscretion of his sister.

'Oh, Holly dear. Why so young?' Mrs. R. was really distressed.

'Why down there, son? There are better places...' Taking the wind out of his impertinent daughter's sails and sharing the forbidden fruit with his son.

1945—

'Honestly, I'm so mad at this school.' To her audience of sympathetic listeners. 'Here my brother's on No-ex at P.A. and they won't even let me see him Sunday afternoons!'

1946—

'Oh, please!' Wheedling. 'Let me go out to dinner Sunday evening. I haven't seen him since last January and I want to so badly! And we've always been so close. Why, we never even used to fight, ever....'

SUSANNE ROBBINS '47



## Time Sense

"We live, so soon to die!"  
 How wistful sounds the phrase.  
 We rush, no time to spare,  
 Through life's eternal maze,  
 Our lives so narrowed lie.  
 So little time to live!  
 So much to see and give!

MARGARET KIMBALL '47



## Yesterday's Blindness

Dusk crept across the sky, softening the harsh, broken lines of the bomb-torn house, which stood ruined and desolate, its charred, skeleton walls pointing accusing fingers toward the sky whence its ruin had come, and perhaps even toward God, whose mercy and wisdom it could not help but question. A girl sat on the nearly demolished stone wall surrounding the rubble-littered garden, and contemplated this scene. Her heart cried out at the picture, as her mind drifted over memories of this, her home, as it had been, of the family it had sheltered, a family which was now as broken and destroyed as the house itself. And out of her confused mind and sorrowful heart came the question which gnawed at the thoughts of many Germans as they were shocked out of fanatical blindness by the spectacle of their broken lives and of their ruined, disgraced country, one small question which echoed and re-echoed through her thoughts, Why?

Why had her once powerful and beautiful country ended in such complete ruin? She remembered the symbol of strength, power and glory which the swastika had once been, but she did not think of the fact that it was upheld by the iron rule of ambitious brown-shirted men, who trampled down the doctrines of Christian civilization under black, determined boots, who had almost indelibly branded the dark stamp of the "Hakenkreuz" upon the German land and upon its people, at the expense of the rights and liberties of men.

How had this symbol, and all for which it had stood, entrenched itself in the hearts and minds of the people? How had it taken hold of this girl?

The scene of her childhood loosed a quantity of jumbled memories which darted confusedly through her mind, the ghosts of a happy, irrevocable past, whose very vestiges had been hidden under the cloak of destruction.

It was 1935 and she walked into the classroom holding her mother's hand, gazing about her half in wonder, half in fear. She had never before seen the like of that room—its stern, hard benches and desks, vast blackboards, and immense flag of the Reich on one wall, and an imposing picture of a stern man, whose unruly dark hair fell

over his forehead in undignified strands, a man whom she vaguely recognized as the "saviour" of her country. Then her mother placed her small reluctant hand into that of the teacher, and left the room with a reassuring smile. She had placed her daughter under the influence and guidance of education, and she had no fear, while at that very moment a symbol, black as death, upon a blood-red flag, and the face of a fanatically ambitious man began to close the door upon a young, free mind, to make room for a barbaric creed.

She worked hard in school, and forced herself to conform to the rigid discipline which was administered at all times. She learned to accept and believe, not doubt and question, and her feet were confined to the narrow path of strictest obedience. Her fertile young mind, anxious to cultivate any seeds of learning which might be dropped there, developed along the only lines possible, fanaticism. History courses consisted of pictures of the rise of Germany, of her disastrous downfall in 1918, and, more than anything else, of the glorious renaissance of power and prosperity which Hitler had made possible. Geography stressed boundaries, told the sad tale of the territories of Eupen-Malmedy, Alsace-Lorraine, the Polish Corridor and of the African colonies which, it seemed, had been rudely wrested from the mother country and rightful owner. So she grew up with a fierce love in her heart for her country, abused, devastated, and rendered powerless, and with an even more passionate desire for revenge, revenge against all the greedy jealous nations of the world who had plotted for Germany's ruin.

Time passed and it was a blustery March morning in 1936. The Aachen streets were crowded with excited spectators who eagerly watched the breath-taking display of Germany's military might. She was among them, straining her eyes to catch glimpses of the parade. Her heart swelled with pride and her eyes filled with tears of joy, as she watched her Führer's promise for a strong Germany unfold before her, and she silently swore new and everlasting allegiance to his cause, which was hers too. Armored cars rumbled over the ancient cobbled streets, and immaculate stiffly-erect soldiers goose-stepped along in perfect order, their black boots glinting in the sun. Before them waved the proud swastika, and as they passed, the spectators raised their arms in a reverent "Heil Hitler" salute. Somewhere someone started to sing the national anthem, and soon the

street rang with the martial strains of the "Horst Wessel Lied." There were hundreds of voices, the strong, fervent voices of the young, the more hesitant voices of the old, yet they were united into one, as they sang from the bottom of their hearts and with all their might for the land they loved, for proud undaunted youth as it passed before their eyes, for the self-respect which this show of power gave them as a nation, a self-respect which they had not known since 1918. This was what Adolph Hitler had given them, the pride and the nationalistic cause which was so essential to their ardent, patriotic spirits. The humiliation of Versailles was being wiped out by their Führer. Was it any wonder that they followed him so blindly and faithfully?

Memory followed memory; now a black cloud of smoke hung over the city, and she stood, watching the burning synagogue. Flames leapt upward, greedily, hungrily devouring walls and rafters, and finally burst through the roof in great triumphant tongues of fire, sending showers of sparks through the air. Spectators were being pushed back to the next street, and the girl with them, but she could still hear the vicious snapping and crackling of the destructive flames, which sent their heat far and wide through the narrow, winding streets of the down-town section. An old woman next to her sobbed, but the girl barely troubled to give her a scornful glance. Finally came a thundering crash as the roof caved in, and the flying sparks sent anxious bystanders scuttling for shelter and protection. The girl turned from the scene and walked toward home. She had been frightened by the spectacle of harsh, merciless and deliberate destruction, but she smothered any small feeling of pity for the people who had loved that church and worshipped there. After all, the Führer had authorized this act for the protection of her country. Yet, as she walked on, the smoke followed her and particles of ashes floated lost and aimlessly above her, and somehow she could not forget the sight of the flames devouring that church, or the old woman's eyes glistening with tears which reflected the glow of the fire. The next day nothing remained of the synagogue except charred, smoldering beams. Only traces of smoke still hovered over the city, heavily, ominously.

And today she was gazing at the bombed, burned, and ruined walls of her own home. The shining black boots which had once



trod the Aachen streets so firmly and confidently, had since become worn and muddy, plodding through humiliation and defeat. The men who had marched so proudly in that parade many years before, now lay buried in the far corners of Europe and Africa, or had returned broken in spirit and wounded in body to their devastated land. Their faith, like hers, had been shattered, and in their disillusioned minds they knew not where to turn.

At last she understood why her creed, like her country's had been wrong and had ended in ruin, it was an understanding that had come slowly through the bitter years of terror and hunger, through her mother's tears, through her brother who lay buried beneath the frozen tundras of Russia, and finally through the devastated scene of childhood happiness.

She turned away from the house, and the street before her was dark and empty, yet her steps did not falter. The ruined houses on either side of the street seemed to watch her movements with ghostly, imploring eyes, which had somehow lost their look of utter despair, as though they realized that there was hope for them, because of this girl, and all those, who like her, had broken loose from the iron grip of the most inhuman creed the world has ever known.

MILDRED KREIS '47



## The Valentine

Where gloom had lain in dusty emptiness  
Within her mailbox oft' so bare,

A shiny surface seemed a bright caress  
To her vision of th' envelope there.

O'er pointer, dial, and combination flew  
Her fingers in the box no longer dim,

For in her gleeful heart she somehow knew  
That 'twas a valentine from *him*.

Triumphant, forth the valentine was brought,  
With sickened senses in a sudden whirl,

She saw the scribbled signature was naught  
But that of another Abbot girl!

O Valentine, your ancient purpose lost,  
How dare you smile—deceptive, smugly cruel,

With disillusion cleverly embossed  
From another in the same girls' school?

CAROL McLEAN '47

## Fall Calendar—1946

*Tuesday, September 17*—Arrival and Registration of New Resident Scholars.

*Wednesday, September 18*—Arrival and Registration of Re-Entering Resident Scholars.

*Saturday, September 21*—New Girl-Old Girl Picnic and Party that night.

*Friday, September 27*—Lecture at Phillips Academy by Bruce Bairnsfather, Cartoonist.

*Saturday, September 28*—Senior Picnic at Ipswich; Salem sightseeing trip; Dancers—Katya Delakova and Fred Berk.

*Thursday, October 3*—Gargoyle-Griffin Initiation.

*Saturday, October 5*—Corridor Stunts—Abbey House, Homestead, and Sherman.

*Friday, October 11*—Lecture at Phillips Academy by Martin K. Bovey—"Timber Line," colored film.

*Saturday, October 12*—Theater in Boston—"What Every Woman Knows" by J. M. Barrie; Corridor Stunts—Draper Hall, excluding Seniors, and Day Scholars.

*Saturday, October 19*—Theater in Boston—"Henry VIII" by Shakespeare; Hockey Meet at Beaver Country Day School, Brookline; Dorothy Crawford, Monologist.

*Sunday, October 20*—Boston Symphony Concert.

*Saturday, October 26*—Concert by Myra Hess, Pianist, in Boston; Lecture—"Know Yourself" by Dr. Harry P. van Walt.

*Sunday, October 27*—Concert by Fritz Kreisler, Violinist, in Boston; Art Tea at Phillips Academy.

*Friday, November 1*—Boston Symphony Concert.

*Saturday, November 2*—Foreign Policy Association Luncheon Meeting in Boston; Theater in Boston—"John Gabriel Borkman" by Henrik Ibsen; Faculty, Senior Bridge Party—benefit of the World Student Service Fund.

*Sunday, November 3*—Tea at the Congregational Church.

*Saturday, November 9*—Andover-Exeter Football Game and Torchlight Parade that night.

*Sunday, November 10*—Concert by Maggie Teyte in Boston.



*Saturday, November 16*—Field Day and awards at night.

*Sunday, November 17*—First Open Forum—"Is Russia's Foreign Policy in the Balkans constructive or destructive?"; Concert by Miss Friskin—piano, Mr. Einar Hansen—violoncello, and Mr. B. Pironchi—violin.

*Saturday, November 23*—Lecture by Roger Dewey Bosworth—Palestine.

*Sunday, November 24*—Boston Symphony Concert.

*Wednesday, November 27*—Thanksgiving Service in the Chapel at 8:15 P.M.

*Thursday, November 28*—THANKSGIVING DAY—8:30 A.M. to 8:00 P.M.

*Friday, November 29*—Lecture by Bradford Washburn at Phillips Academy.

*Saturday, November 30*—Foreign Policy Association Luncheon Meeting in Boston; Lecture by Mrs. Frank Mansfield Taylor—Current Events.

*Sunday, December 1*—Concert by Lily Pons in Boston.

*Saturday, December 7*—Abbot Dramatic Society Play—"Green Stockings" by A. E. W. Mason.

*Saturday, December 14*—Abbot Christian Association Party for underprivileged children in Andover; Mrs. Gray's Christmas Recital—Dickens' "Christmas Carol".

*Sunday, December 15*—Christmas Service at 7:30 P.M. in Davis Hall.

*Monday, December 16*—Christmas Dinner; Christmas Carol Service.

*Tuesday, December 17*—CHRISTMAS VACATION BEGINS.

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JUNE, 1947

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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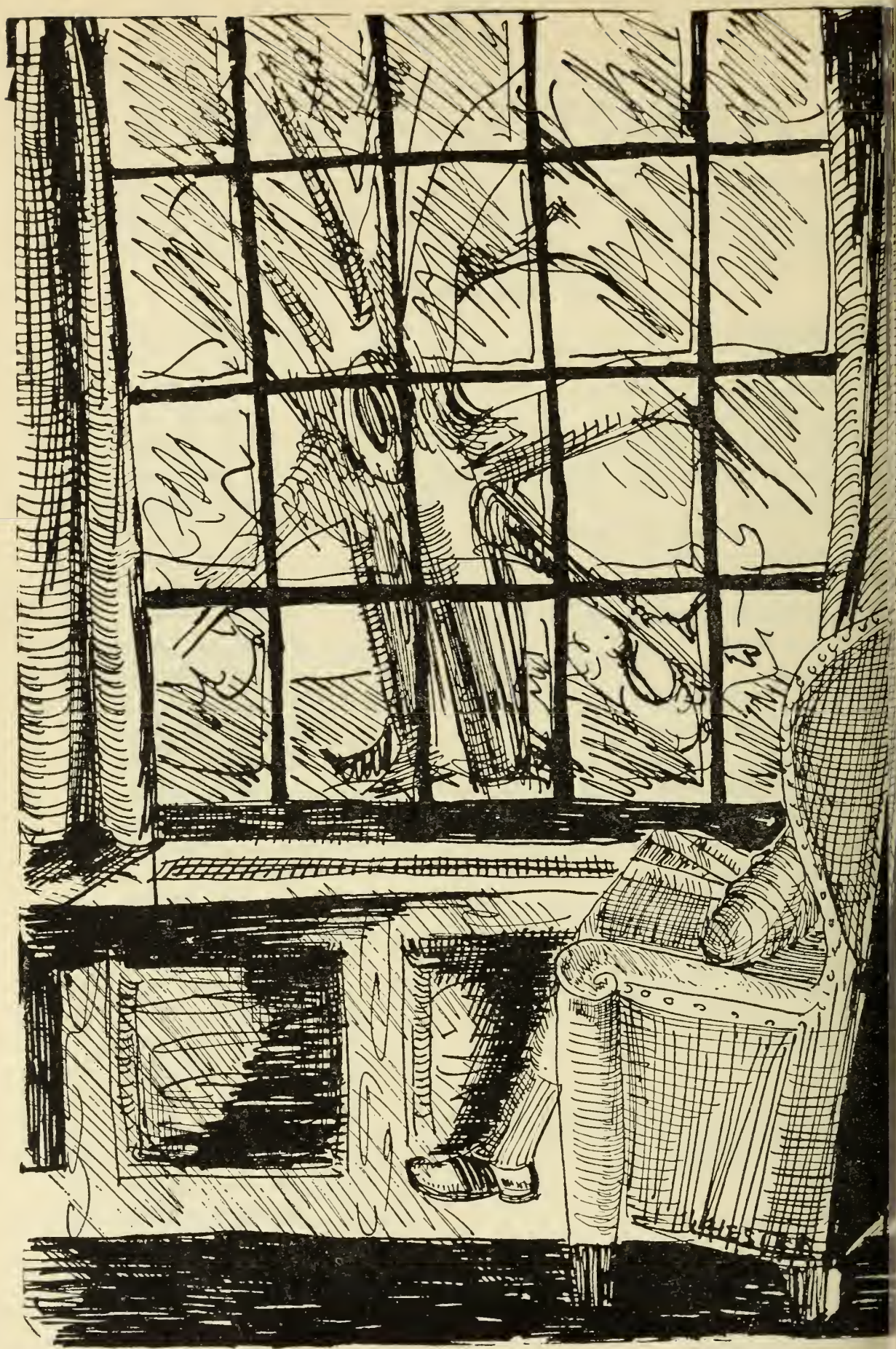
NUMBER 2

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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## EDITORIALS

I gained my first coherent knowledge of the historical events occurring between the two World Wars when I was in eighth grade. In that same year more and more of the older boys I knew and the sons of many of our family friends left their schooling to go to war, and all the newspapers and magazines strove to impress upon the public by lurid pictures and brutal stories the enormity of the horror these boys were experiencing and the extent of the sacrifices they were making.

It was unfortunate that my discovery of the lawlessness, extravagance, and irresponsibility which had characterized that critical period of world history coincided with one of its worst eras: the start of the war that was to a large degree a result of those factors. I regarded my parents and their contemporaries with some amazement. As I saw the fervor with which millions of young men were offering their lives to save the right, I did not understand why the same spirit had not influenced that other generation to take any means, no matter how hard or desperate, to prevent future international disaster.

I should like to say that now I think I understand. The war is over, and nobody wishes another one. Yet, though there is an awful insecurity in the times and a panicky dread of impending tragedy, none of us really understand what is happening or knows what should be done about it. There seems to be no great eagerness or industry among students here to study and understand the issues being decided today. "But girls don't *need* to be informed," "Reading newspapers *feels* just like studying even if it isn't," "We just DON'T HAVE TIME!" Many convincing arguments present themselves to excuse our ignorance of current affairs. But I feel certain that if all of us would take time to remember the days of the war and the bitter reproach we felt then toward the generation that had let the world slide into such a state of chaos, we would make more of an effort to equip ourselves with the knowledge and understanding that will help us to build a stronger peace than they did.

E. A. M.

## “STUDENT FEDERALIST MOVEMENT”

In all the years of civilization our generation is the one that finds itself in the most critical period of history. Surely we have heard this expressed often enough. With the problems of the world to settle, a heavy, experienced, but unsuccessful hand continually taps our seemingly indifferent shoulder, echoing the familiar challenge of “It’s up to you: you’re the men and women of tomorrow, and the future of mankind depends upon your generation.” But are we accepting this startling responsibility?

It has been proved that the world no longer is large enough for nations to live together harmoniously without a strong uniting force to govern, advise and peacefully settle threatening differences. Only through world government can peace be assured; a powerful sovereign body which we must secure.

The need for a federal world government has long been expressed, but only now, in this threatening atomic age, are we coming to realize “its imperativeness.” Only a new world sovereignty based upon the principles of federation can destroy the “irresponsibilities of nationalism and capably make, interpret, and enforce world law.”

Such are the beliefs of the “student federalists, a dynamic young group, introducing the principles of world citizenship to an entire generation.” (Clifton Fadiman) Their aims are (1) To stimulate thinking on the urgent need for world government, (2) To educate our generation in the principles of federalism, (3) To find, train, and organize the necessary leaders, (4) To support all proposals which embody the minimum essentials of federal world government, and (5) Ultimately to make world citizenship in a world community a political issue.

Student Federalist chapters have sprung up all over the country: at Exeter, Yale, Wellesley, Andover, and countless other school and colleges where young people recognize the vital importance of these principles. It is hoped that a chapter will soon be started here at Abbot in order that we may also join in this move for world unity. It is not easy to penetrate the fun-loving, carefree, indifference of youth today, but serious recognition of the desperate state of the world must be aroused.

The aims of this organization are not just bold ideals expressed



in impressive terms, nor is it just another movement with its dues, membership cards and attractive lapel buttons. The success or failure of the world government will affect everyone of us and only through sincere interest and determination to make it work can we hope to maintain permanent peace.

R. J.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are two principal reasons why students between the ages of fourteen and seventeen write: first, to create something effective either in subject matter or in the method of its presentation; and second, to express an idea or feeling which has impressed them. Generally it is for expression that most themes for English classes and school magazines are made. There is a very noticeable difference between the number of stories and poems and that of essays written, showing a decided preference for the two former.

Poetry is of course generally the shortest piece of original composition which is assigned in English or that we do for private pleasure. Through the medium of a poem, we can cover topics traditionally coveted by our age-group; Finding God, Joy of Spring, Fear of Death, etc. An effective poem may be more easily written from direct inspiration than either of the other two forms, because conscious formulation of the material into organized thought is not as essential as in a story, or particularly, in an essay. Emotions such as fear and faith can be expressed upon inspiration; the resulting work is likely to be accepted for the mood it conveys to the reader.

Stories are a second popular means of communicating an idea or emotion. An argument, too complicated to be developed into verse, and not sufficiently organized to be exposed in an essay, may be half-buried in a story, superficially protected from public criticism by good plot, good characters, or effective atmosphere. By these means, faulty reasoning and lack of systematic deduction may be glossed over without serious damage to the story itself. One popular form of story is the brief sketch of "a girl" who remains only "she" throughout the composition. She usually undergoes a rapid social experience or discovers fundamental truths on hilltops. By dint of this heroine, the author may slip out a "fundamental truth" that she herself has observed.

I think that the principal reasons for the lack of essay material produced by our age-group are that we can more easily as readers distinguish between good and poor writing than we can differentiate between them when doing creative work; and that there is an essential lack of self-assurance in our opinion-forming which causes us to avoid the expression of opinions demanded by the essay, and that emotional subjects hold more attraction for this age than do intellectual subjects. More writing in *COURANT*, and in other school magazines with which we exchange, centers around abstract subjects such as Fear and Joy and Grief than around argumentative topics. The majority of student writing that I have seen has been done from direct inspiration, without conscious organization and reasoning.

But the greatest impediment for our age-group is to have at once ability to see ahead pitfalls of poor form, callow thought, and adverse criticism, and a general inability to avoid them. This is as important a factor as any in the question of our lack of essay-writing. It comprises the others, providing a final overwhelming instinct to avoid the frightening editorial.

C. B. McL.

\* \* \* \* \*

At Abbot, the number of "activities" under your name in the yearbook is considered a measure of success. Because this is the Abbot Ideal, conventional ambition becomes the hallmark of the typical Abbot girl, and as she climbs up the rungs of success at offices, some of the nonconformist ideas she may have are bound to fall by the wayside, regardless of the superior merit they may possess when compared with the worth of the position of class president, or committee chairman.

Is it better to remain staunchly Nonconformist: to say in effect, "I shall not let myself be tainted by material ambition, which is, after all, selfish and self-important, and therefore wrong?"

It is true that the entire matter of office-holding cannot be described as unmixed good. There is a feverishness about elections, which is fortunately short-lived for most of the school. For the successful ones, there is joy, and pride, and a boost up the ladder.



For them also may come just a little more callousness, a little more self-satisfaction and lack of interest in the troubles and problems and failures of others.

Younger girls follow blindly the dictates of officers, thereby getting carbon-copy ideas (plagiarism?) of what is lacking in school life at present, and what is to be sought after. The successfully ambitious themselves may fail to question their own judgments and ideas, and ride roughshod over new opinions, new suggestions which don't happen to fit into the accepted pattern.

I think, however, that all this ambition does have a real value, and a far greater value than any ambitionless school life can offer. This is the value which the habits it engenders will take on later in life, when we feel the need for some basic philosophy on which we may depend. For, by this ambition, we learn to do something, to seek and to attain. The ambitious person is a positive person: one who decides on a course of action and knows how to carry it through tenaciously, with determination and perseverance; in pursuing a philosophy of life, these qualities are invaluable. They cannot be gained by living in an uncompetitive dream-world, however full of sympathy and understanding and thoughtfulness the persons in that dream-world may be. The thin shell of hardness, which the girl who succeeds in her worldly ambitions may attain, is generally too thin to remain; it is a good protection for impressionable, sensitive youth, but the mellowness and warmth of years will melt it away.

When we grow to a thoughtful maturity, and feel the need for a belief which will best serve our desires and aims, the determination which our youthful ambitions have taught us will direct us into the right paths, and will aid us in carrying out our life plans according to our expressed philosophy. The ambitionless dreamer will vacillate and quake in a vast forest of her unfulfilled desires, unexecuted plans, and unclarified ideas.

Isn't it better, then, to learn now to use ambition constructively, to establish habits of determination and analysis and will-power? To pursue an ideal we need strength of purpose, so that we will be able to stick to that ideal and carry it through to its rightful end. Since the material world may hinder, it is necessary to have conventional, tangible strength to bolster the abstraction and to protect it



from the buffets of materialism. Ultimately the ideal will conquer, if it has been followed faithfully, for a fine ideal is stronger than any materialistic force that petty minds can devise.

M. E. W.

\* \* \* \* \*

### “Words, Words, Words”

Words are bullets—

Grief, death, and pain, deep-driven by swift steel.

Words are lightning—

Bright flashes of true geniuses' great minds.

Words are dust—

The commonplace in sunlight sparkling gold.

Words are doves—

Grey messengers of pity, mercy, peace.

Words are smiles—

Warm friendship, understanding, beauty, love.

Words are bugle notes—

Clear call to courage, glory, honor, praise.

Words are sounds—

The hum of busy cities, clattering hoofs.

Words are swallows—

So often skimming just beyond our reach.

Words are the senses—

Their worth ne'er realized till they are gone.

CORALLIE HANLY '47

## The Time Between

Whether the period of time was long or short I can never be quite certain. I only know that I was held in the gentle, yet unyielding grip of unconsciousness; not complete unconsciousness, you understand, but rather the state of semi-oblivion which precedes fainting. During that time I was aware of people. Some of them were running, some walking, while others were merely sitting on the side of a wide, muddy road. There was something peculiar about the road: instead of going along in a straight line it curved and made a complete circle. Obviously the travellers did not realize this, for they kept right on walking around and around, seemingly unaware that they were making no progress. Once I tried to cry out to an old woman who seemed scarcely able to drag one foot ahead of the other. I called to her, telling her to sit down, to rest, but either she could not hear me or else she would not listen. Eventually I could stand the sight no longer. I closed my eyes so tightly that they burned with such a quick, acrid pain that I feared I should never open them again. Then, I recall, an awareness of a new phenomenon overtook me. Sounds, noises, laughter, low and controlled at first, but soon louder and more highly pitched, which reached a crescendo and then suddenly became subdued to a soft, inexorable wail. I clasped my hands over my ears trying to shut out the relentless sounds. It was of no avail. The wailing grew louder again and seemed to be coming nearer and encircling me until I was left to the mercies of unconsciousness.

As I said, I am not certain of the time element, but then, dying is not an easy thing to describe. The next knowledge of my existence came upon me slowly like the wearing off of a drug. The numbness had worn off almost completely before I opened my eyes. I rose to my feet feeling strangely light, ethereal. I looked down at my body and almost simultaneously my hands flew to my head. Certainly it was I. It must be I. But it was not, not really. Somewhere along the way I had lost my individuality. How odd it was. Strangely enough I felt no fear. Perhaps that human characteristic had been abandoned somewhere on the road between, along with my singularity.

I did not try to remember then. Everything was so confused. Instead I raised my eyes up and looked about me. My first impression was that I was alone. Even my aloneness did not frighten me. It is true there were people about me, but like me they were without individuality. So I say I was alone.

I was conscious also of the silence. Because there was no noise or any other sign of activity, I did not realize at once that I was in a town. Oh, not a modern, busy, noisy town, but rather a quaint old place with cobblestone walks, the kind one might find in an old Italian painting. There seemed to be no visible source for the pale green light which prevailed everywhere. There was nothing spectacular enough to hold my interest until I saw the tall white building which must have been a church except for one curious thing. The steeple was so tall that I could not see the top of it. By the side of the church was a huge gray monument which when I drew closer I realized had an inscription carved crudely and painted in red. "Enter into the Kingdom of Happiness all Ye who are deserving."

Not quite certain whether that pertained to me or not, I pushed open the door of the church and stepped hastily inside. I was confronted immediately by a flight of stairs, very wide at the base but diminishing in size as they went up. I followed the line of the steps with my eyes and realized that they went up and up high into the steeple. An almost overpowering urge to go where the stairs might lead suddenly overcame me. I was about to race up them when I heard a slight cough, the kind of cough one uses when one wishes to attract someone's attention without being too obvious about it. I whirled around in the direction from which the sound had come and to my amazement saw a middle-aged gentleman of a rather frail appearance sitting cross-legged over in a corner against the wall. I was not sure whether he had been sitting there all the time and I had not observed him or whether he had simply appeared out of nowhere. When I considered the matter afterwards I decided it must have been the latter. I stared at him incredulously, while he, on the other hand, did not seem in the least surprised to see me. He nodded cordially in the way of a greeting and beckoned with his hand for me to come closer. Not knowing quite what else to do at the moment, I complied.

He was wearing a long, loose gray robe gathered in at the waist



by a thin gold cord which was obviously much too long and could easily have reached twice or three times around him. I refrained with difficulty from suggesting immediately that he tie the cord around twice so that it wouldn't drag on the ground. My good manners prevailed, however, and with a good deal of stammering and confusion I demanded just who he was, where I was, and what we were both doing here. He remained perfectly motionless during my outburst and then without so much as the cast of an inquisitive eye in my direction he asked me if I knew where I was. I had only finished asking the same question of him but I counted ten and tried to think. At that point I knew I was dead and I was at least fairly sure that my present environment was neither Heaven nor Hell so I suggested Purgatory. He smiled to himself at that, the way a mother smiles when her very young son has just related some utterly ridiculous story which he has heard on the way home from school. I felt slightly affronted by that smile, but before I could think of some more suitable answer he said to me as he shook his head in the direction of the stairs,

"You are not yet ready for the Kingdom of Happiness. To you the stairs are barred."

Realizing that I must have behaved very badly on earth I asked him, trying to conceal my embarrassment, "But where shall I go? Surely I can't remain here. I can remember nothing of who I was or what happened before I came here. Must I stay here forever?"

He shook his head. "Do you not know that God is merciful? You will have another chance, a new individuality."

"You mean . . . ?"

He nodded. "But you may have to wait. You must go out that door." Here he paused and gestured toward a door at the far side of the stairs. Then he continued.

"You will then walk down the lane and the little house nearest the meadow on the right will be yours. It is empty now. Someone moved out just the other day." And then he became very polite, assuming the attitude of a landlord.

"I hope you won't find it too unpleasant and I'm sure you won't have to wait very long."

With this remark he produced a small gold notebook from one of the numerous folds of his robe, flipped casually through the pages,

and then nodded an assurance of his last statement. Here he chuckled and said, more to himself than to me, for I had to struggle to catch the words,

“Next trip down doesn’t look as if it will be too bad. Yes, sir, one more ought to do it.”

And with a quiet chuckle he disappeared . . . completely disappeared.

I had a sudden impulse to ignore his words, to climb the stairs. But something beyond my own power lifted me to my feet and sent me moving in the direction of the designated door. I neared the door, and it opened noiselessly by some mysterious force, and I stepped out onto the threshold of reincarnation.

ANN CLEMENS '47

## A Shadow of a Dream

Ambition's but a shadow of a dream  
To be lost among the toils of a life,  
To be shut away in worried times of strife  
Then found, then lost again.

Ambition's but a shadow of a dream  
To be pulled apart, observed and criticised  
And turned once more and carefully scrutinized,  
Then patched—made whole again.

Ambition's but a shadow of a dream:  
It hovers over all man's struggles and his pain;  
It taunts his hope, his will to try again,  
And its fulfillment stands just out of reach.

ANNE CHANDLER '47

## Timothy and the Rose-colored Glasses

It was on the seventh day of April, about nine o'clock in the morning, that Timothy Summers, age fifty-four, made the discovery that life no longer interested him. He had been dwelling on this important thought for a long time, turning it over and over in his mind, and making very sure of his decision before he announced it to Elizabeth, his wife. Now Elizabeth was the sort of woman to whom one could quite safely entrust every private thought, but still Timothy was skeptical about letting her in on this discovery. The future, to her, was completely meaningless and happened only to other people, and it was for this reason that Timothy felt he had never really known her. At the same time he was not at all sure she would be able to foresee, as he did, their long and tedious life together, stretching out endlessly like a dark, empty dream.

For a long time the light and hope had been fading from his private world, and the hypocrisy and greed in men's souls had each day been made more apparent to him. Although Timothy did not know this, the truth of the matter was, that in the throes of middle age one must find for oneself a new perspective and standard of life, and until this realization hit him Timothy would be a man hopelessly in search of new worlds to conquer.

And so, on this fair April day, Timothy decided to settle the matter with Elizabeth once and for all. He took up his fork and pushed some watery, yellow eggs around his plate for a few minutes, then picked up the morning paper and plowed his way blindly into the advertising section. Somehow he felt better behind that barricade of printed words, and it gave him time to plan out his next move. He felt suddenly unhappy about his decision, as the full realization of how deeply it would hurt Elizabeth struck him. Like a flash it dawned upon him that she might be harboring behind her coffee-pot, the very same feelings toward mankind that he was, and it was in that instant that he realized how childishly selfish he was being.

Timothy, crouching behind the newspaper on that warm spring day, suddenly felt closer and more in harmony with Elizabeth than he had ever been in his life. Must it all end? He did not want to lose it. "There will never be anything like this again," he thought, "so



beautiful, so mysterious, and so sad." As he lowered the paper he saw her looking at him, her eyes soft with unspoken thoughts, and she smiled at him gently.

"Come to the window," she said, "someone is calling you." Timothy got up from the table and walked over to where she stood. He looked over her shoulder through the open window and blinked twice. It was like seeing the whole world through rose-colored glasses! All the poems and sonnets he had ever read about Spring came together and joined hands in his memory. The first touch of morning was over all, gentle but cool, and filled the surrounding countryside with the sweet scents of lilacs and freshly turned earth. The clouds were wisps of white along the horizon, and made a perfect background for the stately array of trees which marched so magnificently down the drive to the velvet ribbon of road beyond. Oh, to see all this at last meant more to him now than the riches of kings! It filled him with insurmountable joy and yet a strange sort of humility to be really seeing the Spring in all its glory, for the first time in twenty years. He felt that Elizabeth owned his soul at that moment for presenting him with the rose-colored glasses he was wearing, and, best of all he knew she understood!

And so it was, that on that same April morning, Timothy felt young again, full of hopes and gentle dreams. He no longer felt that the bright years had come and gone for him. The future was what he and Elizabeth would make it. Thanks to her and the wonder of Spring, he could see the world from then on through his miraculous, rose-colored glasses.

ANN SAROLEA '48

## Lachrymose

As dew rests on the petals of a rose,  
Reflecting colors soft, in prisms clear,  
So rests upon my lady's silken cheek,  
A solitary tear.

ANNE CHANDLER '47

## The Library and Malcolm

Malcolm carefully straightened his tie as he conducted his little sister to the library. He knew that this gesture was unnecessary to his appearance, but enjoyed its self-assured upward thrust of the chin and air of masculinity.

The library was half-way between the first and second floors; a story by itself. Unlike the libraries in most families which specialize in home life, this one was in no wise a "den." It was not invaded by papers, pencil stubs, and latest novels, as visitors seemed to expect, but rather had a starched, only-for-Sunday-afternoons air which quite justifiably resulted from its long use as a family council-room for problems and misdemeanors. Yet on the surface, the library conformed to the physical demands of any cozy room; it had oak panels, a fireplace which smoked, tall bookshelves reaching to the ceiling, and a large corner with a globe and great armchair, but in spite of these attributes, hardly ever did anyone swing his long legs over an arm of the chair to enjoy a book from the shelves. If the occasional reader did smoke, there were none of the prescribed blue rings around his head. Long ago Malcolm had felt the need of making the library a family place by encouraging his brothers and sister to bring the "Funnies" to its braided rug to read, to coax the dog to curl up in a corner, and by asking his father to read from Robert Burns on winter evenings. But the strength of one member's sense of solidarity cannot reform a tradition even older than he. Thus the library had been left to its own atmosphere of reserve and solemnity, while family life drifted back downstairs to the living room.

Now, several years later, Malcolm recognized the use the library could offer. Since it was stiff and serious, it might be employed as a chamber of council and advice.

Upon entering the room, he assumed the expression of kind firmness which he meant to maintain throughout his address. He could not have followed Polonius' speech more carefully in his advice to his little sister. He began, "Well, you probably haven't any idea what school is like, and you won't even when you get there. So just wait around quietly the first few weeks, and don't let anyone get your number until you have everyone else's." From there he con-

tinued to enumerate points on proper clothing, choice of friends, and loans between schoolmates. He was acutely aware of the difference in their positions. He was a graduate "old boy," and his sister "new" in the next-to-lowest class. He felt very competent in guiding her behaviour at boarding school.

Thoroughly Mal outlined a portrait of the ideal prep school student for her benefit. With a strong sense of his being part of a family tradition he remembered that two years ago his brother John had counselled him in the same manner, perhaps in the same words. Russell might have advised John a couple of years before that, just as he spoke to Carol now. The library had been a source of unity after all, Malcolm reflected, not as a place for reading "Little Orphan Annie" or playing parcheesi, but as a room for direct contact in conversation between two members. Malcolm took great pleasure in passing on to Carol what he had received from John, and John from Russell.

Dramatically the youngest brother concluded his address and watched his sister for results. He was gratified to see her expression of respect and even awe.

Wonderfully aware of his three years' seniority, he let her out of the library, and remarked to himself what a very satisfactory Sunday afternoon it had been.

CAROL B. McLEAN '47

## Commencement

Commencement—a beginning,  
An opening of the eyes;  
A time to test the training,  
And see if we are wise.

EMILY GIERASCH '47



## The Sonata

Yes, there was no doubt about it. He really had had talent. The organ was playing the sonata now—his sonata. How well each note seemed to be adapted to the setting. They had played it at Alan's wedding. The small Gothic church had seemed to swell with every note and the thrilling pitches seemed to reflect in everyone's eyes. Now, once more, the walls of this dignified shrine were heaving with the vibration of the same melody. The hot, glaring atmosphere outside seemed to re-echo even more the fervent strains, but the chords this time were making the air seem heavy and almost sluggish.

The Reverend Hollim gazed out from the door of the vestry upon the few pews that were now occupied. The majority of the people had just entered and were bowing their heads, but, one by one, they abruptly sat up disclosing their faces to Mr. Hollim. For many years he had looked out on these same people, this same select group, this same family.

He had known the Potters for many decades, ever since the two, George and Martha, had moved from the city to the more suburban district. George had had a firm position in business even then, during the depression. It was not hard, therefore, to see why he had wanted his railroad to continue in the hands of his heirs, but had he been wrong? There were two sides to this question. What was George thinking now? Was his mind reviewing all the heartbreaks and happy times he had shown Alan—had given Alan? People often think of such things at funerals.

"He'll stop that music now," the elderly George Potter was reflecting, "and then my thoughts will be clear. Then this heavy weight of—yes, guilt—will be gone. But, no, I suppose all the organs in the world could cease forever, and still that haunting melody would remain a barrier in my complete happiness. Why do people have regrets at funerals? Alan is dead now. All that is done is done, and he'll be happy soon. His music is completely his own at last.

"How well I recall the day that Alan, just a boy then—a child really—had come to me with his decision. I had come in from a

game of tennis with Michael, my eldest son and Alan's brother. I always liked to play with Michael. He had developed into all that I had hoped for. He hadn't come to work for me at the railroad, but Michael had been happy, and Alan would be as competent in that line. He could take over the business just as well. I had allowed Michael to play the piano professionally, but not Alan. I could not have suffered that. It had been hard enough with one in the family, and then there was the need for one of them to take over the railroad. I suppose I had known immediately from the sharp decisive knocks Alan gave on the door that this alert young man had come to me with an adverse decision. With my permission, the door was opened and Alan walked in. "You're not going to like this, but, Pop, I've decided to—" I knew what the following words would be. It was as though he had reached into my heart and tugged at it fiercely. I couldn't let him speak the rest.

"'Yes, Alan, I know.' Each word seemed to weigh a tremendous amount on my tongue. 'You want to give your life to the piano. You, too, want to live for your benefit, your pleasure, but, Alan, I'm not going to let you do it. I've failed once and I'm not going to again. Oh, play the piano but the railroad must come first!' From the reflection in Alan's face I was aware of the force with which I was saying this. Alan had realized that also. He just stood there, hate slowly filling his eyes. Yes, I can see now that it was hate.

"'Okay, Pop.' He turned his back on me and walked out. I think I never had his friendship again. If only he hadn't been so agreeable—so damned agreeable! What we both needed was a fiery argument where we could both exhaust our tempers, but he stopped that, and all my anguish simmered in me for days. I can imagine—oh, no; the one person I did not care to see. But of course she'd be here. Doesn't she have a right to be? She won't speak, though. She does have some pride."

She thought, "Miss Nancy, he used to call me. It's comforting that you've once been a great aid to someone, but, was I? I wonder. The day he and Mr. Potter had their quarrel was the first time that I began to help Alan. Oh, I had bandaged a cut knee or dried a tear before, for wasn't that what governesses were for? This time, though, I had seen him standing by the large bay window biting his lip. It wasn't until I approached him that I saw he had been crying.



Strange, I thought, for Alan to cry. He had not shed even a tear for several years now. I had said, 'Tell Miss Nancy what's wrong, Alan.'

"He had looked up at me searchingly. No, he had looked at me on a level really, for he had grown quite tall by now, but his expression was so pitiful, so appealing, that he had seemed to look up to me. This was all he had needed to let go. He must have cried for a long time and eventually, with some comforting, he had told me of the decisive argument he had had. All my life I had watched Alan grow, in and with his music. I had watched Mike, too. Mike was good, but Alan was the musician. At the thought of all this collapsing, horror and fear struck my heart, and gradually Alan and I worked out a plan whereby he could spend most of his time on music. He would go to the railroad office every day, but his piano would be moved into his den and he could devote most of his time to his music. The plan had been perfect. Old Mr. Potter was then at home most of the time so he had little chance of knowing. Mike had known, though. I guess it is a rather tough thing to have a younger brother with all the talent. Mike knew of the difference also. That hurt even more. Alan had the talent and the railroad. I could see the jealousy in poor Mike growing stronger every day. It shows in him now, too. Look at him. . . ."

"It had been on a day like this," the worn-looking young man was lamenting, "that I had gone to Alan's office and found him at the piano. I had slipped in to surprise him and had found him enthralled in his world of music. The sonata that he had been playing fascinated me. It was a tremendous thing. I could feel that, as it seemed to swell the very walls of the room. I had failed to recognize it, however. I had sat, enchanted, while Alan had continued. He had seen me enter, but had gone on. The piece had put me in such a trance that when Alan had finished and had asked 'Well, do you like it?' all I could seem to gasp was 'Yes, it's good'." That had been a very mild remark. Somehow I couldn't bring myself to praise it highly to Alan, however. Yes, I was jealous.

"'You should have that published, Alan,' I had mumbled.

"'I can see Dad if I did. No,' he said, 'I guess my music will have to be for Alan only.'

"'I couldn't let that happen. 'Have you ever thought of using a pseudonym, Alan? You just can't let that remain unacclaimed.'



“‘All right,’ he had agreed, ‘you have pull. Take it down and see about getting it published, but not in my name.’

“I made my way to the publisher. I had one of the men there play it, I didn’t care to do so. I made up some excuse about better effect or something. It was played very badly, but accepted nevertheless, at once. ‘It is magnificent, sir,’ the publisher had said. ‘Tell me who wrote this tremendous sonata?’

“I guess I was still under the power of jealousy and greed, for I heard myself repeating ‘Potter—Michael Potter’ . . . .”

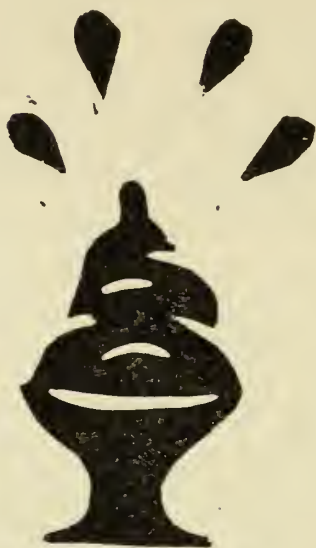
“Mike’s taking this pretty hard,” Ann Potter reasoned. “He has a hard job ahead of him. I have one, too, for, as his wife, I must help him grasp the firmness in life that he needs so desperately. There has been a large emptiness in Mike ever since he sold the sonata as his own. He had known that what he had done was foolish, but something had seemed to have caught hold of him. Alan hadn’t taken it as hard as anyone had expected. This was probably the whole trouble. Alan had always seemed so insensitive about things. He wasn’t, however,” she reflected. “I knew that. Perhaps Alan was just timid. That must have been it. I remember the expression on his face the day Mike and I were married. I had loved Alan all my life but he had seemed not even to have a brotherly regard for me. Mike was like Alan in many ways, and he had been dashing and full of spirit, too. I had thought that if I married him I would, at least, have something of Alan, but it hasn’t worked out that way. I hurt Alan deeply. He hadn’t known about Mike and me until we had eloped. He hadn’t even dreamed of it. Mike and I had come back that night and told our families of our marriage. The news had shocked Alan. He tried to talk to me and reason with me and tell me that I had been wrong, but he only succeeded in increasing my unhappiness and I finally made him see that he had expressed his feelings just too late. That was the last time he ever showed his affections toward me. He didn’t act coldly, he merely appeared to be indifferent, and within a few years, Alan married Jane. She was a pretty girl, a few years younger than Alan, but old enough to back him in anything. And she did do a good job of backing him . . . .”

“Yes, I did do a good job backing Alan,” Jane Potter found herself thinking. “It was a good job all right, but even before I had married Alan I could see that there was something disturbing him.

I had known it had to do with his music. What it was, I hadn't known, but after we were married, he had kept on muttering something about his piece and Mike's music. Gradually, though, I had learned of Mike's trick. I had wanted so desperately to rid Alan of this discomfort that I continually reminded him of it. Alan wouldn't listen at first. Then everything around him had started to collapse. His mother died that year, I lost our child, and the railroad business was slowly declining. Alan was at a complete loss by then and his yearning and need for music was even stronger. He and I had laid the entire blame on Mike for misrepresenting Alan's sonata so that Alan had gained enough trust in himself and contempt for Mike to expose the long-past incident. No one really blamed Mike; they just felt sorry for the lost talent, now discovered in Alan. Alan should have been happy then but he wasn't. He had become dreadfully ill because of his heart and was completely bedridden for several months. Then one night he had quietly slipped from his troubled surroundings in this disorderly world. He hadn't struck a note on his piano for over a year. They say he died of a heart attack—just a common death—but I sincerely believe that I killed him—that George Potter, Miss Nancy, Mike and Ann and I all killed him. For Alan was not a man to be molded into a convenient shape nor was he to be pushed around like so much debris. Alan was an artist . . . .”

The music had stopped. The Reverend Hollim saw now that all the expected congregation had arrived, and slowly, reverently, sadly, he began the long solemn procession that he was to lead down the aisles to the altar—down the path of discontent and debasement to happiness.

BARBARA HAMBY '49



### To an Ice Cream Sundae

You are a snowy mountain, sitting there,  
Uneven, white, and glistening with the cold;  
And at your feet the barren land lies bare,  
In pools of caramel of sticky gold.

And on your jutting peaks, dark rocks are found  
(The nuts which so much taste and pleasure add).  
You rise before me in a luscious mound  
To tempt the eyes and make the taste buds glad.

You are a favorite with all walks of life,  
No matter what the age or class may be.  
You're chosen by the diplomatic wife,  
And never would you be refused by me.

So, ice-cream sundae, here's a toast to you  
From one who has digested quite a few.

ELEANOR WALLIS '48



## The Sea Wall

She was standing by the brick sea wall when he first saw her. He had been walking along slowly, meditatively, when he chanced to look up and saw her standing there. The breeze played with her dark hair and kept her striped skirt in constant motion, for she made no move to hold it still. Her hands rested lightly on top of the wall and he noticed how red her nails were. Her feet were shod in black thonged sandals and he saw that the color on her toenails matched that on her fingers. There was a straw beach-hat hanging down her back, held in place by a wide black ribbon about her throat, and the sleeves of her peasant blouse billowed softly about her arms. His eyes rose to her face with its high cheekbones and ice-blue eyes.

Her mouth was open, and with a start he realized that she was laughing, laughing at him, at his shabby suit and soiled tie, at his rumpled hair and two days' growth of beard. He looked down at himself and then at her again. She had thrown her head back, still laughing, her teeth gleaming white in contrast to the tan of her skin. Suddenly, with no warning, she ceased to laugh. Her cold eyes met his, held them for a brief moment and then she turned, linked arms with two youths who had been taking her picture, and strolled off down the walk.

He stared after her until the milling crowds swallowed the trio. Then he turned, climbed to the top of the red brick sea wall, and faced the ice-blue waters.

MAUD SAVAGE '47



## Gardenia

Fragrance—floating, clinging,  
 Sickly sweet, sophisticated,  
 Pours forth from petals  
 Ivory white and dully satin.  
 Distinction, born of heavy fragrance,  
 Lives in ivory dullness,  
 Dies with stains of brownness,  
 Marring satin whiteness.  
 Drooping petals, void of fragrance,  
 See once more the light,  
 Feel the touch of love—  
 Friendship, forgotten and recalled.

EMILY GIERASCH '47

## Illusions of Music

Perhaps death is the inevitable end, she thought, standing before the inky, evil cave;—death of roaring violence, death of screaming laughter, death of crushing power of water cascading down mountain slopes, defying that which would try to stop it, crashing it to death with a foaming arm. What matters whether man reaches fame or moral degradation? The river of death thunders on, past pools of disgrace, lagoons of purity, lakes of hate and love. It is never stagnant, it never rests, and no man escapes its devouring waves—

"Man with his flaming sword  
 Has but an hour to live  
 To build his ship of state  
 In which his soul may sail!"

The man beside her moved suddenly and brushed her shoulder. She smiled at him, and then gazed at the conductor for whom the applause was deafening.—This is the last concert of the season, she thought absently,—so, so expensive.

MARGARET KIMBALL '47

## The Widow

O noble heart, art thou truly dead  
Hast thou dyed the battle-field in red  
With the blood thy heart hath shed?  
Come back! come back to me!  
Wilt thou never again see the gulls  
And the rolling waves of the sea?  
Oh you whom the love of God hath blest,  
May you in the eternal city  
Have perfect rest.

PREMI ASHIRVATHAM '49

## A Warning

The rain wasn't behaving as rain should. It seemed to the little girl who watched it that she had never seen angry rain before and she wondered what had caused its fury. The clouds were merging and separating like boiling soup, and once when they parted she was able to see the white of clear sky beyond. A vague thought that perhaps what she had seen was Heaven briefly entered her mind, but she rejected it because the sky was only Heaven at night and not in the daytime. With a sudden shift in the wind, the rain was directed towards the house and pounded hard against the window where she stood. For a moment, everything outside was obscured by a silver foam which beat and struck its anger with resounding vengeance on roof and window; then it turned and lashed out at the trees. This she could see more clearly, watching with complete concentration as the wind and rain together shook the trees. Emerald leaves floated quietly, gracefully down, ignoring the force of the wind. One leaf, however, was swept upward until, following its crazy spiral, her eyes lost their object. Scanning the turmoil there, she glimpsed a break which was copied by other clouds, as a long path was opened, through which the sun's timid fingers were barely visible. She turned with a cry of delight to tell the others that the storm was over, but found none to share her pleasure.



With no purpose other than to find a playmate, she stepped out into the gleaming world. A few clouds remained, fat and lazy, unfit representatives of the strength she had just witnessed. The birds had descended from their nests, and through the damp mist that hovered over the wet lawn, she could see them hop about. She turned quickly and, feeling herself alone, ran across the lawn and through a field to a small wood. The dark path glistened in the afternoon sun, and every color was particularly vivid. More than slightly wet herself, she arrived at the bank of a rushing mountain stream, hurtling down from its source with such force that only its momentum kept it in its course. The stepping-stones had disappeared, and the green moss and the tiny beach had been washed away. She looked rather like an old woman inspecting the ruins of a burned or ransacked home, as she moved slowly from one spot to another, retrieving treasured sticks and stones painstakingly collected during the months she had played there. For the rest of the afternoon she worked quietly and hard, cleaning up the wreckage created by the storm. Unaware of the brook as it swept past her, she moved among her toys, soothing them with inborn mother's instinct. Once finished she brushed her hair from her damp forehead with a muddy hand, and turned her back on the tearing current and the storm's mute destruction.

As she emerged from the woods, she blinked at the bright world she beheld there. The air had cleared, and blue had gradually come back into the sky. Dwarfed by the huge trees beside her, the child walked slowly up the field. There was no perceptible change in her; yet what she had seen had left its imprint in her child's mind. For she had for the first time seen strength and power in things she had previously accepted, and was wiser for it.

SUSANNE ROBBINS '47

## Time and the Sea

Over the open, echoing shore  
Deserted of its ancient roar,  
I only hear the lonely lapping  
Of the tired tide, entrapping  
In listless attitude of might  
The dwindling hours of the night;  
Drawing away with steady hand  
The pulse of time from slumb'ring land,  
The Present, gathered silently,  
To join the Past in the grave of the sea.

ROSEMARY JONES '48

## Aftermath

When he came to his senses, he found himself striding swiftly down the street. He stopped in sharp amazement and thought weakly until he remembered everything that had happened. It had been such a terrible day! Everything had gone wrong from the beginning; upon arriving home from work, exhausted mentally and physically, his head throbbing with confused thoughts and his heart overflowing with unspent emotions that had accumulated with the troubles of past days, he had found his wife in the same condition of near-hysteria. Thus they had begun the evening together, both longing desperately for comfort and consolation from the other, each thinking only of personal troubles. They had become more and more bitter and upset until he could stand it no longer, and with several final bits of uncontrolled sarcasm directed at his wife and the world in general, he had snatched up his hat, pulled his coat off the banister where he had flung it, and rushed out of the house, banging the door after him so that the glass panes rattled.

He felt a pang of remorse at the recollection, but then his eyes narrowed, he set his jaw so firmly that his teeth almost locked; thrusting his clenched fists in his pockets, he tramped, glowering, down the street. It seemed as though there were many evil demons within him, torturing and pushing him on, and he walked faster and faster, seeing and noticing nothing.

Suddenly he found himself before a wide prairie where the tall grasses and little shrubs, painted with the luminous silver of the moon, rustled quietly in the evening breeze. He stood, etched in moonlight, and listened to the soft, insistent whispers of the grass as it waved and beckoned to him. He heard a choir of crickets singing their endless song, with many voices rising clearly above the rest. The chorus was curiously soothing to his overwrought mind, and his tensed body slowly relaxed as a vague sense of peace stole through him and gently displaced some of his pain. Then, just as quickly as it had detached itself from the other sounds, the sound blended again into the background and seemed to serve only as the rhythm of the symphony, a pulsation of the heart and soul of the night.

Across the meadow a dog hesitatingly barked, and was answered eagerly from another direction, as the canine lovers went to their evening rendezvous. As he watched the stars crowded in the sky, each little pinpoint of silver light glowing and flickering softly, the lead weight began to leave his heart.

Far off in the distance he heard a train's whistle. It sang a strangely happy tune as it raced gaily along. It was carefree, he thought, even though it knew not what lay ahead; and suddenly he wanted to be as carefree as the train, or as tranquil as the calm grasses. The final echoes of the train's song floated away and, as he listened alertly, his anguish completely left him in the quietness and serenity of the night. His head was clear again, his whole soul was freed from its chains of care, and he felt surprisingly at peace. He half smiled in new-found contentment as he looked once more at the silver-painted prairie; then he turned and with a light step walked purposefully homeward.

DARLENE SHARP '47



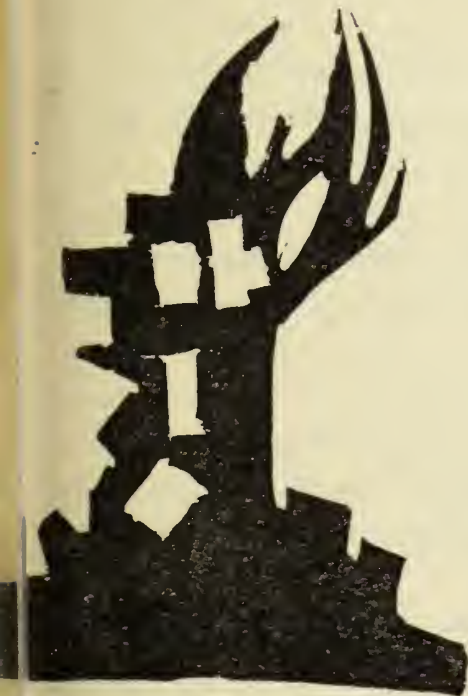
## Fire!

Shrilly a bleak whistle sounding,  
Shouts through a stormy night;  
Rain on the pavement resounding,  
Quivering flashes of light;  
Blood and the cries of a child,  
Sweat and the smell of the dead;  
Wind and the rain growing wild;  
Warnings from those up ahead.

Sides of a building now crumble;  
Litter is flying around;  
Men through the haze run and stumble;  
Roaring walls fall to the ground.  
Cold, and the flames leaping higher,  
Colors that ripple and wave;  
Coughing from smoke of the fire  
Figures drawn taut and eyes grave.

Down on the scene softly breaking,  
Water drips down from bare frames;  
Sighs from those weary and aching,  
Smoke curls where once there were flames.  
Murmuring crowds start to scatter,  
Minds turn to business again;  
Trucks head for home with a clatter;  
Ashes and rubble remain.

ANNE CHANDLER '47



## Dear Mother

DEAR MOTHER:

Undoubtedly you feel that my behaviour for the past month has been most foolish and thoughtless. You may at last breathe a sigh of relief, for I now realize that it was very useless to undertake that task, one in which I should have realized my certain failure. My aims were high, but it is with profound disillusionment that I realize that it is not within my talents to help the poor.

May I tell you what effected this hasty transformation of ideas? One morning, about a week ago, our class was sent to one of the poorer sections of the city to speak to the people and take notes. Our sociology teacher said that the only way in which we can make ourselves trusted by those people is to learn how to become acquainted with them without arousing their resentment.

Thus, bursting with the enthusiasm of ignorance, I set about the task of "meeting the martyred proletariat." It was easier to mingle with them than I expected, for, as a matter of fact, they didn't even notice me. I must confess that it pricked my pride to be accepted as one of them so readily, even though that was my task. Although very shabby, they looked happy enough, but I am sure that it is because they could not comprehend their own miserable state. I wandered around, trying to be friendly and start conversations, but no one responded to my carefully reticent overtures. Probably they didn't even realize that I was trying to help them.

Turning around, I spied with a little distaste, an old man approaching me, pushing a cart piled high with fruit and many other articles, probably all his movable property. This was my chance, and I hurried to make the best of it.

"Uh, Mister, do you push this cart for a living?"

"No, Ma'am, I'm a salesman. Would you care to buy anything?" He spoke carefully, as if unused to the English tongue, but I was surprised to hear perfect pronunciation and grammar from one so obviously a foreigner.

"No, thank you." I should hope not! My guinea pig gave me an extremely annoyed look and moved on. It was obvious that all his intentions were purely mercenary. "Tell me, are there many of you

making a living this way?" I fancy that I concealed rather well my distaste for the way in which he makes his living.

"Yes, Ma'am, it's rather hard to find work these days, you know." It seemed almost as if he were laughing at me, but of course that's impossible.

"Where did you learn to speak English so well? You weren't born in this country, were you?"

"No, Ma'am, I was born in Italy, but I decided that since I was to become an American, I might as well learn to speak correctly, so I went to night school." The man was definitely annoyed now, but, having caught a real example of the suppressed lower class, I could not afford to let him go. I had to find a problem of his and solve it. I leaped into the matter accordingly, for, after all, the man's need must have conquered his pride.

"I don't like to pry, but if you would tell me about your terrible problems, perhaps I could help you solve them." This time he threw me a furious look. Oh dear, what would my sociology teacher say about this blundering?

"Listen, Ma'am, I've tried very hard to be nice to you. It may not occur to you that every word you've said to me has been insulting, but that happens to be the truth. I have no troubles. My life is a very happy one except when there are amateur socialists like you hanging around."

"I only meant that, with the life you must lead—"

The man rudely interrupted me with a short bark that had something of laughter in it, "What makes you think my life is so different from yours? Sure, you have money, but what good does it do you? Here you are playing at working and I am accomplishing the job of earning my own living. You're only acting a part." With these words the man hurried away to peddle his wares. I hadn't done him any good. I'd only kept him from his work.

So you see now why I have given up my idea of trying to help the poor people. They don't wish to be helped. If only that man hadn't said that there was no difference in our lives. Of course there is.

Your penitent Daughter

P.S. I have decided to take up art as a hobby. It is fascinating.

BARBOURA C. FLUES '47



## The Mountain Top

We clutched at trembling boulders,  
Caught low, spindling boughs of mountain growth,  
Upturning earth-damped roots in rude ascent.  
Behind our track, stones tumbled harshly  
O'er dry leaves and rent  
The stillness to the bottom.  
We stopped, alone, in blue  
Unreal mist, which dampened all the mountain top,  
Dank upon the spring that just pushed through.  
Too early yet for birds, or too high,  
No sound approached the loneliness.  
We were like strangers; strangely proud  
To be so high, yet somehow bowed  
Beneath the thickness of that mountain sky.  
We felt about to realize unfamiliar hopes.  
Then far below, some rambling hound  
Rustled at a rabbit hole. The ragged sound  
Recalled us to ourselves: we stumbled down  
From those blue magic mountain slopes.

CAROL B. McLEAN '47

## Mood Melodies

Kathy had felt strangely depressed all evening, and had found it an effort to smile and occasionally join in the gay chatter at their table. So she was glad now to be away dancing with Charles, closely and without talking, as he had always liked. He could not know she was not sharing his dreamy mood any more than he had guessed she was not sharing the gaiety back at the table.

In a few minutes she noticed the pianist, her small, stocky torso swaying tiredly forward and back as she emphasized the pulsing melody. Kathy watched. There was something hypnotic in the play-

ing muscles of those bare arms, and the rhythmic swaying of that hard, capable body compressed into turquoise and sequins, but her face was what was striking. In the midst of that dimly lit medley of laughing, smiling or tender faces, her heavy, dark features under the garish yellow spotlight bore the exhausted, uncomprehending look of one just roused from sleep. Forward and back, and forward and back. Her small stubby hands sprang energetically over the keys, but her face expressed calm agony, waiting for a bell to ring somewhere or a clock to strike, so a mechanical doll could jerk and shudder and collapse, exhausted. Kathy felt tired.

A spirited samba began, and the dance floor changed character with the new rhythm. Bobbing couples leaned apart, and laughed, and swayed together again. The yellow spotlight changed to red, focusing on the drummer, and the narrow sallow figure who had drummed idly now and then through the other numbers, seemed to come to life for the first time. He leaned forward, and a smile flickered over his sinister yellow face as an easy shower of drumbeats tumbled forth. Soon he swayed urgently with the rhythm, seeming to breathe it as the theme was overlaid now, woven under and about with swift, running patterns, and the music grew faster. A few people drew closer and watched, couples still linked, not dancing, merely keeping time with their bodies. The room throbbed with his pulse and he threw back his head with a triumphant leer, speeding his hands, making it wilder till the sophisticated samba was lost in the savage frenzy. The drummer grinned his macabre grin and crouched lower. "Like a tarantella" Kathy thought, remembering the wild dance of the Mexicans to free themselves of snake-poison. "I wonder what poison he is working off?" she thought, as he thundered out a furious climax. He unbent his taut catlike body into an easy, sullen slouch, nodding slightly in acknowledgment of the soft splatter of applause.

"Having fun?" Charles smiled.

"Oh yes, let's not stop for a while." He agreed and she was still safe for a while from the now noisy group at their table. The light switched blue, and as they moved toward the other side of the dance floor, Kathy had a glimpse of a heavy, oily young man standing at the microphone starting "Night and Day." The dancers moved slowly, dreamily now, talking in murmurs or not at all, their faces

poignant, and yet, too revealed in the strange blue light. A young boy and girl revolved slowly near them, the girl with closed eyelids and the boy observing all. Kathy's head ached, and she felt unfriendly and apart from the people near her, and ashamed of the unknown girl for showing her feelings when the boy did not. Through a parting in the crowd, she saw the singer again, heavy eyelids half shut, heavy lips mouthing "Let me spend my life making love to you."

"I wonder who *would* let him," she thought with calm disgust. The song wound up with a flourish of drums, indicating an intermission. As they walked hand in hand back to the group, Kathy forced herself to smile up at Charles, "It's a pretty little place" she said, "isn't it?"

ELIZABETH ANN MITCHELL '47





## The Actress and the Adolescent

Georgie Sutton wandered happily down Main Street, hands in pockets, whistling a tremulous melody. His heart was light within him, and his pockets were heavy with the money he had earned the past week running errands for his mother.

He paused before the town's one and only theater. Posted on its dusty, peeling façade was a poster bearing this legend:

!! MATINEE TODAY !!  
for limited number of performances only!  
the beautiful  
LILIANE DEQUINCY LAVERNE  
in  
"HIDDEN HEARTBREAK"  
or  
"FORSAKEN"

Beside this was the picture of a woman in a theatrical pose, head flung back dramatically, eyes half-closed. An older person might have thought there were traces of hardness around her mouth, but to Georgie she was beautiful.

He bought a ticket and climbed up the musty stairway to the highest balcony. Once in his seat, he assumed the haughty look of an habitu  of gay places such as these, a man of sophistication and savoir-faire. He opened the bag of candy he had just bought and with great care selected a lump of rock candy. Just then the band struck up the overture, and the curtain rose. There on the stage stood Liliane Laverne in an attitude of deepest sorrow. Georgie immediately became oblivious to everything else. When she spoke in a husky, vibrant voice, Georgie's heart shattered into a million pieces at her feet. From then on he was her White Knight. So passed his hour of ecstasy.

He emerged from the theater into the late afternoon sunshine in a golden, befuddled daze. He knew not what he did that afternoon or the next day. He ate and slept Liliane Laverne, but she was too close to his heart for him to speak to anyone else about her.

All through the following days he attended every performance of "Hidden Heartbreak," stealing out at night after he was supposed to be in bed. And in his heart a resolve was growing. He determined to take her out of the miserable existence she was leading, for she was beaten by a drunken husband at every single performance. So he formulated a plan. The night of the final performance of "Hidden Heartbreak" he would shinny up the drainpipe, get into the room, make himself known to Liliane, and they would flee together.

Accordingly, he sat through the final performance of the play. At the end of the performance he made his way to the courtyard of the theater, and, after a little scouting, found the dressing-room window of his beloved. He clambered up the drainpipe with difficulty and, breathing hard, inched across the wide ledge to the window and peered inside.

What a scene met his eyes! The dressing room was in chaos. Clothes were strewn with wild abandon over chairs, tables, and floor. A greyish, ragged curtain partly hid what seemed to be Liliane's wardrobe. The room was overcrowded with furniture, having a couch, three chairs, a table, lamps, and a large dressing table placed at random. And at the dressing table sat Liliane. What a Liliane! She was not the youthful, glamorous person seen on the stage and in the picture, but a person entirely different. The slim figure was not so slim, but sagged and wrinkled in a most alarming way. The abundant blond hair was greasy, and dark at the roots. The vivacious black eyes were rimmed darkly and grease paint was plastered stickily over her face.

Georgie felt stricken unto death. His mighty castles in the air crashed with a bitter roar. He whimpered. He felt an urge to be safe at home in bed. Liliane suddenly caught sight of Georgie gazing through the window. With a shriek, she stood up. Georgie hastily slid down the drainpipe and ran for his life. As he ran, he heard the raucous voice of Liliane recounting the incident. With a muffled sob, Georgie disappeared into the darkness.

GENE YOUNG '48

## Thoughts By The Sea

My solitude is shared by wheeling gulls  
Whose raucous cries rend tranquil mood.  
They soar away. Once more there is a lull;  
Once more I can behold the sea and brood.

Warm sand beneath my feet, clear sky o'erhead,  
And breakers plunging to the beach  
All seem to fill my mind with awe and dread  
At something which exists beyond its reach.

What power rules these tides and warms this sand?  
What hurls the surf and flings its spray?  
Whose unseen hand has led me to this strand?  
And when I leave, how shall I see the way?

ANN AULIS '47

## Why I Am Going Back

### AN ESSAY OF FAITH

Although I am an American citizen, I lived in Germany for the first ten years of my life, and I came to this country only in August 1939, just before the war broke out. In Germany, I grew up through the kindergarten and half of the grammar-school stage of my life, carefree and unthinking, while, all around, the fanatic fires of Nazism grew and spread, fanned by the heat of Hitler's dreams and ambitions. On bright days I played in the Aachen woods, unmindful of the barbed wire entanglements and tank teeth of the Siegfried Line in the background. In the summer I built sand castles among the dunes near Kiel, and watched with childish wonder as the battleships steamed in and out of the harbor. In the fall I went to school to sing and salute with the rest, and to learn whatever of knowledge or doctrine was presented to me.

My family travelled a great deal, and, during the course of our many trips, I saw the large and the small things which made up



Germany: the Medieval castles, the magnificent cathedrals, the quaint villages and large cities, the monuments to kings and statesmen of the past and to Nazi martyrs of the present. They were all there: souvenirs of yesterday, of today, and even a hint of tomorrow, mirrored in the yet untarnished steel of German military might.

Then, suddenly, that part of my life was all over. While Hitler was marching into Poland, I found myself transported to a new country, my actual country, faced with learning a new language, a new way of life, and preparing myself for a new heritage. In the years since then I have grown to love this country and the great ideal which it represents, yet I have never been able to relegate Germany, its people, and the scenes of my childhood to the back of my mind with other memories. I have always, from that day in 1939 when I arrived, lost and homesick, down to the present, planned to return to Germany. At first this feeling was undoubtedly motivated by homesickness, but later it was not as easily accounted for. Today, on the threshold of college, my desire to go back to Germany is stronger than ever, and I have been forced to ask myself why I feel it, both to clarify the matter in my own mind, and to be able to explain it to others.

The people of Germany constitute the force which is strongest in drawing me back. By the people, I do not mean my friends and relatives alone, but also the countless, nameless Germans whose faces I shall never know. I grew up with those people, and learned to feel their good qualities long before I was old enough to understand their fatal tendencies. Now, when the horror and wrong of Nazism has become clear to me, now when the reputation of the German has become as black as the inky swastika which he followed, I am still able to look beyond those facts, to seek the good and lovable qualities which I had once seen. It is upon this fundamental goodness in the people that I am basing my faith. There is the close family life, centering around home, church, and school, which no doctrine could have wiped out completely. There is the industry and perseverance, the power to make a dream come true. I believe that it is our task to place a new vision before their disillusioned eyes. If once we succeed in making them see and believe in that vision, the true democratic and Christian ideal, then the Germans will themselves do the rest.

A deep sense of obligation is the second factor which draws me back to the land of my birth. We who lived in Germany in her days of prosperity, who partook of all she had to offer—her culture, her way of life, her material and spiritual wealth—cannot turn our backs now. Once she gave us her all, and now when it is in our power to help mentally, spiritually, and materially, we have no right to go our own selfish way. You may ask, what about my obligation to the United States. There is, in my opinion, only one answer: to do what we can to help, and to bring the glorious ideals of true democracy to those other people, who need it so desperately—this will be working for America, and for world peace, as well as for Germany.

Perhaps you wonder what I think that I could do to help. First of all, although I believe that Germany needs complete reeducation, a process which may take many years, perhaps many generations. I also believe that the German mind of today, whether fanatic or apathetic, bitter or tolerant, is groping for a solution to its problems. The confused hearts and minds of the people, which we must reach, are, however, barred by gigantic barriers of pride, stubbornness, political misguidance, and long-nursed bitterness. They cannot be touched by the political, social, or economic experts of the world. The latter may regulate and control the government, commerce, production, and education, but they will never be able to delve deeply enough into the German spirit to erase bitterness, hate, desire for revenge, and misconceived ideals. German pride will not let them. The people's spirit will keep aloof, opening its doors only to its own; it is in this way that we who know Germany and her people shall be able to help. We shall be able to go back as friends and acquaintances of days gone by. With open minds and a clear understanding of the situation, we should be able to work with these people on the basis of our former relationship, and of their genuine need and our earnest desire to help.

Another more personal reason which draws me back is the one thing Germany has, which the United States will not be able to achieve for centuries—a background of antiquity. I have always loved that atmosphere where the past is still a living thing, where there are memories and stories of days gone by in every cobblestone of every crooked street.



There is something about an old castle, with its scarred and broken walls, with the wind rushing about its crumbling turrets that is able to bring to life in my understanding all the glory, joy, sorrow, and transiency of our being. There is something about the cathedral of Aachen, a structure representing the lifetime labors of generations of Medieval Christian believers, which gives me a glimpse of true, undaunted faith. Charlemagne walked down that aisle, calm and stately, to kneel at the ancient altar. Generation after generation has followed him, and will perhaps continue to do so until the end of time and religion. There is a beauty and a meaning in these things which are the outcome of age, of the toil and tears and faith of the centuries.

That is the atmosphere in which I spent the first ten years of my life, and I anticipate a sensation of peace and happiness when my feet shall feel the rough firmness of the old cobblestones again, when my eyes shall behold once more the hills and valleys where legend was born, and history enacted.

There will be people who will say that the things upon which I am building my faith are dead or gone. They believe that all vestiges of goodness in the Germans have long since been obliterated under the black cloak of a fanatic creed and an inhuman swastika. But I believe that people of the nation which produced men like Wagner, Kant, Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing, can be awakened to find that all the wrong and the falseness is a thing of the past, that they can have a future as useful world citizens, a future which will stretch before them, bright with peace and freedom, and made beautiful by the rich cultural achievement of which they are capable. Some old cobbled streets, cathedrals, and castles will still be there, a little older perhaps, with a few more scars and memories imprinted into their enduring stone, but living still, to lend their inspiration to the dream of today. Yes, I am going back with a faith strong enough to believe in and work for the ultimate triumph of good.

MILDRED KREIS '47



## A Question

God gave the earth to man where man might dwell  
To build a realm of goodness, truth, and love;  
Where man will wish to labor to excel,  
That he may please his Father from above.

But ever striving for increase of power,  
Men have not ceased their ruthless drive for might;  
Yet for those who beneath a tyrant cower  
A stronger force seems ever bound to fight.

And now the greatest war is at an end;  
Will man succeed at last in his attempt  
To reach the Right which God will then defend;  
And master wrong for which he holds contempt?  
Oh, must we fight for what we gain,  
For Right that causes loved ones to be slain?

SARAH B. LUNT '48

## Razzy

Have you ever seen a busy little mongrel trotting down Main Street, his tail waving upright with a certain air of importance, his manner official, and his nose inspecting every doorstep and stray piece of paper? Razzy reminds me of that picture. Perhaps you've met Razzy before in Sylvia Brockway's book *Sarah and I*. It's not surprising that people write about him. Just as an artist in a small Maine fishing town hunts for an old, weatherbeaten fisherman with keen blue eyes and a brown, heavily-creased face to use as a model,

so Razy is the person easily singled out in our town. They both add flavor to their respective scenes.

Razy's natural habitat is Littleton's Main Street and his principal interest in life is to engage someone in conversation. He may discuss the weather or tell you about the time he actually shook Mr. Willkie's hand. Though he has an air of business about him, his meanderings seem to be aimless for they merely carry him up and down the street in search of a ready ear for a bit of news. Oh, yes, every event occurring during the day is recorded in Razy's photographic memory to be enlarged and decorated to a juicy morsel for his repertoire.

It is whispered that he has an amazing fund of money somewhere, whether in an old shoe or in a bank, I never have known, and that he is a relative of one of the town's leading families. Though it lends spice to his background, one cannot picture Razy as a gentleman of leisure.

You who have not seen him would not be impressed by the small, stooped figure, shuffling down the street, a battered shapeless felt hat on his head, and a worn black coat flapping about his legs. Each store is glanced into on the journey down the length of the sidewalk, and each new display in the shop windows is given close attention. He stops on his way to peer into a baby carriage and comment favorably on the appearance of the pink bundle of blankets topped by a small red face with a thatch of light fuzz.

The boys of the town love Razy. His imagination paints such colorful pictures that one cannot weed out truth from fancy. It doesn't matter though. The stories make excellent food for discussion. "Say, did you hear about Razy's trip to the Rockies? Claims he hitch-hiked all the way. Wonder if the old boy's just feeding us a line."

He is merely a harmless, imaginative, old man, a bit garrulous and inclined to demand as listener someone who is in a hurry to be off, but everyone in town knows Razy and considers him likely to be a permanent fixture on Main Street till he passes from this life.

MARY BLAIR ZUCKERMAN '48



## Art?

Wednesday, January twenty-ninth—exams are over, the seniors gone, and we under classmen painfully await our “appointment” of the day, a visit to the art gallery. How cruel that our minds, exhausted by the strain of being crammed with last-minute knowledge, must again be taxed by intellectual concentration. But wee-ones must broaden their knowledge of the finer things of life. So disconcertedly, we shuffle off to view and absorb an exhibition of modern art, a strange creation of this jumbled age for which I, as an innocent onlooker, must stretch my weary imagination to boundless limits.

But there I am with the others at ten o'clock, being hustled into a challenging-looking room by a tall, blond young man whom it seems rather strange to find among the bold, fiery canvases that he nervously starts to explain.

Here are some still lifes, conservative enough. Merely a bowl of apples, candlestick and book on a table presented in various ways. The first two are snapshots taken with and without a filter. The shading is a bit heavier in the first but otherwise there is little



difference. Trustingly I go in. The third is an oil of the same, done (as it looks to me) rather well. Such nice coloring! But what is this fourth? A brown speckled boulder about to topple on some quivering objects to the left? A sunburned back arched behind a shower curtain, encompassed by a littered floor? I read the card, unbelieving. Here is modern art at its height! What I see before me is an up-to-date conception of the very same still life. It can't be true! Slightly startled I put on my dark glasses and stumble on to the others.

These I find no less remarkable. There are (what are called) "Eternity," "The Atom Bomb," "Skyscraper's Grandeur" and "The Pulse of Music." What I see in them would be hard to say. Yet that last little figure of a man in "Eternity" looks just like one of my bobby pins and as for "The Atom Bomb," I'm sure I've seen as convincing looking canvases up on the fourth floor, where struggling Art students wipe their dirty brushes.

It is too much! Were it not for the systematic procedure of following arrows and signs from picture to picture and room to room I surely would still be lost in abstraction and color, fusion and depth, and perhaps even permanently blinded, if I'd not gingerly focused my weakened eyes on the works before me.

True, I am not one well acquainted with any part of the artist's field, but I do know, and can look in appreciative awe at, some of the works of the great masters. My young, undeveloped taste, however, is not able to soar so high as to understand such jumbled masses of line and color.

But we children must live and learn, so perhaps I might even dare to go back again and see how it strikes me the second time. For I must take advantage of such an opportunity, and, after all, the purpose of the exhibition is to educate just such ignorant souls as mine.

ROSEMARY JONES '48

## The Significance of Landings

The landing of the staircase in our house holds many memories and meanings. Whenever I think of the staircase I think of it complete with the landing: two stairways lead down to the landing and meet there, facing each other; then at right angles to the way they face they continue in one set of wider steps to the living room. Thus when one is on the landing one surveys the whole room.

The landing is quite large, and at the ages of six and seven neither my sister nor I had overlooked this fact. It was just perfect for a stage and we and our friends used to present play after play to the empty room below us. This, then the greatest attraction of our house, also served us well as a location for our style shows. Glamorous in our mothers' cast-off dresses and shoes we would glide, with too-big shoes banging, down the stairs. With skinny arms extended we twirled, minced, and smiled our most dazzling, toothless smile while the radio blared. Inevitably just when one wanted a slow and romantic selection the radio would give out a polka, and so, of course, one didn't think it fair. Then there would be a struggle with one's friends to have another turn with appropriate music. And usually by that time the program had changed and there was no music at all—only news, and one was hurt by the friends' indifference to one's devastating appearance and so the show would be abandoned. And so it went, day after day, all made possible by a wooden platform in the middle of some stairs.

Another aspect which appealed to one was that from the landing one could see oneself in a mirror across the room. In a way it was good to be able to glance at oneself and check up on one's appearance before continuing on down into the room. Everyone became dependent on it, so that when the mirror was removed the pause on the landing was a firmly formed habit hard to break. To this day, I automatically hesitate there and find myself surprised when confronted with only a wall.

The landing also holds sad and vague memories—it reminds me of my grandfather, who died when I was about six. For here stood and still stands his huge clock. For the past few years the clock has

been stopped, but I never fail to look up at it on the landing and expect to see the correct time and think about my grandfather.

Thoughts of Christmas and gaiety are associated with our landing because when the holidays come around, the old clock is moved to make room for the tree, and everyone has to use the back stairs. The size of the landing makes possible the large tree which is needed for our large family, one which everyone can help decorate. All of us crowd on the landing, handing balls, tinsel, and lights to one of our number who is perched precariously on a stepladder and attempting to place the articles on the tree as fast as they are donated. The decorating done, we all bring out our presents from their hiding places and place them under our masterpiece. When finished it is viewed by its makers from the living room. As we gaze upward to the landing, there stands an over-decorated tree surrounded by colorfully wrapped presents which overflow the landing and spill down the stairs.

Thus this landing has always functioned to give pleasure: as a play place, as an inspection place; it harbors love and happiness with the tree. It is no wonder I think landings are essential.

JANE BROWN '47

## Recipe for Humor

One large dash of sympathy	
A twinkle of fun	
A few shakes of laughter	} well-mixed
A few drops of tears	
A pinch of natural wit	
A touch of whimsey	
An essence of common sense	

Blend well until smooth, but do *not* beat. Then sprinkle generously with love of humanity, and keep in a warm heart until well aged.

FAITH JOHNSON '49



## Loyalty

As Cherry swung into the room, she caught on the faces of her friends a wary expression showing fear of having been overheard by the subject of their conversation. A few of them broke into relieved smiles at the sight of her.

"What are you all looking so queer about? Who's got a new theory?" she asked. (A recent large theft in the school had made full-time amateur detectives out of everyone.)

The girls looked warily at each other and then seemed to agree silently. One of them spoke up solemnly. "We're all sure it's Sue. I know she's your best friend and you probably won't want to believe it, but we're positive."

Another stretched and added languidly and unfeelingly, before Cherry could speak out, "You needn't look so mad, Cherry, just 'cause she's your best friend. Everything fits in. You know she wears shabby clothes and her family doesn't have much money and besides, she's been moody this year. There's probably trouble at home."

"Oh really now, that's unfair. Just because a girl's unhappy is no reason for her to be a thief! Sue is a wonderful girl, and I think you're mean to think of it." Cherry was almost tearfully indignant.

"There are a lot of 'wonderful girls' in this school," replied the other, meaningfully sarcastic. "Of course your opinion is your business."

As Cherry angrily slammed the door, her eyes were so misty that she almost did not see Sue coming up the stair loaded with packages. "Come on in, I got the food," she called gaily.

Cherry felt uncomfortable. She could not find anything to say. "No thank you—not now," she mumbled, and angry with herself for not knowing how to handle the situation, she went to her room and lay miserably inert on her bed.

She was lying there when a few minutes later she heard the sound of Sue and the other girls, laughing and talking about the Saturday leaves they were planning to take together. Suddenly she felt sick, as though she had seen something very ugly.

ELIZABETH ANN MITCHELL '47

## False Pride

She stood on haughty bluff,  
Felt darts of pain drive deep inside her breast,  
Back braced against grey mountains  
Taunting her with their security.

Half-turned, she scanned those heights  
Which soar too high for men to hurt,  
Proud with pride that does not yield,  
And are not strained to test their strength  
As mortals are.

Enwrapped in steel, her pride had yet been struck,  
Ragged edges tearing still the bleeding soul,  
Bitter seeds sown by bitter blood,  
To reap the seeds of hate.

Her shattered shell still signifying strength,  
She stood, black garment covering blacker heart,  
False as blue haze low-hung on hills beyond,  
And sought to conquer right and love.

Face set for battle, courage high,  
Hands raised to guard the unprotected life;

\* \* \* \* \*

The fatal blow swift dealt,  
By forces mightier than she.

Numbness soon replaced the pain,  
And dullness drifted into hope,  
Which soothed the awful wound,  
And lit the way to peace.

SUSANNE ROBBINS '47



## The Peach Tree

About twenty years ago a little girl ate a peach and, feeling ambitious, planted the pit in her back yard. The pit grew and became a lovely peach tree, and the little girl grew and became a lovely glamour girl. She was proposed to many times, and clinched her final engagement with a very romantic kiss under her peach tree. So you see, the tree has had a very interesting history.

The scene shifted to the present era at about five o'clock on a summer afternoon, when it was still light, but pretty dark in shadowy places as under the peach tree. Two lovers approached from opposite directions. The male lover had tousled blond hair and faded short pants; the other's hair was done in pigtails—long, messy, pigtails—and she really looked rather dirty all over. But in her eyes glowed the unsuppressed fire of love, and the same may be said for the other party.

They sat down on the roots of the tree and neither said a word. They just sat, bashfully. The boy's right hand picked up the girl's. He squeezed it, and seemed to gain a little courage therewith.

"Ain't it awful the way they always tease us and say, 'Johnny's got a girl friend?' "

"Uh-huh."



"But you *do* love me, don't you?"

"Of course."

"And we're going to get married?"

"Natchurly."

"That's a promise?"

"Well if you'll climb up there and get me that big peach." He was up in a flash. "That one on the end of the limb." (It's anybody's guess why this desire was so strong at the time. Maybe she was hungry; maybe she was testing the fidelity of her future husband.)

"Catch." A skillful throw is easily caught, and she proceeded to eat.

"Want some?"

"I deserve it, don't I?" *Some* can mean an awful lot, it turned out. Silence after the thing was finished.

Then, "You really, honestly, truly, promise you will?"

"Yes."

"Then," he said, with an air of mystery, "we'll have to do something about it."

"Get married, of course."

"But what should we do first?"

"Get engaged, of course."

"And what do you do when you're engaged?" But he didn't let her answer. From deep inside his pocket he pulled out a little box. Her eyes widened like saucers because it was, it really was, an honest-to-goodness engagement ring! "I bought it just for you," he said.

The ring itself was dime-store gold, having a purple glass stone nimbly reflecting the little light left in the day. It was very tenderly slipped over the grubby third finger of one proud little girl's right hand.

"You're gonna kiss me, aren't you? People usually kiss each other when they become engaged. . . I think."

But she seemed reluctant to lower her dignity.

"Well you will, won't you?"

Hesitation.

"I'll take my ring back if you don't." Threateningly.

"Of course I'll kiss you. It's customary." As if she had been the first one to realize that it *is* customary to kiss him to whom one is engaged.

I don't think either had ever kissed before; at least, it didn't look that way.

"I guess I better be going home for supper," she remarked.

"Me too," he said.

"Well, good-bye."

"Will you meet me here, tomorrow?"

"Uh-huh."

"See you then."

"Good-bye."

LEE BOOTH '48

## The Fawn

Bright shafts of golden sunlight gently steal  
Through boughs to catch a fawn, arrested there.  
Her head is lifted, for she seems to feel  
The presence of this stranger, who would dare

To stand and gaze upon her, woodland child.  
A creature full of grace, whose tiny hoof  
Has never trodden earth beyond this wild,  
She dwells in covert close, alone, aloof

From clashing passions, empty battles fought  
Between those beasts of natures fierce and bold.  
And if by slinking Danger she is sought,  
She flees on Hermes' wings from out its hold.

While all these thoughts pass swiftly through my mind,  
As swiftly past me springs the little hind.

MARY BLAIR ZUCKERMAN '48

## Not a Hair's Breadth Between This and That

How dark and black would be the earth without these stars. For night is here. I didn't hear it coming. Suddenly the omnipresent twilight is utter darkness enhanced above by brighter smiles of the stars. Shapes have ceased to be distinct. Some have even ceased to be. Evening has given way to night, but there was not a hair's breadth between this and that.

Not a hair's breadth . . . How many changes come this way! One season drifts quietly into the next defying those with the keenest eyes. Returning birds and youthful blossoms point the way, but one cannot tell the moment when advancing spring greets summer. Time rolls by and there we are!

Listen! There's the train. It's late tonight. The shrill whistle cuts the night. Now it is not so sharp. Losing its piercing quality, the tone wanes . . . so faint now . . . is it the sound or only an echo? . . . silence again. When did the last lingering sound reach my ear? When? There is no line dividing resonance and quiet, merely an obscure blending of silence and sound.

The window curtains wake from limp somnolence, swayed by a cool breeze which penetrates my room. I feel its moist coolness only for a moment for, with a playful twitch at the curtains, the puff of wind subsides. It touched me, leaving an impression which I can still recall. But when did the physical become the mental? How close the two are linked together.

One cannot speak of "this" and "that" without life and death being suggested. What is your conception of life? Do you see it as many do, a high stairway to heaven, or perhaps as a winding road? Not I. I perceive life as a revolving spiral which takes an individual and spins him around its path, then, suddenly flings him out into eternity. There is no last step to ascend, no bend in the road, not a hair's breadth between this and that.

"Not a hair's breadth between this and that." Conrad spoke of this concerning sleep. "The line dividing his meditation from a surreptitious doze on his feet was thinner than a thread in a spider's web." The line dividing this and that . . . this and that . . . this . . . and . . . that . . .



## The Sphinx

A thing of bygone beauty, many tears,  
Not tears of water, but of blood and sweat.  
A monument that has conquered the years,  
She blindly stares in proud disdain, and yet  
Her arrogance an empty thing. For time,  
Inevitable, leans its crushing hands,  
And centuries have drawn a heavy line  
Which cannot be erased. But still she stands.  
The desert winds now smooth her crumbling sides,  
And whisper tales of Khafre, genitor,  
Who knew the awful secrets she yet hides,  
Who understood the horror at her core.  
Each hard-hewn stone, a human soul, its guide  
Enslaved to stone, they now lie petrified.

LUCY DEE CHIVERS '47

## Calendar—Winter Term, 1947

*Wednesday, January 8*—Christmas Vacation ends at 6:00 p.m.

*Friday, January 10*—Warren Simms, Magician, at Phillips Academy

*Saturday, January 11*—Lecture—"The Art of Gracious Living" by Mrs. Bonaro Overstreet

*Sunday, January 12*—Concert by Marian Anderson, in Boston; Vespers—The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, School Minister, Phillips Academy

*Friday, January 17*—Boston Symphony Concert; Concert by Richard Dyer-Bennett, Ballad Singer, at Phillips Academy

*Thursday, January 16*—Movie—"Caesar and Cleopatra"

*Saturday, January 18*—Evening Skating Party

*Sunday, January 19*—Tea at Christ Church for those attending the Episcopal Church; Vespers—Talk on French Schools by Miss Elizabeth Roser, Representative of the Save the Children Federation

*Friday, January 24-Tuesday, January 28, until 10:30 a.m.*—Mid-Year Examinations

*Sunday, January 26*—Church at Phillips Academy—The Reverend G. Bromley Oxnam, Bishop of the Methodist Church in New York Vespers—Hymn Singing

*Tuesday, January 28-Thursday, January 30*—Seniors at Intervale

*Tuesday, January 28 from 10:30 a.m., and Wednesday, January 29*—Free days for underclassmen

*Wednesday, January 29*—Jooss Ballet, in Boston

*Friday, January 31*—Beginning of the Second Semester; Concert by Witold Malcuzynski, Pianist, at Phillips Academy

*Saturday, February 1*—Free Evening

*Sunday, February 2*—Vespers—The Reverend Alfred W. Burns, Grace Church, Lawrence

*Friday, February 7*—Winter Prom at Phillips Academy

*Saturday, February 8*—Concert by Miss Friskin

*Sunday, February 9*—Vespers—The Reverend Morrison Russell Boynton, D.D., The First Church in Newton

*Saturday, February 15*—Concert by the Abbot Fidelio-Governor Dummer Glee Club—preceded by dinner and followed by a dance at Abbot

*Sunday, February 16*—Vespers—The Reverend James T. Cleland, Th.M., Professor Homiletics and Preacher, Duke University

*Saturday, February 22*—Concert by Ralph Sheldon, Pianist

*Sunday, February 23*—Boston Symphony Concert; Vespers—The Reverend Cornelis Heijn, The North Parish of North Andover (Unitarian)

*Tuesday, February 25*—Ruth Draper, Monologist, at Phillips Academy

*Friday, February 28*—French Play—"Les Jours Heureux" by André Puget—Abbot and Phillips Academy at Phillips Academy

*Saturday, March 1*—Abbot Alumnae Luncheon in Boston for the Senior Class; Ice Follies of 1947, in Boston; Tea Dance at Phillips Academy; Second Open Forum—"The United States on Trial"

*Sunday, March 2*—Concert by Vladimir Horowitz, Pianist, in Boston; Students' Recital

*Saturday, March 8*—Senior Prom

*Sunday, March 9*—Vespers—The Reverend John Wallace, Unitarian Congregational Church, Concord

*Saturday, March 15*—Students' Recital

*Sunday, March 16*—Vespers—A.C.A.

*Saturday, March 22*—Metropolitan Opera—"Hansel and Gretel," in Boston; Senior Play—"Quality Street" by J. M. Barrie

*Sunday, March 23*—Vespers—The Reverend John T. Golding, Church of the Redeemer, Chestnut Hill

*Tuesday, March 25*—Gym and Dance Exhibition

*Wednesday, March 26*—Spring Vacation

#### SPRING TERM—1947

*Tuesday, April 8*—Spring vacation ends at 6:00 p.m.

*Friday, April 11*—Meeting of the Board of Trustees at the School

*Saturday, April 12*—College Board Examinations for Seniors; Concert by Miss Friskin and Dorothy Minty, Violinist

*Sunday, April 13*—Vespers—The Reverend Gardiner M. Day, D.D., Christ Church, Cambridge

*Saturday, April 19*—Abbot Fidelio-Phillips Exeter Glee Club Concert at Exeter



*Sunday, April 20*—Boston Symphony Concert; Vespers—The Reverend Allan K. Chalmers, D.D., Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York

*Saturday, April 26*—Bazaar Work—"Hamlet" in Boston

*Sunday, April 27*—Vespers—A.C.A.

*Saturday, May 3*—Abbot Birthday Bazaar

*Sunday, May 4*—Vespers—Miss Friskin and the Choir

*Friday, May 9*—Spring Prom at Phillips Academy

*Sunday, May 11*—Organ Recital by Mr. Howe

*Saturday, May 17*—Tea Dance for Preps and Juniors; *Cum Laude* Lecture—Mrs. Wilma A. Kerby-Miller, Dean of Instruction, Radcliffe College

*Sunday, May 18*—Vespers—The Reverend Sidney Lovett, D.D., Chaplain, Yale University

*Saturday, May 24*—Field Day; Speech Recital

*Sunday, May 25*—Vespers—The Reverend A. Grant Noble, Chaplain, Williams College

*Monday, May 26*—*Thursday, May 29*—Final Examinations

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK-END

*Friday, May 30*—Rally Night—7:30 p.m.

*Saturday, May 31*—Chapel—9:30 a.m.; Alumnae Meeting—2:45 p.m.; Garden Party—4:00-6:00 p.m.; Draper Dramatics—"The Tempest"—8:00 p.m.

*Sunday, June 1*—Baccalaureate—10:45 a.m.—The South Church The Reverend Donald Bailey Aldrich, D.D., Dean Elect of the University Chapel, Princeton, N. J.; Tree and Ivy Planting—5:30 p.m.; Supper—6:00 p.m.; Concert—7:30 p.m.

*Monday, June 2*—Commencement—10:00 a.m.—The South Church Dr. Lewis Perry, Headmaster of Phillips Exeter Academy (retired)

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